Uncollected Prose: 1871-1883

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

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Introduction

This is the first volume from the Sarah Orne Jewett Press of Jewett's uncollected prose publications.

In 1971, Richard Cary produced *Uncollected Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett*, Colby College Press. He chose to present her known short fiction for adult readers, including just one of her essays, the autobiographical "Looking Back on Girlhood." In his introduction, Cary noted that he was including three stories not listed in the impressive bibliography available to him: *A Bibliography of the Published Writings of Sarah Orne Jewett*, compiled by Clara Carter Weber and Carl J. Weber, Waterville, Maine: Colby College Press, 1949. He was well aware that there probably were other stories that had not yet been discovered.

Left out of Cary's volume, then, were any adult stories yet to be discovered. In addition, he chose to exclude her mostly uncollected children's stories, and all but one of her non-fiction prose publications.

A few years before *Uncollected Stories*, Cary had taken note of a body of Jewett's non-fiction that had appeared anonymously in *Atlantic Monthly*: "Some Bibliographic Ghosts of Sarah Orne Jewett" (*Colby Quarterly* 8, September 1968, pp. 139-145). These were columns she may have written for "The Contributors' Club," a feature in *Atlantic* containing short anonymous pieces by regular contributors. Cary listed 11 columns from 1878 to 1884 that he was convinced for various reasons were by Jewett. He suggested that several more may have appeared in 1892-3. He does not list Jewett's piece on the funeral of Phillips Brooks, because it was previously noted in the Weber and Weber bibliography. I have included in these volumes all of

these 12 pieces, even though I remain uncertain that Jewett wrote all of them. I have included one more, for which there is a bit of circumstantial evidence for Jewett's authorship: "Winter Flies." All of these inclusions are tentative, unless, as in a few cases, there is documentary evidence of Jewett's authorship. And it remains possible that Cary and I omitted pieces that should be here. Future readers will make their judgments.

There is, then, a considerable body of Jewett's writing that remains uncollected:

- Short stories written for children.

- Adult Short stories re-discovered since Cary's *Uncollected Stories*.

- Non-fiction prose listed in Weber and Weber.

- Non-fiction prose not in Weber and Weber, including Cary's discoveries and others that have come to light since Cary's article.

The two parts of *Uncollected Prose* bring together nearly all the currently known fiction and non-fiction that does not appear in Cary. In addition to the pieces not yet known, several known pieces do not appear here because they are available elsewhere.

"Tame Indians," *The Independent* (27:26), April 1, 1875, "Young and Old" section. An annotated edition of this short story is available from the Sarah Orne Jewett Press.

"A Player Queen," *America* 1 (July 28, 1888) 6-8.

"Three Friends," serialized in three issues of *Good Cheer* 4 (Jan., Feb., Mar., 1886), pp. 1-2 of each issue.

These were discovered and reprinted by Philip B. Eppard, "Two Lost Stories by Sarah Orne Jewett," in Gwen Nagel, ed., *Critical Essays on Sarah Orne Jewett* (1984).

"New Neighbors," *Washington Post* (28 October, 1888, Section 14, p. 2). This was found and reprinted by Katherine C. Aydelott in *American Literary Realism* (Spring 2004, v. 36, pp. 256-268).

"Introduction to Human Documents. Portraits of Distinguished People," *McClure's Magazine* (1:16-18), June 1893. Reprinted in *Human Documents: Portraits and Biographies of Eminent Men*. New York: S. S. McClure, 1895.

I believe that the quantity of the uncollected work here is surprising. Reading through the pieces in chronological order of publication reveals sides of Jewett that are not all familiar and that should enrich understanding of her thinking and of her approach to her career. Like the astonishing volume and reach of her correspondence, this collection contains perhaps only a few gems likely to alter how Jewett is understood, and much of it will, therefore, will be rightly judged as ephemeral. Nevertheless it is bound to be of interest to anyone curious about Jewett and about the vicissitudes of authorship for women in the 19th Century in the United States.

About the texts.

Printing errors, when detected, have been corrected, with the original text following in brackets.

*****

The House that Ran Away

It was a baby-house, and in the winter it stood in a corner of the nursery; but when the spring weather came, and the dandelions and green grass, it was pleasant to be out of doors, and then one of the girls would say: "Let us play in the garden." But the other, no matter which had spoken first, would always answer: "No; I wish to stay with the dolls." And they often were cross and called names about it, which was very silly.

Happily, just then, the older brother came home to stay awhile, for it was vacation at his school. One day he was reading behind the parlor curtains, and heard the children outside trying to settle whether they would spend the morning indoors or out; for you must know they were usually together, and were always unhappy when they were separated! Next morning, when they went into the nursery, after they were dressed, to see if the dolls had slept well, and had neither been troubled by bad dreams nor fallen out of their beds, alas! there was no dolls' house at all, and the children looked at each other in dismay. One sat down and took out her handkerchief; and the other looked round for her arm-chair, to do the same. It was a great calamity.

"Nobody's kilt!" said cheerful Ann. "Before ye redden your pretty eyes, look out of the window." What should they see, but the elder brother, whose name was Tom, standing by the dear house, and the dear house itself mounted upon some wheels which used to belong to his truckle-cart. It was very charming, and the children ran down-stairs and spent their time between breakfast and dinner in dragging it about everywhere. But they soon tired of that, and after dinner walked slowly with it down the long gravel walk through the garden, to the little hill at the [he] end, where the chestnut tree grew, there to set up housekeeping. It was quite a tug to get the heavy house up; but they did it finally. Just as they were beginning to play, they saw the carriage standing before the door, and ran away to have a drive. They were taken to a pond, four or five miles away, and did not get home till nearly bed-time. However, they thought of the baby-house; and one ran out beyond the corner of the great house, and came back with the news that she could not see it, and Patrick must have brought it in. They had their supper, and were nearly asleep before it was half through,

and did not even look in at the play-room door, but went straight to bed.

The wisest of the dolls, who had traveled all the way from Paris, said: "They have gone for more playthings." And the others waited patiently for at least half an hour; for they thought everything the big doll said was true.

"There must be company at the house." And they waited again. "They are going to stay to tea," said the wise doll. "It is no matter; the children will leave them and be out soon, and in the meantime let us enjoy ourselves. Shall we have a dance?"

But the children had left the house in a very awkward position for that. The shade of the little chestnut tree was only at the side of the knoll; and so they had drawn the house only part way up, and one end of it was much higher than the other. Besides this, the doll in blue had only one foot; though she was very graceful looking, and had pretended the evening before that she knew all the fancy dances. She said now she would like it of all things; but she had lost one of her slippers and never danced in boots, so that was given up. Then a boy doll said: "Let us play it is winter, and coast." But the great doll was charming in a tarletan ball-dress, and it would not be in keeping with her costume.

And now a sensible doll, with a china head, said: "Let us tell stories." But the Paris doll was contemptuous; she wished for exercise. This was all pretense. The truth was, she felt herself slipping from her chair; and the next thing that happened she fell over on her face and went quite to the other side of the room. She was heavy, and it jarred the house, and the wheels under it moved, and the whole establishment went down over the smooth turf, across the gravel walk, and finally stopped in a clump of lilacs.

Some of the dolls screamed and all were terribly frightened; but the moment they were still every one took it as a matter of course. "It is the children," said one. "But why did we not hear them?" "It was an earthquake," said the French doll; and when I put my foot on the floor it felt as the steamer did when I was coming from France.

"It was not in the least like it," said the doll in yellow. But every one knew she was a great liar. She pretended to know more about foreign countries than any one, and always contradicted the Paris doll, who really did not know much about the voyage, after all, as she was all the time in a trunk

in the hold. It was a pity they knew the doll in yellow to be untruthful. They would have liked to believe her stories; and now they all said "I don't believe it" as fast as she finished them. She had been given the children by a girl who had outgrown her. And with her came a boy doll, who whispered about this wicked habit of hers the very first day to his next neighbor, and made her promise not to tell; but she did. And when the doll in yellow found that they knew it, her wonders were more marvelous than ever. "For," said she, "they shall at least believe that I have a fine imagination." She had been down behind one of the parlor sofas two evenings while a book of travels was being read aloud, and ever after prided herself upon her journeyings in foreign parts with her first mistress.

The baby-house was in great confusion. The jolting was much worse than when the children had drawn it carefully, and the furniture looked as if the dolls had just moved in, and they themselves were sadly scattered about. One little fellow had fallen off the chair where he had been sitting, and had gone hurriedly into a red tin pail near by, and was now standing on his head in it. He was a boy doll, but there had been no clothes that would fit him; so, though he wore a seal-ring on his little finger and had a large mustache and side-whiskers, it was decided to keep him in petticoats a while longer till his tailor -- that is to say, Ann -- had a little leisure. His wife had been lying on the floor from the very first, and the great doll now chanced to be just over her, and she was very uncomfortable, and said so frequently; but she was never satisfied with anything, and no one took any notice of her. The doll in green used to be able to cry and open and shut her eyes by means of a spring; but one of the children had one day pulled it all out, which made her back very weak. So when she was not carefully seated her head was apt to fall into her lap, and her figure was very bad; but she was good tempered.

The china dolls were around everywhere, as usual. The children's brother had brought them one day two dozen, all exactly alike. They were about two inches tall, and had dark complexions; and there never was anything which made the children more unhappy than this accession to their family did after a day or two. Not even the strange disappearance of their eleven white mice, which their mother never liked, and it was always supposed the cat did. If they had ever had two dolls which looked at all alike, they took great pleasure in saying they were twins, like themselves; but that was no good now. Ann positively refused to dress more than six of

them, and there unfortunately were no young ladies at the house. So they buried a number in the garden, and enjoyed having funerals for a time, until they found Patrick invariably raked them up and brought them back. Finally one of the children tied up seven in her pocket-handkerchief, and dropped them out of the carriage while they were driving to town. Alas! The handkerchief was marked, and she was obliged to give ten cents to a very dirty little boy who kindly brought them back.

The untruthful doll in yellow was at the down-hill side of the room before the building moved, and was not disturbed. But the wise Parisian was lying on her back; and, though she still smiled, and held her handkerchief as gracefully as ever, they all knew she was much mortified.

"Can any one see out of the window?" said she. Seven of the china dolls said they could.

"And what is the country like?" said the great doll.

"It is much darker than where we were at first, and there are leaves and branches of trees all around."

"We are in a forest," said the doll in yellow immediately: "and we shall all be robbed and murdered. I have heard frightful stories of robbers; and, do you believe, once I was traveling through some dense woods at nightfall, and I heard a rustling, and a tall man wearing a black mask came out from the bushes. My servant was behind me, on another horse, and had the presence of mind to throw my purse, which he was carrying, directly in his face. It was filled with gold and was very heavy; it must have hurt him severely. He jumped back again out of sight; and my servant picked up the purse, and we rode on. Next day we heard that two men and five women and three children were murdered near there that very night. Was not it a narrow escape?"

"No," said the rest of the family. "What a sad end you will come to if you tell such lies!"

"Now," said the sensible large china doll, "we cannot dance, and it is absurd to think of coasting. Why not tell stories till the children come? They will not rest until they find us; but it may be a long time." No one objected, and the Paris doll was called upon to begin; the doll in yellow first proposing that it be made a rule that no one must tell anything but the truth. And when they all said, 'Certainly, we will not,' she alone was silent.

"I will tell you," said the great doll, "about a friend of mine whom I was very fond of. Her name was Jeanne Hallé, and she lived in Paris. I was at her house a long while, and she treated me very kindly. Her father had been an artist, and I have heard he painted beautiful pictures; but he died when Jeanne was a little child, when he was still young and had put away no money. Madame Hallé went away from their pleasant home, to live in some rooms up ever so many flights of stairs. A man who had known her husband gave her work to do, coloring dolls' faces, and she earned money enough, with the little she had of her own, to live quite comfortably; and this went on until Jeanne was nearly fourteen, and could help her a great deal. Then the mother had a terrible fall, and was ill a long time; and the doctor said she must not paint any more for some months at least.

"Jeanne could not go to school any more; and, one morning, while Madame Hallé was sleeping, she took some dolls which she had painted herself, even to their eyelashes, and went to the manufacturer's. And they were done so nicely that he said immediately she might take her mother's place; though, of course, she could not color quite so many at first. Then every week a boy came with a great wicker basket full of us, without any complexions at all; and carried it away filled with beau -- dolls, just like me. The employer chose me because I was most nicely done, and told her to keep me awhile for a pattern, until she had become more experienced. So for many weeks little Jeanne worked away busily, and I used to sit upon the table and watch her. After a time she could do quite as well without looking at me; but I think she had grown fond of me, and I am sure I had of her. She had no time to play with me; but she used often to talk to me, and she dressed me with great taste.

"One day she went to her employer's to be paid, and was gone so long that we were very much frightened. It was dark when she came in; but such an interesting story as she had to tell us! While she was waiting in the shop, a gentleman who was waiting too looked at her a great deal, and at last spoke to her. He was an artist, whom every one talked about, and said that he wished her for a model in a picture he was painting. Her employer told her to go with him, and told the artist about her; so she went to his studio, and looked at pictures while he painted a little. He had known her father long ago; and she was to go again the next day, if her mother was willing. He would pay her enough, he said, more than to make up for the time taken from the dolls. I used to miss her, and so did her mother, who was now growing so

well that she began to paint again a very little. After the first picture was finished, the artist began another; and one day, while Madame Hallé was out, and little Jeanne working away busily at a doll's eye, she said: 'Don't you tell, dolly dear; but some day I mean to be an artist, like Mr. Philip and my father. I shall paint beautiful pictures, and you may be in one.' I knew she could if she tried; but I did not say so, for fear of making her conceited, and I looked as if I had not heard her.

"It was not long after this that one day she came home early, and her mother was not there; and Jeanne took the kitten and me and her little pots of paint and went into her own little room. Then she opened a drawer, and took out some worn brushes and some old paints, which I suppose had been thrown away at the studio, and began to paint a picture of us. I had wondered what she wanted the kitten for. It was a long time before the picture was done, for sometimes it was days before Jeanne had time for painting and sometimes the kitten would run away; but at last it was finished, and she was so delighted. It was very pretty -- a capital likeness of both the kitten and me. I was sitting in a chair, and she was striking me with her paw, looking very cross. The next day Jeanne carried the picture away with her, under her cloak; and, dear me, how happy she was when she came back! The artist was with her, and poor Madame Hallé was surprised and delighted to hear him say the child had a great deal of talent and would be a fine animal painter. The end of it was that some rich woman offered to pay her expenses at a school of design. The day it was settled, Jeanne caught me up and kissed me. But, alas! next morning the boy came for the dolls that were finished; and Madame Hallé, knowing, I suppose, that I was not Jeanne's own, and having no use for me herself, took off my dress and sent me with the rest. Ah! I was so unhappy. I think Jeanne would have kept me always, and must have been sorry. I wish every day I knew whether she is happy and is a famous artist yet; but I suppose I never shall. After I was dressed in these clothes I was in a shop-window a day or two before I was sold; and I saw her go by. She had grown taller and looked contented."

All the dolls said, "That is a charming story," but the doll in yellow, who was disappointed, for she thought some rich relation had found her and was to carry her away to live in a palace. But the rest said it was much better as it was, and then it was so pleasant to know it was true.

"Oh!" said the good-tempered doll in green. "I wish the rag-doll were alive. She knew such interesting stories, and more about old times than any of us. She belonged first to the children's mother, and had been covered nobody knows how many times, my dears! You never knew her much, for she was kept over our heads in the garret a great deal, and was not a talkative person. I was there by accident for a night or two once, and we became great friends.

"Where is she now?" asked the Paris doll.

"One of the china babies told me that the children had a play-house on one of the fence-ledges, with some bits of broken china, and made mud-pies, and took Joanna to clean the dishes on; so when they carried her in she was so much soiled that Ann threw her among the rags and sold her to the rag-man. It was wrong; for, though she had so many cotton skins, she was stuffed with bran. I heard her laughing about it to the cook."

"Did I ever tell you," said the doll in yellow, "what I heard in Ann's basket the other day, when I was waiting to have my overskirt made? It is horrible. There is a crazy black button in one of the partings;* a spool told me all about him. Ann put some other buttons in with him, and they were nearly frightened out of their wits. But luckily one of the children tipped the basket over before he did them any harm; but there's no knowing what might have happened. And, indeed -- "

"It is all a wicked lie!" said some of the dolls. And the next minute they were sorry, for they really wished to hear the rest, and the doll in yellow would not say another word.

It was then proposed to give the forlorn gentleman in the red tin pail a chance to speak. But the sensible china doll said that it would not be at all interesting, as, being upside down, he would, of course, talk backward. Then a pert little china affair, without being asked, began to talk rapidly; but no one listened, and he seemed likely to keep on all night, and the green doll said it was late for him to be awake, and he had better finish in the morning. They were all tired after their journeyings, and a number of the little ones had already fallen asleep. They were much worried at being forsaken by the children, and one proposed that some one should keep watch for robbers. No one seemed to hear, however.

Next morning there was a great affliction when it was discovered that no one had seen the dolls' house, and it was some time before it was found. Tom saw it first and showed

it to the children; and they ran to it eagerly, but found nothing had been harmed or stolen, and all the family well, and saw that it was a pleasant, shady place. So they sat down contentedly under the lilacs and played with the dolls till dinner-time.

Notes

"The House That Ran Away" appeared in *The Independent* (23:3) on 14 September, 1871.

partings: a division or compartment inside the sewing basket.

The Boy with One Shoe

He did not always have but one shoe. He was not a boy with one foot. And I am glad of it; because some person who reads this story might be sorry and cross about something, and wish to be made happy. And if I began at the beginning, as I always like to do, I might make my first column very sad by telling about a boy who was chased several miles by a bear, and when he was jumping over the last fence he was obliged to leave his foot in the bear's mouth, if he wished to keep the rest of himself. And I know of another who was a poor, hungry, ragged little fellow, who worked all the long summer days in a factory, until once the machinery, which had always frightened him, reached out its strong fingers and caught him up, and whirled him round and round, and crushed his foot, so the doctors cut it off. I know a great deal more about this boy than the first one I mentioned, and I should really like to tell you how patiently he laid on a hard bed, in a dismal room; and how his wistful little face used to smile when one did anything for him. He had a homely, awkward little black dog, who used to be the comfort of his life, and who sat on the bed, and was as glad to see you as Mike was, when you went in, and who followed his master when he came over to see me, with his little crutches, the first time he was out, and was presented with so large a bone that he has since called frequently.

But the right boy's name was Tommy; and he did not like to go to school. He was not uncommon in that respect; but, if he had been a good boy on this particular day, I never should have had anything to tell about him. His father was dead, and he lived with his mother and his Aunt Susan and his grandmother out in the country. They were all very good women; and, though the children who knew him said Tommy told fibs, his grandmother thought him one of the best boys in the world. And I know one day, when she had taken her knitting and gone to sit with the Crampton's grandmother awhile, Billy Crampton was howling out in the barn to such an extent that the old lady asked what the matter was. "Oh!" said his mother, "he told me a lie about the turkeys, and I made his father whip him." Mrs. Benner said, proudly: "Well, our Tommy's wild; but we never had to punish him for lying." And at this the two Cramptons who sat behind the stove eating apples were taken choking, and were forced to go out; and in a few minutes the sorrowing Billy's tears were

turned to laughter, and the three scurried off down the lane, probably to tell Tommy his compliment. I do not see how he deceived the poor old lady so; but he always managed to make excuses, and say that he truly thought he was right.

I do wish I could make you believe how wise it is to be careful about doing right. Because you are a child, you think it is no matter if you tell lies, and are lazy, and say things at school you would not dare or wish to at home. It is the greatest harm to you, if it never troubles anyone else in the least. The world is crowded with people this very day who will sadly tell you that they had this or that habit when they were children; and, though they have tried and tried, they cannot break away from it, and it makes them ashamed of themselves every day. These things grow in you just as a tree does in the ground. There is only a little twig with its leaf or two at first; but, if nobody treads on it, it grows stronger continually, and pushes its roots deeper and deeper into the ground, just as your naughty ways take more and more hold in you, and the branches spread wider and wider out into the world. When you are young, all your manners and ways are young too, and you can do very nearly what you like with them; but by and by it will be very hard. Why not give the good things a better chance? Don't let the dear little flowers which are trying to bloom be spoiled by the horrid weeds, which neither you nor your friends will be anything but worse for. You know that whenever you do anything wrong at school it is making it easier for some boy or girl to do it the same way; and they, of course, will influence somebody else. And it makes it harder, every time you tell a lie, for you to tell the truth next time. This is the end of the sermon; and I hope you have read it, every bit.

Tommy waked up one morning, raised himself on his elbow, and looked out of the window; and laid down again, feeling very perverse and unsteady. It was pleasanter than it had been any day that spring; and he remembered the long sums at school, and thought how much he should like to wander about and do nothing. When his mother called him, he did not get up; and after a while dressed himself lazily, and was very late to breakfast. The man had gone away to mill, and Tom had promised the night before to drive the cows for him early. He made believe he had forgotten them, and said he was sleepy; and his mother, who looked tired and hot, only said she was sorry, and he must ask the doctor for something for his memory. Aunt Susan gave him some nice cake for luncheon, because his breakfast had been spoiled; and his grandmother called him, from her room,

where she was folding up some winter clothes, and said: "Here are four cents, dear, that I found in one of my pockets." They were all so good to him! Just as he took his books and went out of the door, his mother said: "Tommy, did you tell Mary Benson yesterday that I wanted her to come down this morning? I shall have my work all ready." "Yes," said Tom, thinking that he would tell her as he went along this morning, and it would do as well. "Tom," says Aunt Susan, whom he met in the yard, "aren't those your best shoes? Did your mother say you might wear them?" But the boy ran off after the cows, and that was all the answer. "It's too bad for Sophy to indulge that boy so! His old boots are good enough, and I'm sure we have no money to waste."

The schoolhouse was about a mile from home, and the pasture half-way there. Tommy had always thought it the pleasantest pasture that he knew of; and to-day it looked pleasanter than ever. As he was fastening up the gate, he saw a great checkerberry plum;* and in a minute was on the other side of the fence, eating it. Then he remembered that the year before there were quantities not a great way off, behind the big oak; and away he went, and crawled about over the spicy leaves until he had enough. Then he thought it couldn't be school-time yet, and laid there in the sunshine, planning some trick to play at school; and after a long while started up, and, running up a little hill, looked toward the schoolhouse. He was late, of course; and for a minute he felt sorry, and then something made him remember that down in the Davis pasture, beyond his own, he had vainly tried to catch some trout, which only Billy Crampton had seen. How big they must be by this time, thought our friend, joyfully; and, putting his hand in his pocket, he found his fishing-line, and that decided him. So off the naughty boy went, running over rocks and through the sweet-fern patches, straight to the brook.

He fished and fished; and put on one angle-worm which a small trout would as soon think of swallowing whole as you would a boa-constrictor. There were no fish to be seen, which would have made it more exciting sport; it was not very good fun. He at last saw some comfortable looking pollywogs, and amused himself for some time by surprising quiet assemblies of them, by dropping a stone in their midst; and then he threw sticks and stones at the birds who came near. Somehow he did not enjoy himself as much as usual. It was by no means the first time he had run away from school; but he had always had something better to do than this, and he even took up his arithmetic and looked at the sums which

he had been sure he could not do. They were easy enough, after all; and he began to wish he had gone to school. "It is mean in that old teacher to say she would whip me if I were late again without an excuse." And then he happened to think that there was not the least need of his being late at all.

The useless four cents jingled in his pocket, and he thought that at recess he always had plenty of time to run to the store at the corners. And then came a sad vision of two cents' worth of peanuts and two corn-balls,* that he might have had. He even remembered how kindly the people at home had treated him; and he had hardly told them a word of truth, and had been lazy and troublesome. And there was poor Mary Benson, who needed so much the little money she was able to earn; and his mother was waiting and wondering why she did not come. Could not he tell her that he couldn't make any one hear? No, that wouldn't do; for he had said that he spoke to her the day before.

Such an everlasting morning! The sun was rather too hot, and the cake eaten long ago. What should he do with himself? Just now he caught sight of his friends, the pollywogs, going across a shallow place in the brook, and he remembered the teacher's telling him the week before how curious it was to watch them turning into frogs; and, though Tommy had not been greatly interested then, he jumped up eagerly now, and off came one of the new shoes, and he dipped up three or four. But they were just like all other pollywogs, and showed no signs of any sprouting feet. It was a severe disappointment; but Tommy was delighted to see how well his shoe held water, and poked the occupants of it with his finger, and they all went down in the toe, out of sight. So he turned out the water, and shook them back, gasping. Then he stooped down to fill the shoe again, when it slipped out of his hand, and sailed off, with its crew of pollywogs, down stream, just out of his reach. He could not jump to the other side, and he could see no long stick to stop it with. Neither could he run very fast with one stocking-foot, and the brook was more and more rapid. The unhappy ship's company inside had not half enough water to cover them; and Tommy caught glimpses of them wriggling about, while the little shoe bobbed up and down, and went sideways and heel foremost, with the tags of the new shoe-strings glistening in the sun. And finally it lodged for a moment near the shore, on the remains of a dam which some boys had made for a little water-wheel, the year before; and, just before distracted Tommy could reach it, it lifted its heel and went over with a splash into the deep place beyond, where it

went under water. Ah! how Tommy poked about with a stick; and how he pulled up his trowsers, and waded in as deep as he could; and how he waited again till the brook was clear, and could not see it then; and how he laid down on the grass and cried!

It was growing late; but it was no use to go to the afternoon school, and tell his mother he had stayed at noon, for some of the other boys were going to, and gave him some dinner.* If he could only go home barefooted, and say that he had left his shoes at school, and then next morning discover they were stolen. But his mother had forbidden that until hot weather, for he was so apt to take cold; and he had been promised a new knife by his grandmother if he kept his promise. In his despair, he began to cry again, his head began to ache; and he took up his books, and put on his one shoe, and went sadly toward home. The cows looked up at him as if they meant to say: "You silly boy! Why didn't you go to school?" And just before he came to the gate he stumbled and fell, and that gave him an idea. He had hurt his foot really, and why not make it out worse than it was, and say he couldn't walk home?

He limped shockingly up the yard; which was all lost, as no one happened to be looking out. He went in at the kitchen door, and into his grandmother's bedroom, where he sat down on the bed and began his third season of crying. He was a very ready crier, and it was not hard work at all that day. His grandmother, who had been in the garden, came into the kitchen soon, and Tommy called: "Oh! grandma, I've got such an awful pain in my foot. It took me in the pasture this morning when I drove the cows, and stopped to get some checkerberry leaves;* and I tumbled down, and couldn't walk, and have just come home. I'm dreadful lame. Oh! do put something on it!" He really looked ill; and the good old lady was frightened, for Tommy was her darling, and the tears were sufficient for her. In a minute his mother and Aunt Susan were beside him.

"Does it feel as if it were broken?" said one.

Aunt Susan felt it. "No," said she; "and it isn't swollen much, but there is a little bruise. How in the world did you get all the mud on it?"

"I thought water would make it feel better," sobbed Tommy.

"Susan," said grandma, "you step over and leave word for the doctor to call here when he comes this afternoon to see Mrs. Perkins's baby."

Tommy announced his headache, which was genuine, and was suitably condoled with, and given a bowl of gruel for his dinner, because he seemed hot and might be going to have a fever; and then they put him to bed, and took his clothes away, and darkened the room and waited for the doctor.

He was a pleasant old man, and came in with a good-natured word to Tommy, who felt that his last hour of peace and respectability had come, for now he would be surely found out. But the doctor examined his foot and his tongue and his pulse, and looked worried.

"I cannot find that his foot is injured," said he; "but I have seen by the papers that a bad fever had appeared in New York State lately, where the patients are taken with sharp pain in some part of the body, and headache, just as he is. It doesn't seem like fever exactly now; but I think you had better keep him very quiet, and give him his gruel and those medicines that I am going to leave, and I will look in to-morrow again."

This was cheerful; but there was nothing to be done, and our friend swallowed his horrid medicines like a martyr. But every time they tasted worse and worse, and his head still ached a little, and he thought over and over again, if he had only gone straight to school. Every time anybody spoke to him, it seemed as if their question was chosen particularly to make him tell another lie; and so it went on until evening. Then two old women came, whom he did not like; and by and by came also Mrs. Perkins, to inquire for him, and she had a sharp voice, which went through and through Tommy's head. She talked a great while about her baby, which was a horrid baby anyhow. Miss Prudence Smith listened to what the doctor had said about Tom; and then began a doleful story about a second cousin of hers, who died of spotted fever, and was taken with a pain in his left foot (it was Tommy's left foot) and died, after great agony, in three hours and sixteen minutes from the time he was taken. Mrs. Perkins had heard her mother say that nineteen people had died in one week of this fever when she was girl and lived in Sanford; and her own uncle was taken just the way Miss Prudence's second cousin was, and everybody said it was a miracle that he lived.

And the end of it was that after hearing these pleasant stories, and Mrs. Perkins's voice for an hour or two, Tommy was seized with an idea that he must be going to have this awful fever too; and he began to think how wicked he had been, and was nearly scared to death. It is a wonder that he went to sleep at all; but he did, and oh! such dreams. Next morning his foot was a little stiff, but there was no fear of fever; and when the doctor came he said he was out of all danger, but had better be quiet in bed a day or two, and not eat much, and take only one new medicine, which proved to be worse than the old. Tommy insisted frequently that he was well; but nobody minded him, and he nearly starved to death. He tried once or twice to get up in the night and visit the store-room; but the bedstead or floor would creak, and some one would say, kindly: "Do you want anything, Tommy?"

The third day of his illness there was a menagerie in the next town, to which he had looked forward all the spring; and his heart was nearly broken. He had been waiting impatiently, and counting the days; and now to think of his cheating himself out of it.

"Where's your other best shoe, Tommy? I've hunted everywhere," said his mother, Sunday morning, the first day he was allowed to have his clothes on and go into the sitting-room. "How happened you to have them on the day you were taken sick? I hope it isn't lost, for I don't see how I can afford to buy you another new pair. I have the medicine to pay for and the doctor's bill, and money's very scarce this spring. I wonder if you could have laid it down in the shed. James was getting in wood that day, and it may have been covered up. Do you remember?"

Tommy burst into tears. He had been longing more and more to own up. "Oh! Mother, I've been just as wicked!" And then, with his head in her lap, he told the whole story; and it was the hardest thing he ever had done in his life. His mother was kinder to him than, I am afraid, she ought to have been. But nobody knows how very sorry to find out that her one boy, whom she had thought so good and true to her, was so different; and they had a long talk before Aunt Susan and grandmother came home from church. It was the best of lessons to him, and I hope you will never need one; but you must remember what happened to him, if you ever do feel like running away from school! And if, when you have run away, nobody has found it out, and you have had a better

time than he had, believe me that it will be in the end a great deal worse for you.

One day the next summer Tom and his friends were wading in the brook, which was low, and one fished up a boy's shoe. "Why," said he, "it was almost new. I should like to know how it came here." He threw it out on the bank; and, as the rest of the boys walked off in procession down the brook, Tommy stayed behind, and dug a little hole with a stick, and solemnly buried it.

Notes

"The Boy With One Shoe" appeared in *The Independent* (23:3) on 14 December, 1871.

checkerberry plum: probably the spicy, berry-like fruit of a wintergreen bush.

corn-balls: a ball of popcorn and molasses.

but it was no use to go to the afternoon school, and tell his mother he had stayed at noon, for some of the other boys were going to, and gave him some dinner: The sense of this seems to be that if Tommy went to school after lunch, he would have to tell his mother that he remained there over the lunch period with other boys who had planned to eat their lunches there and who shared with him.

checkerberry leaves: checkerberry or wintergreen leaves could be used for flavoring items such as medicines and tea. They also have been chewed for their flavor.

Grown-up

I stood by the window the other evening, and, looking out at the snow and the moonlight, I forgot the last ten years, and wondered why it was my eyes were opposite such high panes of the window, when the lower ones were so much more appropriate to my age and stature. I thought I must be standing on a chair. It was "one of the times when grown people can successfully play at being children," and, following a sudden impulse, I put on my hat and jacket, sighed at the thought of having lost my mittens (how many years ago, I wonder?), hunted for my old sled, which I found dusty, rusty, and cobwebby, and, pushing it under the garden-fence, and jumping over with great agility, I ran off over the crust, and went coasting "all by my lone." It was undignified; but that did not hinder my having a good time. I discovered that I had developed astonishingly in length. And when I seated myself upon the "Flying Tiger" I thought I must have had a nibble of that cake which made our friend "Alice" increase so surprisingly in stature once, during that visit of hers to "Wonderland."* The hill seemed very low; but then one had the advantage of a shorter walk between the slides. I used to scorn the ladylike "Snowbirds" and "Frostflowers" and "Jessies"* which the other girls coasted upon--high, flat-runnered, slow affairs; and my sled used to be the pride of my heart, and frequently beat in races with my boy friends, while the girls followed in our rear.

Everything seemed so familiar. The moon looked at me with the same expression; the "Flying Tiger" had not grown old; the snow had drifted in the same places; and I had to take care not to run against the same big apple tree, which stood provokingly in the way. I laughed aloud at remembering that one of my friends owes a striking one-sidedness of his nose to running into that very tree, and how we escorted the future ornament of the bar home to his afflicted mother; how all pain and disfigurement were forgotten by him in the joy at staying at home from school, while the rest of us wearily toiled through some hard pages in fractions.

I found coasting when you are grown up has great advantages, the chiefest of which, is that one may stay out as long as one likes, and not hear a disagreeable bell-ringing or an indignant voice coming faintly across the wintry waste.

I climbed the hill and went swiftly down again perhaps a dozen times, and was beginning to see the pathetic side of my occupation, and to tell myself that I was grown up, after all, I was altogether too tall to coast upon such a short sled, and I had better go back to the house and behave myself, when I saw a small figure climbing a fence not far away, and watched it come slowly along over the snow. I could hear a bell tinkling on the sled. The child wore a familiar, old-fashioned hood, and looked so like a little friend of mine who died years ago, and is represented in the visible world by a square little white tombstone. Was it Katy's ghost, coming to join me in my sport? The last time we were here together was the day after my tenth birthday, and how she will think I have grown. We were always measuring in the old days to see which was the taller! I had always longed for a chance to tell her how sorry I was that I broke her new slate the last day she was at school. I was kept in at recess, and dropped it accidentally, and was waiting in great suspense to make my confession, when my father stopped his horse and sent in one of the children to tell me I might drive home with him. The next day Katy was not at school, because she had scarlet fever;* and the children told me she had cried all the rest of the afternoon before, for the slate was the prettiest one in school and it had been hers [her's] only two days.

But it was not a ghost, after all; merely a small girl, the daughter of a neighbor of ours. She came more and more slowly as she saw with greater distinctness the size of the supposed child whom she had seen from afar and come to join. I called her to come and try a race with me; and, recognizing my voice, her anxiety was relieved, and we were very merry and intimate for the next half-hour, until I said I was tired and must go home. This small girl had always looked at me with great respect and indifference; but she seemed now to think me a much more entertaining person than she had supposed. I think she was once on the verge of asking me to come over and play dolls the next Saturday afternoon. You see I had been making polite inquiries after the health of her family. I should not like to have refused.

I went into the house by the garden-door, and went up to my room by one flight of stairs, stayed long enough to brush my hair and change my gown (it was so natural to have torn it out coasting) and went boldly down through the front hall to the parlor. The ruse was of no effect; for they had heard the noise of the sled with great amusement, and had watched me climb the fence and disappear. I met my small friend the next afternoon, as I was on my way to make ceremonious

calls, wearing the expression which became my age, my dignity, and my errand; and I found that we had relapsed into our former state of reserve. But I am sure that it was merely an outward appearance, and that we understand each other perfectly; and she will no doubt come for me to roll hoop* up and down the sidewalk as soon as the snow has gone and the ground is settled.

I sat down at my desk and tried to read, after I had been sufficiently laughed at. But I had an odd, unsettled feeling, and the essay seemed an absurd thing for such a child as me to read. It was mysterious how old and large a person my younger sister* had suddenly become, when so little while ago she was altogether too young to go coasting at all, and never sat up after seven. My head was filled with recollections of the children I used to know so well, and had played with so many times on that little hill where I had been. Their faces came to me so clearly and their voices echoed in my ears. Was it possible many of them were married, and that I scarcely recognize some when I meet them in the street, for they have grown to be men and women and are so utterly changed? Soon the children's faces and voices grew indistinct, and I looked up to see that the eyes of a little group of photographs which is over my desk were watching me intently and lovingly and as if to assert their authority. They are most estimable young women, and it is rather pleasant to be grown up, after all.

This may be an undesirable habit of mine--wishing for glimpses of my old self face to face in the sunlight and shadow of the old days. It may be foolish when I am so delighted if anything reminds me of some thought or incident of my pleasant childhood. But I hope I never shall outgrow it.

Most of the days which we were sure would always be the clearest pictures in our minds soon become indistinguishable, as when we walk away from a field full of daisies and clover in June, and look back to see merely the colors and the lights and shadows, but not the separate flowers. "Why is it that you care so much?" said some one to whom I was discoursing one day. "I think we remember more than enough. I would rather forget, for my part. Your lamentations are very unreasonable."

It is strange how little we remember about ourselves. It is melancholy how slight a control we have over memory--how much vanishes of which we think we never shall lose sight. We look back over our years, and cannot understand why we decided to do this thing or that. We have no more idea

what happened during entire weeks and months than if we had spent them in the delirium of fever. And the days that are lost to us were, some of them, decisive. Our minds were unusually busy and our hands hard at work. We remember an incident here and there; the sight of some face we used to know brings back some new recollection; but we feel that the best of our treasures are hidden away from us and have a certain sense that we are defrauded. There is a great advantage in all this, which it is very easy to see; for, if we had better memories, who knows how badly they might affect and influence our present lives, the life of to-day. We might be contented with thinking of our past pleasures, and certainly be afraid of any activity or experiments in life, because of the disappointments we encountered years before in similar cases. We may often say that it is a blessed thing that we lose the past in great measure; but, after all, we do not like to forget. We show this reluctance unconsciously where one would least look for it. We make a powerless protest when we acknowledge to ourselves, after the death of a friend, that we no longer feel the first sharp pain the loneliness gave us, and that we are losing them and their influence from our lives. We find that time is taking the recollection of their voices and the touch of their hands slowly and surely away from us, and we try to bring back those first terrible days. It is not merely the memory of our friend; we are clinging to our grief.

We meet an old playmate once in a while, and laugh over our reminiscences of childish tricks and fun, and sometimes we realize how lasting and firm a grasp the little hands had upon our stronger ones, and that the little head began ways of thinking which never had been outgrown; that the light footprints of the busy feet can be followed all along that path where we still are walking. We look back, and try to imagine the small travelers who grew and came to be our present selves. We think about you very tenderly, little friends, as if you were dead, instead of grown-up. We pity your weariness and your disappointments, and take great delight if we remember some day when the sun shone upon you and how simple and real all your pleasures were. When the road was smooth, we are so glad for you, though [hough] our smile is followed by a sigh; and we are very fond of the dear people who were kind to you. We wish we knew more about you. We are so sorry we have forgotten so many things; we did not mean to forget. Forgive us for so entirely disappointing your most cherished plans, and let the remembrance of the grand, brave people you meant us to be bear much fruit; and

may we go Home bearing among our sheaves* a goodly number from the seed we planted in being kind and tender-hearted to all children for your sake.

Notes

"Grown-Up" appeared in *The Independent* (24:2) on August 1, 1872.

"Flying Tiger" ... ladylike "Snowbirds" and "Frostflowers" and "Jessies": Brand names for childrens' sleds.

Wonderland": See the first chapter of Lewis Carroll (Charles L. Dodgson, 1832-1898), *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865).

scarlet fever: a bacterial infection related to strep throat, usually affecting young children and frequently fatal before the use of antibiotics.

roll hoop up and down the sidewalk: In the 19th century, both England and the United States saw hoop-rolling become a major fad. Hoops were often constructed with wood, and fitted with a metal tire. Players bowled the hoop along the ground with a stick, called a skimmer, in one hand. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Research: Chris Butler).

my younger sister: Caroline Augusta Jewett (1855-1897) was Sarah Jewett's younger sister.

may we go Home bearing among our sheaves a goodly number from the seed we planted: See Psalms 126 and also Matthew 7:19-20.

Birds' Nests

It gives one an uncomfortable feeling to have the revered traditions of one's youth interfered with. Were not these daintily made little dwellings always a favorite illustration of the wonders of instinct? But in an article in *The Revue des Deux Mondes*, which refers to a book by Mr. A. R. Wallace,* the English naturalist, it appears that we have taken this thing for granted, without reasonable foundation. Mr. Wallace says birds do not build their nests by instinct any more than we do our houses, and claims that they use largely their faculty of imitativeness, and their reason, which enables them to take their surroundings into consideration; that birds do change for the better their processes of construction, under such influences as produce similar changes for the better in men's architectural ideas.

Instinct enables animals to perform, without instruction or previously acquired knowledge, acts which call for a logical train of thought in man. But when we try to test the facts usually urged as proving the power of instinct, they are by no means invariably conclusive. It is made certain that the songs of birds are not innate; so the writer tells us. The experiment has been tried of placing several young linnets in cages with different varieties of larks, and it was found that every one adopted completely the song of the music-master set over him. And the song of the bird being the result of its education, so it may be with nest building. It is said that a bird brought up in a cage does not construct the nest peculiar to its species; that it seems to have little skill, and sometimes no purpose of building any nest at all. This is one of the surest proofs that instead of being wholly guided by instinct, the bird, as was said in the beginning, builds its nest as we do our own dwellings.

The form and structure are more dependent than is usually supposed on external conditions. Each species takes the materials that come in their way in their search for their especial food. For instance, kingfishers use the little bones of the fish they eat; wrens living in thickets and hedges use the moss in which they hunt for insects; some large water birds merely build up hillocks of mud on the flats. It is asked why creatures like these, availing themselves of the circumstances around them for definite objects, are inferior to the Patagonians who make a rough shelter of leaves and branches, or to some Africans who dig holes in the ground.

What advance has been made in the architecture of the Arab's tent? And sometimes the fashion of building remains unchanged, when the circumstances which called for it are done away with. The former generations of Malays built their houses on piles after the manner of the ancient lake-dwellers of Europe, and now that the population has increased, and the country is settled far into the interior on dry plains and hills, the people still prudently raise their dwellings high above the ground.

The common sparrow takes far less pains with his nest, when he can avail himself of a nook in a wall than when he has to build in the open air; and the orchard oriole builds his nest almost flat when he can fasten it to a stiff branch, but much deeper if he hangs it to a slender, swaying one, lest the eggs may be thrown out when the wind moves it.

The final and most convincing argument is, that M. Pouchet* published in 1870 some curious observations on the progressive improvements of martins' nests. He kept for forty years, in the museum at Rouen, some of these nests which he had taken from the walls of old buildings in that city. One day having obtained some new nests, he was astonished, on comparing them with the old ones, to perceive considerable difference. The new nests all had come from the new quarter of the town and were all on the same plan; but on investigating churches and other old buildings, as well as certain rocks inhabited by martins, he found many nests of the old pattern together with some of the more recent model. The descriptions given by old naturalists are only of the primitive type, which is a quarter hemisphere with a very small round orifice. On the contrary the new nests have a width greater than their depth. We see here an evident progress, for these are larger and more comfortable. The wider bed gives the young birds more liberty of movement than they had in the more contracted, deeper one; the wider opening gives them more air and a better chance for looking out and seeing the world around them. 'One well proved case of this kind is enough to show that the bird architecture is susceptible of progress; and this seems to force us to abandon the hypothesis of blind instinct. Then, too, the imperfections noticed in the nests of some species, and the awkward nest, not to say blunders of some birds, cannot be reconciled with the idea of instinct being infallible.'

'We do not find innate ideas or blind and irresistible tendencies. The bird learns to build his nest, each species

having its own tradition, which can be changed according to external circumstances. As regards the origin of these constructive processes, it can readily be understood without supposing a special instinct, if we show that, after all, the processes are simpler than would appear at first thought. We should not exaggerate the grade of intelligence needed by a bird in order to build a nest, which appears simply marvelous because it is so small. We are charmed with the sight of this, but the rough mud wall of a peasant's hut would appear to be fine handiwork in the eyes of a giant. It all depends upon perspective.'

This is all very plausible, and certainly very interesting; but if we give up the idea of birds acting from instinct, we must no less deny it to many other animals who possess just as exquisite powers of adaptation. There are innumerable acts which closely simulate reason, and the line can hardly be drawn between the two. To us, the robins' nests have all looked very much alike year after year, and even those sensible martins at Rouen may have changed their way of building from some other cause than that the writer suggests. They may have themselves changed in their own structure, instead of being dissatisfied with the houses their grandpapas built, and thought good enough for them; and the new architecture may have followed as a natural consequence. Our wise naturalists, with their acute observation and unwearied research, can, undoubtedly, see many wonderful capacities and adaptations in a creature which seems particularly stupid to you and me, and of which we are quite confident the creature itself is still more ignorant. So, until our own robins [robbins] and swallows show a disposition analogous to our own for bay-widows and French roofs, and we have unmistakable proof before our own eyes, we will wait patiently.

Notes

"Birds' Nests" originally appeared in *The Tonic* (June 11, 1873, p. 3). *The Tonic*, edited by Mary S. Deering, published June 7 through June 19 of 1873 as a daily newspaper of the Maine General Hospital Fair in Portland, Maine. The text appears here courtesy of the collections of the Maine Historical Society, Portland, ME.

Mr. A. R. Wallace, the English naturalist: Alfred Russel Wallace (1823-1913) was best known, perhaps, for developing a theory of evolution simultaneously with Charles

Darwin. The Alfred Russel Wallace Page at http://www.wku.edu/~smithch/index1.htm reprints his essay, "The Philosophy of Birds' Nests," where Wallace presents the arguments Jewett discusses; this piece first appeared in 1867 in *The Intellectual Observer*, and there was a revision and reprinting in 1870. The French review of this material in *The Revue des Deux Mondes* has not been located.

M. Pouchet published in 1870 ... martins' nests: It seems likely Jewett refers to Félix-Archimède Pouchet, (1800-1872), whose *Moeurs et Instincts Des Animaux* appeared posthumously in 1887. "Livre Sixième: L'architecture Des Oiseaux" includes an extensive discussion of birds' nests, including swallows/martins, and presumably it was this material that was discussed in the *Revue* article Jewett read. One of Pouchet's books had been published earlier in English: *The Architecture of God. The Wonders of Creation. The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little* (Hallett: Portland, ME, 1860).

Doctors and Patients

In the first place, doctors. And what I wish to say is that they are apt to be much abused.

One hears a great deal more in these days about the patients being abused, and I have not the slightest doubt that much of it is melancholy truth. Le Sage* certainly thought so. 'Death,' says he, 'has two wings; on one are painted war, plague, famine, fire, shipwreck, with all the miseries that present him at every instant with a new prey. On the other wing you behold a crowd of young physicians about to take their degree before him. Death, with a demon smile, dubs these doctors, having first made them swear never to alter in any way the established practice of physic.['']

It is hard to understand how men can deliberately attempt to carry such responsibilities, knowing as they inevitably must, from ill-success alone, their utter incapacity. There must be a wonderful self-satisfaction in the hearts of some of our fellow-creatures; and it is discouraging to see how many of them are contented with such low standards in life, showing perfect resignation to staying where they are, and indifference to the results upon others. Not only among doctors, can one see such perverted, narrow ideas, and disregard of the claims of the world, because of a business a man has undertaken. Who has not known quack clergymen who are, perhaps, the most deplorable class of all and, -- but we might continue such meditations at great length, and our minds would soon be in such a state that we could not call this publication The Tonic any more; but The Depressant [Depressent].

Besides these guilty members of the profession, there are some who are unsuccessful, because, however learned they may be, they are not practical; like some lawyers who are capital students, and yet can never make themselves successful pleaders or ready counsellors.

But the doctors of whom I thought in the beginning, are the 'good doctors,' who study and think, and care for their patients as well as they can; the men who are willing to tell you what they cannot do, for it is only an impostor who promises you everything. These men are often blamed on unreasonable grounds, where the fault, the non-recovery, is wholly owing to the patient himself, or mis-management on the part of friends, not that I mean to say that the doctors are entirely wise or wholly bad; for the best man must make an

occasional mistake, and the most unmistakable quack has his lucky hits and successes.

People seem to have a lurking conviction oftentimes, that a physician must have made some blunder, when his patient dies. Of course we must measure his ability, somewhat by this test of life or death, but not wholly, for does not the most renowned medical man lose a large proportion of his patients; those who are incurable and go to him as their last hope? We cannot change the fact that everyone of us must die sooner or later, in spite of the most acute perceptions and greatest learning of the individual, or undreamed of progress in the science of medicine.

It is very common, as I have said, that a doctor is found fault with deservedly, but it is no less common that he is found fault with undeservedly. I am sure that the cases where the mal-practice is the patient's fault, are more numerous than where it is the doctor's. First, how often the patient demands impossibilities when it is out of the power of man to prolong his life, for the disease is incurable.

There are many people who have inherited ill-health, or still suffer from the effect of some former illness; it is not owing to any defect in the doctor's skill that he can never get well, and is merely made more comfortable for a time.

There are many cases where the disease is much involved and very difficult to understand, because the doctor does not see them as nature made them. Perhaps first, the man unsuccessfully tried to cure himself, and then went from one physician to another, not infrequently stopping longest at his door who promised most and knew least. If some man of real ability begins work on such a case as this, how does he know what is really the matter; what is constitutional and what may have resulted from unsuitable treatment. What could the best clock-maker in the world do, if you carried him a clock that had been worked over by dozens of people after it had been found mysteriously out of order. He looks it over and sees the works too much filed here, and badly balanced there, and would he not be likely to tell you that it will always go unevenly and unsteadily?

In many instances people only need time for recovery, where we cannot trust wholly in any remedy but rest. Who would think of keeping a tired man awake all night to give him stimulating medicine after his hard day's work? Nothing can possibly take the place of the sleep he needs. So persons whose minds and bodies have been severely

strained and taxed need a rest in proportion to the fatigue, yet they wonder that they do not get well before the first prescription has been half followed out, and then grow impatient. For one who needs absolute rest, five need rest merely from certain employments and interests that are wearing them out, and require change of scene and thought. I read a capital story years ago of one of Dr. Abernethy's prescriptions.* A gentleman came to consult him, who could neither sleep nor eat and who was very nervous and depressed. The doctor said he could recommend nothing, but there was a physician in a small town in the north of Scotland, who had been wonderfully successful in such cases, to whom he would give him a letter. So the invalid, after some persuasion, left his business and started for Scotland, travelling very leisurely as was directed, and the end was that when he got to the end of his journey there was neither any such doctor there, nor need of him if there had been. There are women who have done the same things over and over again for years, whose tiresome life of housekeeping begins to wear them out, and what medicine will cure them with one dose?

Some people will never get well until they cure themselves of worrying. Sometimes this comes from improper management of their religious nature; sometimes from useless thoughts of the past, and needless anticipations of the future. Often disappointment crushes a man and changes him for the rest of his life, mentally and physically.

There are persons whose disease originated in overwork, but it is no less true that it comes from a lack of work as well. Employment would have cured some of our friends who are really dying, and will cure many who imagine they are dying from some mysterious nervous disease, which the doctors fail to cure, and do not seem to appreciate. They are persons *qui l'écoutent vivre*, as the French phrase has it; they watch themselves constantly, and the ailments of which another would be barely conscious, are to them sources of exquisite torture. If they would only find something else to do! The mind has so much control over the body if you only allow it a fair chance of taking the upper hand; but once give yourself up to watching for the time your head begins to be dizzy, and when the time comes your power of ignoring it has vanished; that slight feeling of dizziness is the controlling power of your existence. Expect to be better, not worse, and there is a great deal more chance for your doctor. For the doctor cannot make people happy and set their minds at

rest, and it is often merely this that makes invalids of us. We may take all the medicine we please; where there is some family trouble, or business entanglement, we are wretched and hopeless and sad. Is it the doctor's fault, then, that we grow no better day by day? If we can be happy and interested, and throw off the weight that holds us down, his part of the cure is very slight.

Can the doctor do much for us when, at the same time we carefully drink his medicine, we relentlessly follow the fashion of living that brought on the disease, and will still carry it on until we take leave altogether of the bad habit? [.]

After the prescriptions are given and the management of a sick person wisely directed, the good results are often hindered by the stupid ignorance, and wilful neglect of the directions, and of the simple physical laws of life. To many people advice is uselessly given, for as Horace Walpole* said: 'It is no use trying to cure some men of their follies, until you can first cure them of being fools.'

Look at the localities which people make choice of for their houses, and still how often one hears of the family's being so weak and delicate, and so sadly afflicted by the deaths which have followed each other in quick succession. Then there is a reflection, perhaps, upon the mysterious dispensations of Providence.* Doubtless nobody's death has ever taken Providence by surprise, and no one has gone away from this world till he was done with it, and his place ready in the next; but, for all that, one cannot encourage houses being built in swamps. And think of men's unfathomable ignorance of the plain truths of ventilation!*

And so people do just as they please with their minds and bodies, and when the inevitable results show themselves; when the minds show that they are growing useless, and things look different, and the sunshine seems to be going out of the world; when the bodies are worn out, then the doctor is considered capable of making up all the deficiencies. But his skill cannot counteract and supplement and fill out; or give us back the health and power we started with, and have lost, through neglect of ourselves. He cannot make us start out afresh and live right on again, as if we had been careful and sensible, and all these things had not been educating us for invalids. Perhaps we begin to be very ill some day and send for the doctor to cure our disease.

But when we are ill it is not invariably like a fish-hook which an unlucky boy can have the surgeon take out of his

hand, which soon recovers from the wound. It is *we* who are ill, and the part that is weakest gives out first. Did you ever know a farmer to try to doctor a branch of one of his apple trees that is growing yellow? When the tree is strong the leaves keep green enough.

And besides all this, there is something else that makes your doctor appear noticeably inefficient, for he cannot cure old age. People are so often unjust and unappreciative in such questions as these, where the patient has either done nothing whatever for himself, when the cure is in his own hands, and where the cure, which the doctor might make, is hindered or made impossible.

And so, finally, take the best care of yourself you possibly can. If you are ill, send for the best doctor you know and can get. Do just as he tells you, for the best doctors are not too good, and you must lift at your end of the log. And above all do not show yourself such a patient as those suggested by this witty old English rhyme:*

'God and the doctor, men alike adore,
When on the brink of danger, not before;
The danger past, they are alike requited,
God is forgotten and the doctor slighted.'

Notes

"Doctors and Patients" originally appeared in *The Tonic* (Portland, ME, June 12, 1873, p. 3). *The Tonic*, edited by Mary S. Deering, existed from June 7 through June 19 of 1873 as a daily newspaper of the Maine General Hospital Fair in Portland, Maine. The text appears here courtesy of the collections of the Maine Historical Society, Portland, ME.

Le Sage: Alain René Lesage (1668-1747) was a French playwright and novelist, best known perhaps for his picaresque novel, *Gil Blas* (1715-1735). Almost certainly Jewett's source is *Fallacies of the Faculty* (1861) by Samuel Dickson, Lecture 1, p. 4, which also contains a Moliere attribution in "Protoplasm and Housekeeping." She quotes the Moliere passage almost directly. See Google Books.*

Dr. Abernethy's prescriptions: In *Memoirs of John Abernethy, F. R. S.* (1853), George Macilwain, cautions that there are many legendary anecdotes repeated about John Abernethy (1764-1831), a London born physician and author on physiology. This particular story is not in the memoir, but

similar stories *do* appear, Abernethy having a sense of humor as well as medical expertise. Edgar Allan Poe's detective, Dupin, tells a humorous anecdote about Abernethy in "The Purloined Letter" (1844).

Horace Walpole ...'It is no use trying to cure some men of their follies, until you can first cure them of being fools': Horace Walpole (1717-1797) was a British author, art historian, printer, politician, and wit. Cassandra Phillips, University of Saskatchewan, has identified the source of this quotation: "Letter 296 to John Pinkerton, Esq. Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30, 1785." *Letters of Horace Walpole* (1842), v. 4, p. 376," (schulers.com/books). In the letter, Walpole says, "Now that I am very old, I sit down with this lazy maxim; that, unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly, as it is only making room for some other. Self-interest is thought to govern every man, yet is it possible to be less governed by self-interest than men are in the aggregate?"

Providence: The activities of God in the physical world.

the plain truths of ventilation: In medicine, this refers to clearing the lungs and restoring normal breathing of patients in respiratory distress. However, it seems here that Jewett is referring to a less specialized knowledge about breathing or the circulation of air in buildings. (Research: Gabe Heller).

witty old English rhyme: At GIGA-USA.COM, this epigram is credited to John Owen, "the British Martial" (1560-1622), and it is given in slightly different words:

> God and the Doctor we alike adore
> But only when in danger, not before;
> The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
> God is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted.

Protoplasm and House-Cleaning

I AM roused to make solemn reflections this morning on life and progress, to ask whether the advances we make, and the heights we attain, add sufficiently to our happiness and contentment. Do not discourage me in the outset by saying that mere satisfaction and pleasure are low aims, though Mr. Froude* has an eloquent and convincing passage on this subject, in his Essay on the Book of Job.

But, after all, we do look somewhat for happiness, -- we do measure the success or failure of men's lives, more or less by this standard. We will not yield wholly to the idea that a man, however great his spiritual and metaphysical achievements and capabilities, is to be envied, if he gives us no outward evidence of being victorious. For we anticipate a material success and a visible happiness.

I make no effort to be scientific. I shall not try to give an accurate definition of Protoplasm. Never mind whether it is a substance with definite physical and chemical properties of the highest importance, as regards our vital organization, or only a word representing a set of ideas, or a group of radically different substances, or one of the 'words, words, words!' as Hamlet said to Polonius.* I think you will not mind the non-settlement of this question, and I should not wish to blind you by leading you too suddenly from darkness to the blinding daylight. But I consider the second part of my subject a fine type of the height of progress to which we have attained, and I merely make the suggestion of Protoplasm by way of reminding you of the wide distance between the two points, of departure and attainment.

Spring cleaning is truly the reign of an idea to which every other interest and occupation must bow. What attention is paid to any demand of society on the day when the parlor carpets are to be shaken? It is reckoned almost useless to attempt writing the history of one's own age while one is sure to be influenced by some of its conflicting prejudices, and so incapacitated from seeing the whole ground. It is hard, even after centuries have gone by, to be impartial, and avoid the danger of being one-sided. And some of the best histories have been written by men who were foreigners to the country of which they wrote. And I claim to be heard with respect in this matter, for the spring cleaning of my house is over with, and I did not help.

Some one says that it is a grand triumph of mind over matter; surely it is heroic, this being willing to undergo, at

stated periods, an operation which makes us uncomfortable. You may mention the martyrs of old, who were hanged and stoned and drowned; but that was only for once!

I was driving to-day, and met a cheerful company of gypsies. I had left the room where my favorite corner is, in a state of chaos that was wholly undesirable. My attention had been called to a stack of my books, and other possessions, waiting for me to carry them away to some less convenient place than my desk or chair, and I fled to the highways. Those lucky gypsies! They live in wagons without springs; they are unenviable in some other particulars; but their years go smoothly round, their housekeeping is uniform, and unbroken by any such catastrophes as are ever looming up before us. There was a woman seated upon a pile of hay and dirty looking bundles, and smoking a long clay pipe; there were two dear little dogs sound asleep at her feet, and a child leaned over the side of the wagon, dragging a forlorn shaker bonnet* by its only string. The lord of the wagon-hold was taking gentle exercise by the side of the lazy horse, and some older children ran ahead to a farmhouse with a pail and a basket. That woman had no cellar and no closets; her carpet of green grass sprinkled with dandelions has not needed taking up.

Is there no chance that we are in a transition stage as regards the outward requisites of our home life? The love and interest we have for each other -- the sentimental and moral part of it is in a much more hopeful state, but it cannot be possible that our housekeeping is perfected when twice a year such annoyances are inevitably ours. The idea of cleanliness reigns over us, but may we not be certain that sometime all these things will cease to be associated with discomfort?[.] It is not the ideal setting one's house in order, to have one's possessions put away in inconvenient places where they cannot be found without a loss of time and temper. But each of us has some peculiar grievance of this kind, and it would lead us, if more were said, to meditate with interest upon the ancient pastoral life.

Follow any brook far enough and it leads you to the sea; and here I am thinking of the disadvantages of our position; the general disadvantages, not those of the present state of housekeeping alone. We so much more readily accept the good old things that were established by our predecessors, than the new. And who can help feeling we are somewhat defrauded, when he thinks of the greater advantages which will belong to the day of those who will live after us, for which

our day is the starting point?[.] For in all times and acts there is both a beginning and an ending; there is a completion, and the germ of something afterwards to be completed. We are seeing the protoplasms that are to develop more and more through the years to come. How do we know that we are not fighting as blindly and unreasonably against progress as our ancestors did? The world learns so slowly, and men are so unwilling to follow their leaders. The advances that are no longer new things to us, to which we have been familiar from our childhood, and which unless we stop to think seem always to have existed, were by no means made easily.

Look at the history of the practice of medicine. It seems to have met with the most benighted opposition to its most important improvements. There was poor Lady Mary Wortley Montague,* who introduced small-pox innoculation into England from Turkey. Lord Wharncliffe says in his life of her: 'Lady Mary protested that during the four or five years succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without regretting her patriotic undertaking. The clamors raised against the practice, and against her were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and disastrous consequences; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of taking events out of the hands of Providence.* And the common people were taught to look upon her us an unnatural mother who had risked the lives of her own children.' The doctors have even fought each other most bitterly; often refusing to believe in, and deriding the discoveries which afterwards come to be considered landmarks of the profession. Moliere* who used to be called the terror of the Parisian apothecaries makes one of his *dramatis personae* say to another. 'Call in a doctor, and if you do not like his physic, I'll soon find you another who will condemn it.'

We suffer, no doubt, in all connections from being in an age of transition; but after all, we have the consolation of being sure that we are better off than our ancestors were, and this comparison has served to flatter the pride and increase the consequence of the generations that have preceded us. It may be humiliating to acknowledge that we in our day are capable only of originating the merely protoplastic ideas, the first formations of the successes and improvements of the future.

But because all science and art, all culture, has not culminated in our ages; because we cannot do what we wish

to do, is all we have attained and do know to pass for nothing? [.] The Hospital is not finished,* though it is long past its protoplastic stage, when it was only a suggestion in acknowledgment of the great need in our State. Who ignores what has been done for it so far? Who forgets what its president's share of the work has been, or the trustees', the generosity of its donors, the interest shown in its welfare and success by rich and poor? When the hospital is finished and doing its grand service; when the only workmen within its walls are its doctors and nurses, who will not be glad; but is not the fact of its being in progress one that gives us satisfaction now?

So do not let us quarrel with the unalterable, and even if our most cherished work and plan should prove in the ages to come merely a first hint and foreshadowing, let us be glad of the light that is shining for us. The insufficiency; the need of something better; the awkwardness of the means we use to accomplish our ends; all these tower up grandly when contrasted with the machinery of life a hundred years ago. And so, letting alone the question whether our present position will seem by and by to have been high or low in the scale of ascent, we will remember that every step is necessary, everything is worth while, and be satisfied.

Notes

"Protoplasm and House-Cleaning" originally appeared in *The Tonic* (Portland, ME, June 17, 1873, p. 3). *The Tonic*, edited by Mary S. Deering, published from June 7 through June 19 of 1873 as a daily newspaper of the Maine General Hospital Fair in Portland, Maine. The text appears here courtesy of the collections of the Maine Historical Society, Portland, ME.

Mr. Froude ... Essay on the Book of Job: English author, James Anthony Froude (1818-1894) is remembered in part for his work on Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881). His "Essay on Job" was published in book form in 1854.

Hamlet said to Polonius: See William Shakespeare, *Hamlet,* II, ii.

shaker bonnet: Shakers are known for the simplicity and plainness of their designs. Founded in England in the eighteenth century, "the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing, also known as the Millennial Church, or the Alethians, came to be called Shakers

because of the trembling induced in them by their religious fervor." Under the leadership of Mother Ann Lee the sometimes persecuted Shakers set up communal villages in the United States, beginning in 1776. (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*). Near Jewett's South Berwick was the Shaker village of Alfred, ME.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague ... small-pox innoculation .... Lord Wharncliffe: Lady Mary Wortley Pierrepont Montagu (1689-1762) was an English letter writer and poet. Her husband, Edward Montagu, served as ambassador to Turkey, 1716-1718; there Lady Mary wrote a famous set of letters. She also observed and introduced into England the Turkish practice of inoculating against smallpox. (Source: *Encarta Encyclopedia*) Her *Letters and Works*, 3 Volumes, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, appeared in 1837.

Providence: God as active in the material world.

Moliere ... 'Call in a doctor, and if you do not like his physic, I'll soon find you another who will condemn it': Born Jean Baptiste Poquelin, Molière (1622-1673) was a French comic dramatist, remembered best perhaps for his play, *Tartuffe* (1664). He also wrote *The Doctor in Spite of Himself* (1739) and *The Imaginary Invalid* (1673). Almost certainly, Jewett's quotation is from: *Fallacies of the Faculty* (1861) by Samuel Dickson, Lecture 1, p. 4. She reproduces the passage almost exactly. Another very similar passage appears in "Of Experience," by the French essayist, Montaigne (1533-1592): "If your doctor does not think it good for you to sleep, to drink wine, or to eat such-and-such a food, don't worry: I'll find you another who will not agree with him" *(The Complete Works of Montaigne: Essays, Travel Journal, Letters*, essay 13, part III. Stanford UP p. 833).

Hospital is not finished: Maine General Hospital (now the Maine Medical Center) was founded in the early 1870s. This essay and Jewett's other contributions for *The Tonic* were part of a fund-raising fair to complete construction of the original hospital. That building now houses the hospital archives.

The Turtle Club

Dick Townsend must have the credit of awakening the interest of the Highfield boys in turtles. By the Highfield boys I mean the ones I knew. There were only five whom I ever had anything to do with -- Dick Townsend, and Joe Hunt, and Ned Crawford, and the Thomson boys, who are twins and look so precisely alike that you couldn't tell which was Joe and which Jim, if you had been introduced two minutes before. Their schoolfellows were always making mistakes; and long ago, when the Thomsons were very young, some one suggested calling. both brothers by both names, and then there was no fear of mistakes. So, if a boy said "Here comes Jimjoe" it was one of the twins; And if he said "Here come the Jimjoes" he meant both, and everybody understood. This last year one had grown a little taller than the other, but nobody thought of separating the names; the boys were now Big Jimjoe and Little Jimjoe. All these five had always known each other, had been friends before they were old enough to go to school at all; and since then had journeyed on together up through the griefs and perils of primer and primary arithmetic, to their present elevation of Fourth Reader and Greenleaf's Common School.* But I am not going to tell you about lessons any more; so don't be indignant and look at the next story, to see what the name is and if it doesn't look more interesting.

Yes, it was Dick Townsend who had the first turtle, as I told you in the beginning. These Highfield boys find some new fashion every year, and follow it diligently. If one makes a kite, all the rest do, and there is one in progress in every shed-loft. But I don't mean these old fashions; because all boys, everywhere, play marbles when the ground first gets dry in spring, and there are certain games like this for certain times of the year, that come around as regularly as Christmas Day itself. I'll tell you what I mean. You know that at college there is a list of studies for every term, which all the boys take; and there is another list which is called that of the elective or optional studies, and from these the boys can choose just which they like best or think will be of most use to them in the business they have chosen. Now you understand. The Highfield boys played all the regulation games; but they always had one of the optional amusements on hand besides. One time they each kept rabbits, and I remember the season of white mice, and woodchucks, and tame crows, and pigeons; not to speak of waterwheels in the brook, and clappers to be turned by the wind for frightening

crows. These last were brought to a high mark of ingenuity, and Ned Crawford's invention was such a brilliant success that he had dreams of trying for a patent.

One Monday morning some of the boys were at the schoolhouse unusually early, and were sitting on the steps talking; though one was playing marbles for keeps with the little boys, though it was very late for marbles. Dick Townsend came last; and then there was a great deal to be said, as he had gone over to his sister's the Thursday night before, with his mother. His sister was married and lived about a dozen miles away. They had come home the afternoon before, because it had looked so much like rain the next day; and here it was as bright a Monday morning as ever dawned. There had been some adventures, of course, and the other boys had an exciting story to tell of a fishing excursion they had made on Saturday.

"Oh! boys," said Dick, "guess what I found yesterday afternoon. It was walking across the road, and if you ever saw such a big fellow I never will brag again as long as I live."

"Snake?" said Little Jimjoe.

"No," said Dick. "I did see a snake but it was only a common-sized green one."

"Fox? Weasel? Woodchuck?" guessed the others.

But Dick called them geese, and asked how he could catch either of those, when he was in the wagon and had to stop the horse and get out. They would be half a mile off. Everybody was puzzled, for what creature could have been going across the road so slow that it could be caught. Even an old speckled hen could get out of your way, unless she was an unusually slow traveler.

"Oh! tell us. There comes the teacher." And Dick, being good-natured, unfolded his secret.

"It was the biggest mud-turtle you ever saw. Mother saw him first, and I got out and headed him off, and then put him in the back of the wagon, upside down. Mother was awfully afraid of him, wished a dozen times she never had seen the old thing, and kept looking back to see if he hadn't turned over. Once she thought sure he had hold of her heel; but when we looked it was only the sharp end of a sassafras root. I dug it out over in the woods back of Mary Ann's. There are lots of trees there."

"Let's all go over some Saturday," said Big Jimjoe, who was always excited at beholding a prospect of something to eat.

"All right," said Dick; "but I know you never saw such a turtle. He is as much as a foot long."

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Ned Crawford.

"Keep him, I guess. I've got a hole bored through the edge of his shell, and he's tied to a stake in the yard. But I'm going to fix some kind of a pen for him. Come over after school and see him. Does anybody know what is good to feed 'em on?"

Just then the teacher rang the bell, and they all went into school. Ned Crawford can draw capitally. And just before recess he held up a picture to Joe Hunt of two big turtles walking arm in arm, and a procession of little ones following them two and two, on their hind feet, some of them carrying parasols. Joe laughed aloud, and the teacher looked up pleasantly and asked him why.

"Because," said she, "If it is something very funny, we should all like to hear about it."

Ned, after a little persuasion, held up the slate, and Miss Denet said it was well done, and she didn't blame Joe for laughing. But then boys went to school to study, so they would be fit for something when they were men.. So Ned mustn't draw any more pictures until his lessons were learned. She didn't wish the boys to lose time while they were coming to school to her. Ned might draw as much as he pleased at the right time. She thought he had a great talent for it, and hoped he could have lessons from a good teacher some day. He might take turtles for the subject of his next composition. So Ned was both pleased and punished; and he studied very hard, and had the best arithmetic lesson he had recited that term.

All the scholars liked Miss Denet and tried hard to please her. Of course, that was partly the reason she was so good-natured to them; for what teacher can be even-tempered when the scholars are like willful young wild Arabs, and think only of what they mean to do after school? Don't forget that you are in school for your sake, not the teacher's; and when you shirk a lesson it is a loss to you, and nobody else. I can't forget that one day somebody asked me to do a sum, and I puzzled myself and made figures in a bewildered way; and

finally it flashed across me that I ran away' from school the very morning when the teacher was going to explain that rule of arithmetic which was missing from my head.

That night all the boys who could went over to Dick's, to see the big turtle. They found that his majesty had already gotten into trouble. Dick's father had noticed that the string was not a strong one; and just after dinner he kindly turned the turtle over on his back, so Dick should find him safe and sound when he came home. And some time afterward an old hen saw a nice mouthful of bug at a little distance; and, on her way to gobble it, being in great haste, she unluckily put one of her feet just in front of the turtle's mouth. In an unhappy moment she found herself caught fast by one toe, and so she quawk, quawked all the rest of the afternoon; and the first thing the boys did was to hold a council about the best way of setting her at liberty.

Big Jimjoe said that turtles never let go anything; but perhaps they could make the old fellow mad, and so he would bite the claw off. Little Jimjoe, being more practical, suggested that they should cut it off with a chisel, and save time. Joe Hunt sat down on the grass, and while the rest talked he poked the turtle's beak with little stick; and the first thing they knew Mrs. Biddy departed in a hurry toward the hencoop, half running and half flying, and quawking louder than ever. The boys laughed; and Dick took a stronger piece of cord from his pocket, which he had found in his desk at school, and tied his new pet to the stake, which he drove deeper into the ground.

"I suppose I ought to have a kind of pond for him; oughtn't I? They always seem to live near water. I guess I'll sink a big tin pan. There's one we mix chicken dough in; but something else would do just as well for that, and I could stop up the holes easily. I say, boys, I've thought of something. Wouldn't it be fun for us to see how many turtles we can get? Let's all keep them, and have a big pen down by Joe Hunt's brook."

"Yes, and we'll call it the United Turtle Club," said Joe Hunt. And all the boys grew much excited, and planned then and there to go turtle-hunting the very next Wednesday afternoon.

"But I know we never shall find another big one like this," said Ned Crawford.

"He *is* a whaler," said Little Jimjoe, admiringly; but he thought all the time that there was no doubt he could find a larger one. Little Jimjoe was a superior hunter.

You would naturally suppose that they built their pen first; but the truth is that they left the first inhabitant tethered to his stake in Dick's yard until Saturday. On Wednesday the first grand expedition came off, and was very successful. They went up the brook to a marshy, swampy pasture, and found quite a number there; though none of them were too large to be put into a good-sized pocket, and two or three were very small. The boys anchored these in their respective yards; but on Saturday the pen was finished, and the turtles, great and small, set up housekeeping in state. The boys first marked out a square on the sloping bank of the brook, and then made a low fence around it, by driving stakes into the ground and banking it up outside with turf, which they got easily from the edge of a sand-pit near by. Down at the lower part the little yard could not be banked, for here the brook ran through; but the boys enjoyed very much wading into the water and driving the stakes close together, making them keep stiff and strong by tying the tops together with strings. After the outside was finished it was not nearly so much trouble to divide the square into five narrow yards, one for each member of the club. The boys thought no sensible turtle could wish for better quarters, for here they had turf at the top, and then mud, and then water. Besides this, there was a small tree stuck into the ground for shade, in each, near the upper part -- either alder branches, or scrub-oak, or something of the kind. But the turtles didn't seem fond of shady places, and were always either down in the water or half-way up the bank, in the sun. So the upper part was very convenient for the new members of the family, who were always tied up immediately, with a very short string, while the marking dried. It was one of the rules of the U. T. C. that all new turtles should be plainly marked with the initials of the club and the number of the pen. At first they began by cutting it on the shell; but this was some trouble, and kept the jack-knives so dull that white paint was taken as a substitute. The Townsend's house had been painted that spring, and part of a bucket of paint had been left over, which was very useful. Ned Crawford used to decorate the roofs of such turtles as were suitable in regard to size with fancy sketches and patriotic mottoes. The boys' interest in them seemed unfailing for several weeks; and Miss Denet had to make a rule that no turtles should be brought to the schoolhouse. They used to carry the little ones in their pockets, and sometimes leave them in their desks over night. They used to slyly take them out during school hours and let them crawl a little way along the floor or on the

benches, from which they were apt to have a tumble. The girls were all made very unhappy, and one of them found the very largest one of all inside her desk one morning. And it was on this occasion that Miss Denet refused any more new scholars of that description.

I certainly must tell you about the capture of the big turtle down in Round Pond. That was the grand event of the summer. Joe Hunt's elder brother had seen him first; and afterward Joe himself had seen him, also, on the same board. It was only after one or two unsuccessful trials to catch him, without anybody's help, that Joe told the boys about him with an air of great virtue and unselfishness. The United Turtle Club met at the schoolhouse very early that Saturday morning. I couldn't tell you of all the weapons and ammunition that they carried. I only know that it was upon this occasion that Big Jimjoe valiantly shouldered a harpoon, which he had sat up late the night before to make out of a rake handle and a wornout shoe-knife blade. All the boys meant to have the turtle, dead or alive. It was what is sometimes called a toad-turtle;* but I do not know why, unless from some fancied resemblance. They do not have smooth shells, like the common mud-turtle; but rougher, thicker ones, much higher in the middle, so as to make a kind of spine. They bite terribly and are very ugly; but fortunately they are very seldom seen.

It was only a mile and a half to Round Pond across the fields. The boys hunted carefully among the bushes and along the shore near where the turtle had been seen; but there was no sign of him, though they caught two small common ones, which was encouraging. It seemed no use to stay there; so they wandered off, some one way and some another, to wait until the sun was higher, when perhaps he would go upon the board. They kept near the shore, in the swampy places, and Little Jimjoe and Ned Crawford, seeing a whole row sitting on a log, ran for a raft and paddled out, making a very successful voyage.

"Isn't it funny that we have seen so many?" said Joe. "Some years I haven't seen more than three or four. Do you suppose there are always so many walking round, or is it a very good year for turtles?"

"I guess it's because we are hunting for them," said Ned, who was right. And do you know I think we lose a great many things in this world besides turtles just because we don't hunt for them and try hard enough to get them. People fail often to get what they want because they don't use the

means. They take it out in wishing, and then wonder because they are so often disappointed. You don't sit under a tree and cry because the walnuts grow so high and hang far up out of your reach. You climb up and shake them down. Work, boys!

They hunted about for some time, paying especial attention to barberry bushes.* Boys have a tradition that turtles' nests are always under barberry bushes, and that the young ones feed on the bark after they have hatched out from the eggs. I don't know whether this is a well-grounded fact in natural history or not; for, unfortunately, the only books of reference I have both dismiss the subject of mud-turtles with very short notice. After a while our friends came back to the starting place, and sat down on the bank to watch for their prey and enjoy a season of conversation. Two little turtles were already on the board, which was considered a hopeful sign and it was not more than half an hour before there was a little splash out in the pond, and something came swimming toward them, and then disappeared again.

"Musk-rat," said Ned.

No; for it came up again, and paddled closer, so the boys could see the ridged back, and they waited still as mice while the big fellow crawled up on the board.

Such a breathless moment as it was! They watched him get himself perched to his satisfaction, and the small turtle next him move away a little; and then his head dropped, and he stirred once more lazily, and then lay still. The warm May sun shone full on his back, and there was every reason to believe that he was sound asleep.

"Didn't I tell you the truth?" said Joe Hunt. "I'd like to see one of you dare to catch him by the tail. I'd rather keep out of the way of that beak of his."

"We must have him, boys," said little Jimjoe.

But the question was: How could they safely land him on the shore? He would go to the bottom like a rock if he were scared. Big Jimjoe looked despairingly at his harpoon. It would have been much more useful if the game had been a large bull frog. The board was too far out from shore for careful wading, for the water grew deep suddenly. But, to shorten the story, this is the plan they chose. The board did not seem to be resting on anything, though it was prevented from floating out any further by a large branch that was sticking up out of the water -- one that had blown down on

the ice in the winter. The boys took some long shoots of willow and tied them together, then tied their strongest pieces of cord together and made a slip-noose at the end. They put this on the end of the pole, and Dick carefully held the queer fishing-rod out over the water and tried to slip the noose over the board; but the cord was light and only dragged along on the top of the water. So he took it in; and Ned Crawford happily thought of weighting the cord with little stones, about as far apart as the width of the board, and fastening the string lightly along the stick, so the noose hung in the form of a square. This time it was easy enough. Dick let it drop until the pebbles were a little way under water, and then drew the pole along until he held it about a foot from the end of the board, when he drew it out, and Ned Crawford pulled the noose tight, starting the board a little. One little turtle flopped into the water, and the boys waited in an agony of suspense, for fear the others would follow. But they slept on, unsuspectingly.

Ned began to pull in slowly, and it was very exciting.

"All of you grab at the big one," whispered he. "never mind about the other."

Joe Hunt waded into the water, and before the old turtle had time to fairly wake up, or even to pull in his head, Joe had grabbed him and thrown him in, and there he was, safe on shore. The little one made his escape; but who cared?

And then a hole was bored in the shell, while the unhappy captive helplessly twisted, and tucked in his clumsy claws tighter and tighter, as if hoping to put himself entirely out of sight. The boys made a careful examination of both upper shell and under, and tried in vain to make his lordship snap at sticks. Finally they slung him with strings to Big Jimjoe's harpoon, which found its mission at last, and carried him home in triumph. Even the minister came to see him.

It would take altogether too many pages if I tried to tell you all the fun the United Turtle Club had that summer. The interest rather subsided after the first week or two of vacation. The boys used to sell and exchange frequently; and there was always something to be done to the pens or "the turtle-coops," as they were usually called. They used to try various kinds of food, and sometimes had matches (trials for the championship of such accomplishments as turtles possess) -- like seeing which would hold longest to a stick; though there were two divisions to this -- first, the turtle which snapped quickest, and, second, after being lifted from

the ground, which would drop last. It was great fun hunting for them, for they are sure game and the boys liked being in the woods. This was the best part of it, really; for being in the open air makes us strong and well, and the best capital a boy can have for the business of his after life is the capital of good health. People forget that it is so necessary for men and women to be good animals. If you are well, you can do so much in the world and do it so much more easily. But the animal part of us must be the servant, not the master. If you don't quite understand this, ask some one to explain it to you; because it is worth understanding and remembering.

The end of the United Turtle Club was in this wise: There was a great rain-storm in August, and the morning after it had cleared away the Jimjoes called Dick to go and see the coops, for they must need repairing. Alas! the brook had risen so high that the lower stakes were covered; and the entire colony had inconsiderately paddled away in the night, in search of freedom.

I am sure you will like to read Ned Crawford's composition. The boys thought it was first-rate, and Miss Denet said she wished they would all do as well and take so much pains to make their compositions interesting. And it showed how much better it was to write on some subject you know about, instead of making stupid remarks and saying things that everybody knew before about Friendship and George Washington.*

"TURTLES."

"A Turtle is a reptile. It has a head like a snake and a little sharp tail and four claws like an Alligator. The rest of him lives inside the bones so I don't know what it looks like. The bones are outside and are called the shell. They live a great many years. I have read of a big Turtle* that belonged to a bishop in England that lived a hundred and twenty years* after they got acquainted with him. They are very ugly and stupid and I don't think you could tame them if you tried all summer. I suppose they are good for something but I don't know what it is. It is fun to catch them. If some countries but not in this they keep them round in the houses to kill bugs. A Turtle has no teeth but it doesn't make any difference for there are bones in their mouths and they bite like everything and can hold on to a stick all day if you stay and pull. I don't believe they ever die hardly. You can't starve them and if you cut off their heads and feet and tails it doesn't kill them and

the beak will keep on snapping at you for a day or two. This sounds like a big story but it is true. I don't know how I should go to work to kill a Turtle unless I mashed him with a big hammer. Or else boiled him. The shells are real pretty when you have boiled the turtle part out. They live all winter like bears without anything to eat. I am always hungrier in winter than any other time. I don't see how they do it. I think they are awful homely, their eyes look as if they were set in upside down. They mostly stay in the same place. It takes them a good while to get anywhere. I have heard of a new way to catch them, you go under water and clap two pieces of wood together and they will be scared and go right ashore, and all the musk-rats too. They get the substance called tortoise shell from a kind of big Turtle. It is used for women's combs, and sells for a good deal. I should like to raise that kind. There are a good many kinds of Turtles, and some are good to eat. This is all I can think of about Turtles except that the Jimjoes and Dick Townsend caught a lot over in Grover's marsh, Saturday. They said it was a great year for young toads over in Grover's marsh and so perhaps they live on those. I have two Turtles to sell -- shiny, high-storied backs, first rate pocket-size and warranted lively snappers. This is the longest composition I ever wrote."

Notes

"*The Turtle Club*" was published in *The Independent* 25 (27 November 1873), 1486-7. Essential help in locating and obtaining a copy came from Harlene Hansen and Linda Bloedel of Coe College's Stewart Memorial Library.

Fourth Reader and Greenleaf's Common School: The Fourth Reader is almost certainly *McGuffey's Fourth Reader*. William Holmes McGuffey (1800-1873) began publishing his series of school readers in about 1835. For the next century, going through repeated editions and revisions, these became the most widely used reading texts in American schools. Greenleaf's Common School is *Introduction to the national arithmetic: on the inductive system combining the analytic and synthetic methods, in which the principles of the science are fully explained and illustrated: designed for common schools and academies*. Benjamin Greenleaf (1786-1881) authored this arithmetic text that went through multiple editions after it appeared in 1856. In a later *Fourth Reader* (1929) in the Houghton Mifflin series, *The Boys' and Girls' Readers* edited by Emma Miller Bolenius, Jewett's story, "The Water Dolly" appeared.

toad-turtle: Jewett's descriptions suggest that the smaller turtles are common mud turtles or perhaps box turtles. This much larger and "uglier" toad-turtle fits well the description of the common snapping turtle.

barberry bushes: *berberis berberidaceae*, a family of shrubs with yellow flowers and oblong red berries.

George Washington: (1732-1799), commander of the American Revolutionary Army and first president of the United States (1789-1797).

a big Turtle that belonged to a bishop in England that lived a hundred and twenty years: Naturalists affirm that small turtles in captivity have lived as long as a century, and that the giant tortoises of the Galapagos Islands have been known to live 150 years in captivity. The story of the English bishop's turtle probably refers to the Lambeth tortoise. This account appears at the Archbishop of Canterbury website: "One of the more unusual artefacts on display at Lambeth Palace is the shell of a tortoise that once belonged to Archbishop William Laud. Laud brought the tortoise to Lambeth in 1633 as a pet, given to him as a gift from his college at Oxford. Ultimately the tortoise outlived Laud by over 100 years. It was accidentally killed at the age of 120, when in 1753 it was dug up out of hibernation in the Palace garden by a careless labourer and subsequently died of frost exposure."

Jake's Holiday

I have heard of two little boys who always wish to know, when any one begins to read a story to them, if it is true. I am quite sure both of them will hear this story which I am going to write, and so I begin by telling them, and all the rest of the boys and girls, that Jake is a real girl, and somebody who knows her very well told me about the holiday. I never saw her until afterward, myself; but I assure you upon my word of honor that this is a true story. But I must warn you that as you grow older you will find that some of the wisest and pleasantest and best stories are made up, as you call it. Don't you remember that, when you were very young, mamma or aunty used to read you "Sing a Song of Sixpence" and "*Jack and Jill," out of "Mother Goose"?* And, you never thought of asking whether those were true stories. Grown people must have made-up stories, as well as children.

Perhaps you thought, because I said Jake's Holiday at the beginning, that it must be something about a boy, for Jake is a boy's name. But really this Jake is a girl. I suppose she has some other name, and people call her this for fun; but I never heard any one call her anything but Jake. I know a great many people who know her very well; but I have just thought that they may have called her by her nickname for so long that everybody has forgotten the real name. I hope they will think of it by and by; for just imagine how odd it will look in the paper when she is grown up and gets married. "Miss Jake Brant." Everybody will laugh and say: "What a name!"

Jake has a large number of brothers and sisters, and I might tell you a great many interesting stories about them and about the way Jake spends her time at home; but my story about the holiday is so long that I must leave everything else until another time. It would not take long to tell you about the playthings; for, besides the little square sled which was used by Jake's elder sisters and brothers for many years before it came to her, there is only the swing and the doll and the old tin baking-pan, with a string tied to the handle, to make a cart. I must not forget that there were beautiful large pieces of broken crockery out in the mud-pie kitchen; and the sand which was to be found in large quantities very near the house, made most excellent pies and cakes and never broke in coming out of the molds. The swing was fastened to a branch of a pine tree the other side of the road. It wasn't a very good swing, for the rain had

shrunk the rope, and it had also broken two or three times, and been tied up again, so it was very high from the ground; besides, when you got this short little swing going as high as possible, the board was apt to fall out, for there was not a good notch at one end for the rope. And as for the doll, she had belonged to Jake's sister, next oldest but one, and had been left out in the rain so much that she was quite homely, and nobody took much notice of her but Jake, who would sometimes pick her up out of the grass and carry her about for awhile. The Brants' house stands on the pine plains, about a mile from the village, and there are no very near neighbors, but Jake is very fond of going down the road about half a mile to a big white house where the Forne boys live for here one may always have a good time unless one is an unhappy child, who is always cross and never has a good time anywhere. For, my dear heart! there are so many playthings in the house for rainy weather, and out of doors there are carts, and wheelbarrows, and a tent, and garden tools, and iron spoons to dig in the sand with, and nobody to scold at you, and two tame calves, and a goat, and three good-natured dogs. There used to be a dear white lamb; but she was so unkind as to grow up, which was a very great pity. The Forne boys play out-doors all day in the summer -- either in the garden or out on the lawn, under the elm trees; and, when our friend Jake and her sister Polly were seen one afternoon wistfully looking in through the fence, the eldest boy, whose name was Ralph, called them in, so he might drive a four-horse team, instead of a span. Afterward they went to the orchard for apples; and after this good time the little girls went down quite often. Sometimes the Fornes' mother would come out and sit on the lawn, under the trees; and Jake thought she was so kind. She never acted as if children were in her way and good for nothing, or very much to blame for not being sensible grown people. If you asked Jake, I think she would tell you she would be perfectly willing to live there all the time.

This was in the summer; but after the cold weather came Jake caught a bad cold, and had to stay in the house a week or two. I don't think she could have gone out if she had been well, for her mother had not got her winter clothes ready. It was cold very early that season.

Early one afternoon Jake had been playing with the baby, and was just getting very tired of him, when suddenly there was some loud music close by the window. Oh! joy of joys! It was a man with a hand-organ, and on the hand-organ there was a monkey, dressed in a little red coat and a hat and

feather. He bowed and capered when he saw Jake's face at the window; and then hopped up to his master's hat, and from there to the ground, and up again, before you could wink twice. Jake's mother was talking to some friend, who had come in to see her; and they left their chairs by the stove and came to the window. It was a bright, funny tune the man was playing; and some of the other children heard him and came running round the corner of the house. When he finished, he came to the door, and, setting the hand-organ down, took the monkey under his arm and came in to warm himself. Think of having a real live hand-organ man sitting by your kitchen stove. The monkey looked so like a little old man that Jake was half afraid of him. He looked so knowing at her; and she wondered if he oughtn't to have a chair to himself. There was her own little bit of a wooden chair, which her aunt had brought her from Lawrence;* but Jake was too shy to offer it to her guest. She never had seen a monkey so near before; and presently she took the chair herself and sat down in it, under the end of the table, to watch him. Both the monkey and his master seemed very good-natured persons; but neither could talk English. The man made signs for something to eat, after trying to make Mrs. Brant understand some words which he thought were English.

"He's deaf and dumb, poor soul!" said Mrs. Brant. But Mrs. Maloney knew better.

"He's only a foreigner -- an Italian," said she.

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Brant, "I ought to have known. But there! you see, Mrs. Maloney, we hardly ever have an organ stop here. They mostly go the other road, to the corner."

After the man had eaten the bread and gingerbread and drank his cup of tea -- for luckily the teapot was on the stove -- he smiled and bowed and said something; but Jake didn't know what it meant, and thought how odd it was to hear such a large man talk like the baby. Then he opened the door and brought in his hand-organ and began to play. The music sounded so loud and jolly there in the little kitchen; and all the children thought it was the best time they ever had in their lives. "There, that's 'Fisher's Hornpipe,'"* said Mrs. Brant to Mrs. Maloney; for they were as pleased as the children, and both grinned and beat time with their right feet on the floor, nodding their heads also. Next to this was a slow tune, which Mrs. Maloney thought to sound just like the one the village band played on Decoration Day,* in the spring. And then the man made another bow; and, putting

the organ on his back and getting a good hold of the monkey, he went out of the door. "Don't one of you children go with him," said Mrs. Brant; "for you won't be back till night. Now mind! He won't play till he gets way down the road." This was very hard, and the two children besides the baby, who were there with Jake, began to cry very loud. But Jake had slipped out of the door and put on her hat and an old shawl of her mother's, and was going down the road very fast, just behind the hand-organ.

This was very naughty of Jake. It was not long before they came to the first house; and, when a woman raised the window to give the organ-grinder some money, Jake went up and took it and then carried it to him. In the summer she had seen the children do so who belonged to the hand-organ people, and knew how exactly. The Italian liked it, for it was easier to stand in one place and play; and people always give more if it is a little child who asks. The monkey liked it too, for he was not half so cold capering about on the green baize cover of the organ as he would be running on the cold ground to pick up coppers with his shivering little paws. It was great fun for Jake, and she could not think of going home again; so she trudged away contentedly after the organ-man, and by the time they had stopped at half a dozen other houses she thought it would be quite as well not to go home at all. After a while they turned in at the Fornes' gate, and Jake nodded her satisfaction in a very energetic way. She was sure they would have a welcome here, for once in the summer Mrs. Forne had kept an organ-grinder playing in the yard for a whole hour. The boys were not to be seen; but just after the first tune was begun Mrs. Forne came to the window, with Katie and the baby, and sat down to listen. Little Kate enjoyed it all very much, and patted the window and laughed at the monkey. Jake did wish she had a tamborine. Perhaps the man would buy her one if she was very good. In a few minutes the window was opened and some money thrown out; and when the Italian found that it was more than he had taken before that day all together he ground out the music with great energy. Jake was just beginning to feel a little cold; for the clumsy shawl had been dropping down, and she had been stepping on it all the way. It looked very forlorn. There was a bunch of burdock burrs in the fringe behind, where it had trailed on the ground. Kind Mrs. Forne saw that the child's hands were so thin and quite blue with the cold, and she supposed the little thing had come at least four miles that day, from the next town. You may think it very odd that she should not have known Jake;

but she never had happened to see her much in the summer, and, being very near-sighted, I daresay she has made funnier mistakes than this. Jake had grown fast, too, and was dressed in such odd fashion. Mrs. Forne had only known her in the summer by the color of a certain dress she wore.

And now she mistook her small neighbor for an Italian child, and, pitying her for having to wander about the country in such chilly weather, she called her in and gave her gingerbread and other things to eat, and an old pair of the boys' mittens to keep her hands warm. Then she untwisted the shawl, and tied her up again in it very cozily, fastening it with half a dozen pins. And she noticed the queer brown dress, with an odd-looking little cape, and thought the child could not have been in this country long, because the gown was not American. But, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Brant had made it only the week before, out of an old one. Mrs. Forne noticed also the black eyes and very dark hair, and when she asked Jake in Italian if she were not hungry our friend immediately held out her hand for the plate; but she was shy and would not speak. "I wonder how they happen to be in the country this cold weather," thought Mrs. Forne; for she knew that organ-grinders take the summer time for their country rambles and spend their winters in the cities, like their richer neighbors.

But Jake must hurry away, for the organ-man might take it into his head to go on without her. They went away at the end of the tune, and Jake trotted behind, like a little dog. The further she got from home the less chance there was of anybody's knowing her; and when they got near the village several boys and girls followed them. But Jake did not join the small crowd. She stayed at the man's side and went to the houses and shops for money. Wasn't it good for the organ-grinder that he let her play part of a tune all by herself, and said Brava! brava! when she had triumphantly finished? She could hardly reach up to turn the crank way round, and she played in a very jerky way, slow in the fast part of the tune and fast where it should have been slow. But there was not so happy a child in the whole town that afternoon. It did not once occur to her that she was running away.

After they passed the shops at the corner it was late in the afternoon, and the Italian wondered why his new acquaintance didn't go home. He couldn't think of any English words for some time; but finally said "Go house!" and shook his fist at her. "Yes, yes," said Jake, who thought

he wished her to hurry into the house for the money. But what could have made him so cross of a sudden? He certainly was angry with her about something, and now he pointed back along the road they had come, and said "Go house!" again. He surely couldn't mean to send her back. He had been so good-natured, and she had meant to stay with him all the time. She must stay with him, for she never could go back alone. It was growing dark and she would be so frightened. Poor Jake began to cry, for she pitied herself very much; and when she took the corner of the shawl to wipe away the tears the last pins fell out and the cold crept in, which it had been trying to do all the afternoon.

The poor man was very much puzzled. He surely could not carry the child with him; and he was in a hurry to get to the next town that night, so he could not think of going back with her. He would be very careful that no other child followed him so far.

Just then some one shouted "Jake! Jake!" The organ-grinder took no notice of it; but Jake knew the voice and was very glad to hear it. It was her big brother, who thought the Italian had stolen his little sister; and so he scolded him with all his might. The Italian understood what he meant, and shrugged his shoulders and pointed to Jake, who eagerly told her brother over and over again that the man didn't steal her. She came herself and he was real good. The organ-grinder did not think it worth while to stay there to be scolded at in a language he did not speak himself; so he said something in Italian, which may have been either a polite farewell or something quite the reverse, pulled the organ higher on his back, and turned away. "Good-bye" said miserable little Jake, with a tearful smile; and he kindly stopped long enough to take a big Canada penny* out of his pocket and give it to her. I think he must have liked Jake. Perhaps it was because she looked like the little children in his own country. I dare say she made him think of the pleasant, sunshiny, lazy days at home; of the bright blue sky and his old merry companions.

Jake and her brother, luckily, got a ride part of the way home; but they had to walk the last half mile. Mrs. Forne's Olive looked out of the kitchen window, as they were going by, and said: "Why, there's Jake just going by. You don't suppose she has followed that hand-organ until this time?"

And Mrs. Forne, who was standing by, said: "Little Jake Brant do you mean, who lives upon the plains and used to play with the children in the summer? She wasn't with the

organ when it was here. There was only an Italian child. Don't you remember I came out to get some gingerbread for her?"

Olive laughed at least five minutes before she stopped.

"You didn't think she was an Italian, Mrs. Forne? Why, that was Jake Brant, sure enough; with her mother's old shawl on, too!"

"But I asked her in Italian if she were hungry, and she seemed to understand."

"I guess she saw the gingerbread, and understood that," said Olive, who thought it was the funniest thing that ever happened.

Mrs. Forne herself told me the story; and once this winter, when I was sitting in her parlor, she said: "Look out quick! There's Jake now." And I saw the same brown dress which Mrs. Forne was sure had come from over the seas, and the child with the dark hair and eyes. She does look like a foreigner. She and Ralph and Perley and Haven all had their sleds, and were going on the hill coasting.

But there is a little more of the story yet. Of course, they told Jake, when she got home that night, that she had been a very naughty girl to run away from home; and they told her frightful stories about children who had been stolen by travelers, until she was in great dread for some time afterward of even an innocent baker who used to drive by on Tuesdays and Fridays. They sent her up to bed [to-bed] as soon as she had eaten some supper, for she was tired and cold and cross. The other children soon followed. There are five or six who sleep in that room, and after they had all been asleep some time one of them fell out of bed, which waked him up. When he knew where he was, he happened to look at another bed, and said: "Why, where's Jake? She's gone again."

And some others waked up, and nobody knew what had become of her, and they hunted round by moonlight, trying to find her, and at last called their father and mother. But nobody could find Jake. Had the Italian really tried to steal her, and come back after her?

"John," said the father, "go down and see if the front door is locked." And in a minute John shouted: "Here she is!"

Jake had started to go up to bed [to-bed] that way, and all the others have gone up the back stairs; and here she was, sound asleep, sitting on one stair, with her head on the one

above it. She had been so sleepy that she sat down to rest awhile; and there she had stayed and no one had missed her. I think it was very funny.

They carried her up the rest of the way, I suppose, and put her to bed [to-bed]; and next morning, I have no doubt, she had forgotten what few sorrows the holiday had brought her, and told long stories with great pride to the other children about the good times she had with her dear friend, the organ-grinder, and his amiable monkey, the afternoon before.

Notes

"Jake's Holiday" appeared in *The Independent* (26:13-14) on February 19, 1874.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence" ... "Jack and Jill" ... "Mother Goose": "Mother Goose" was first associated with nursery rhymes in an early collection, *Mother Goose's Melody; or Sonnets for the Cradle* (1781). It is likely that it was edited by Oliver Goldsmith. The name "Mother Goose" seems to have been derived from the title of Charles Perrault's fairy tales, "Contes de ma mere l'oye" (1697; "Tales of Mother Goose"), a French folk expression roughly equivalent to "old wives' tales." (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Research: Chris Butler)

"Sing a Song of Sixpence"

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
They all began to sing.
Now, wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the King?

(the next verse is not in all versions)

The King was in his countinghouse,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes.
Along there came a big black bird
And snipped off her nose!

"Jack and Jill"

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

(the next verse is not in all versions)

Up Jack got
And home did trot
As fast as he could caper
Went to bed
And plastered his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

(Research: Chris Butler)

Lawrence: Lawrence, Massachusetts lies along the Merrimack River, slightly northwest of Boston. The site was promoted for industry in 1845 by the Essex Company, and the city was born. It developed into one of the largest woolen-textile centers in the United States. In Jewett's time, this was what Lawrence was known for. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica;* Research: Chris Butler).

'Fisher's Hornpipe': A hornpipe is a jig, reel, or country dance. Irish, Scottish, or English hornpipes have intricate steps and often imitate a sailor's dance. The fisher's hornpipe was traditionally danced to a tune of the same name, and is a "triple and proper" hornpipe. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Research: Chris Butler).

Decoration Day: Celebrated on May 30 to honor the dead of the American Civil War by decorating their graves. Later became Memorial Day, on which all deceased American veterans are remembered.

big Canada penny: Canada's first coins were minted beginning in 1867; these were in denominations of 1, 5, 10, 25, and 50 cents. (Research: Chris Butler).

Cartridges

Do you know what a cartridge is? All the boys will say "Yes, of course"; but I hope they will not think I can have nothing interesting to say since I began with so foolish a question. But there are girls in the world, as well as boys, and they do not know so much about such things. I dare say that there are a great many who only know that a cartridge has something to do with a gun. Girls are apt to be afraid of guns; but I take it for granted they will like to read what I have to say. For guns are very useful, and the world cannot do without them yet awhile, till wars are over with and all the cruel wild beasts are either dead or tamed. And it is no longer considered necessary to stun people by firing them for the fun of it on the Fourth of July.* I wish the Fourth of July had come in mid-winter; but I suppose no amount of cold would keep boys quietly in-doors. Not that I am afraid of guns one bit, or that I should care to keep boys everlastingly quiet; but there is always such a stunning racket.

There have been wonderful improvements in the making of firearms during the last fifty years, and almost all these improvements have followed the invention of cartridges. I should like, if it would not take so long, to have a long talk with you about the old-fashioned guns -- the first rude cannon, made hundreds of years ago, and then the needle-guns and hundreds of other ingenious and wonderful weapons which are in use nowadays.

But we do not need to go back any further than our grandfathers' flint-locked muskets just now, for by comparing a new rifle with those you can see that there have been as great improvements in firearms as in other things that people know more about.

Did you ever happen to see one of the flint-lock muskets loaded and fired? First you make sure that there are no sparks left in it by blowing through the barrel; then you measure out the powder and pour it in; and then you put in some paper and pound it down with the ramrod. Then the shot or the bullet must go next, and you have to put another wad over that. Then you hold it by the barrel and strike it on the ground, so as to be sure that the powder is down hard, so the spark can reach it. Instead of a light hammer, the musket has a piece of flint screwed on, and when you pull the trigger -- one, two, three, fire! -- the flint snaps down on the steel. But very likely the gun doesn't go off. It isn't so much matter if one were out gunning for pleasure; but it is

very awkward if a big bear is coming as fast as he can to gobble you up and there isn't a second to lose.

So after a while some very ingenious person invented percussion caps, and those were thought as near perfection as anything could be, as the first friction matches were. We never used anything else, and forgot how clumsy and awkward it must have been to have a tinder-box and flint and steel, and strike away with your cold fingers, when you had to make a fire in the big fireplace on a winter morning. But there were still great disadvantages, though caps were almost certain to go off. For instance, if you fired at that bear and didn't hit him and your gun had only a single barrel, there would be nothing to do but run, for you never could stop to go through the long process of loading. I suppose there were a great many disagreeable situations of this kind before some one thought there ought to be a less troublesome way of loading guns, and invented the cartridge. I think that at first the quantity of powder and shot suitable for the charge were fastened up in strong paper, like a stout Spanish cigarette, and the percussion cap was still used.

That was much better than the old way; for now, instead of fumbling for the powder-horn and the wads and bullets, all you had to do was to put your thumb and finger into the cartridge-box, strapped handily to your belt, and slip the cartridge down the barrel, ram it down, and put on your percussion cap.

But sometimes the cartridge got wet and was spoiled, and sometimes, when they were handled roughly, they would be out of shape and would not go into the gun. They were covered with grease, to make them go easily into the barrel and protect them from dampness. The paper had to be bitten or torn off at the end next the powder, so the spark from the cap could reach it. This reminds me of something I read once in a history of India. You have read about the great Sepoy Rebellion* there? India is under English government, and this was a war between the natives and the English. The Sepoys were native soldiers under the command of foreign officers, and they had been well drilled and were well armed and equipped; so they were formidable enemies, and much more to be feared than if they were as ignorant and undisciplined as the English found them. They hated their rulers, and the fakirs, the Brahmin priests, excited the common people in every way; but the most sure way was by telling them the English meant to destroy their religion.

One of the stories which had most effect just before the insurrection was that the cartridges with which they had been supplied were greased with lard and beef-fat. Now part of the Sepoys were Mohammedans and the rest Hindus, and, while the first have the bitterest prejudice against pork, the Hindus worship cows and consider them very holy creatures. So everybody was enraged, and, though their English officers tried to pacify them, it was no use and soon the awful war began. You will read about Lucknow and Cawnpore and Delhi some day, if you have not already. It is odd that guns should have something to do with causing a war, as well as being a means of stopping it.

And now something about the cartridges in use nowadays. They have little copper cases, with the bullet in sight at one end, which is open, and the other end closed, after the fashion of a thimble, only a great deal longer in proportion to the width, or, I should have said, diameter; for that is the right word to use when one speaks of the distance through anything round. Sometimes the closed end is flat and sometimes rounded, with a little projection. Inside this little point is the cartridge's percussion cap -- that is, it is filled with the same substance as a percussion cap. It is an innocent-looking gray powder, that is set on fire when the hammer of the gun strikes it. This explodes the gunpowder, which is packed next inside the copper shell, and that sends out the bullet. Some of us have tempers very much like this. We are not patient, and something happens that strikes our weak point, and the anger blazes up like gunpowder; and very often some horrid cross words fly out of our mouths and hurt somebody very much, just as the bullets do.

Now you see how easy it is to load and fire guns and pistols. They even make them throw out the shell of the cartridges when you open the barrel to put in new ones. Sometimes there is a row of cartridges waiting like a procession in the stock of the gun, and you can fire almost as fast as you can take aim. In other pistols and guns the charges are in a circle in a steel chamber next the breech; and as you lift the hammer it makes the empty shell move round and a full one take its place. If you can get one just the right size, an empty cartridge shell is very nice to keep over the point of a pencil, if you carry one in your pocket, for it keeps it from being broken.

I enjoyed very much going through the United States armory at Springfield, not long ago. One of the officers took me through the workshops, and I wish, if you like such

things, you had been with me; for there were such curious machines for cutting and shaping the wood and steel and making all the screws and pegs for fastening the guns together. And after I had seen all this, from the big engine which moves all the wheels, great and small, up to the last polishing of the finished gun, we went over to the arsenal, and saw the rifles arranged in long shining lines, thousands upon thousands of them. It had been very interesting to watch the making of them, and as they were stacked up there they certainly remind you of the pipes of a great organ; and I thought of Mr. Longfellow's beautiful poem* written about this very place. But it was very sad to think they were made to kill men with. When one sees guns and pistols in a shop, they may only be waiting for bad marksmen to carry out gunning; but there is no delusion about these, and I hoped, as I walked along the aisles of the arsenal, that these guns might stay in their places until they fall to pieces with rust and old age and that there might never be any more war.

I am not going to preach you a solemn little sermon about the danger of handling firearms carelessly. If you are sensible boys and girls -- and I know you are -- you know all those cautions as well as I; and if there should happen to be a heedless, silly fellow, he will best be taught carefulness by getting hurt.

I should like to write a story sometime about a cartridge. They are such harmless looking bits of copper. One would not think they could do any more mischief than a screw or an iron bolt, and it is hard to believe that so much harm and trouble may be shut up in one. I think I should have the story about a man who carries some with him one day when he goes hunting, and one cartridge is left in his pocket. After a time it wears a hole through and drops on the floor. The man is to miss it and know it was there in the morning and that he has not been out of his house, but he thinks: "Oh! no matter. I will not trouble myself to get down on my hands and knees and hunt for it. It can't do any harm. One of the servants will find it, perhaps."

But I shall say in my story that, instead of some grown person's finding it, who will know what it is and put it away carefully, the man's own little child picks it up and plays with it, and finally throws it into the grate on the fire. Then it bursts, and a piece of it strikes him in the eye, and he is very ill, and finally the doctor is to say that he must always be blind.

And I think I shall end the story by saying a great deal about some people who are careless about doing wrong. They leave wicked words and thoughts and actions after them. You can always find these wherever they have been, and other people always find them, for you cannot be wicked without making somebody else worse too. Some little child may notice your doing wrong and find your sin, as the boy did the cartridge, and be blinded at length by the wickedness he plays with at first quite innocently: so that he cannot understand about the light of goodness and kindness.

So, instead of scattering sins for people to find, we must be always doing kind things and saying kind words and giving away pleasant looks and smiles; and these will fall into our friends' hearts and lives, like the seeds of flowers into the ground, and spring up and blossom. And do you know that a seed of goodness planted in his way never dies? For if it blooms in one heart it must plant its seeds and bloom in another heart, too. This world seems very hard and sad to some people, so we must put into it all the good we can.

Notes

"Cartridges" appeared in *The Independent* (26:15) on August 13, 1874.

Fourth of July: United States national holiday celebrating the signing of the "Declaration of Independence" on 4 July 1776.

Sepoy Rebellion ... Lucknow and Cawnpore and Delhi: The Sepoy Mutiny in India of 1857 took place when Indian troops rose up and captured Delhi. This sparked an entire revolution which took the British a full year to put down. The main confrontations between the British and the Sepoys occurred at Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, with the city of Lucknow serving as the final "mopping up" point. In Hinduism, cows are held sacred. This belief dates from the Vedic period and associates the cow with certain deities, hence the reverence paid to the creatures. The killing of a cow is thus equated to the sin of killing a Brahman (member of the highest, priestly, caste). (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Research: Chris Butler).

Mr. Longfellow's beautiful poem: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was an American poet, perhaps best known for his long narrative poems such as *The Song of Hiawatha* (1855). He was probably the best-known and

most respected American poet of the nineteenth century. "The Arsenal at Springfield" appeared in *Graham's Magazine* in 1844.

"The Arsenal at Springfield"

This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.
Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!
I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.
On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song;
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.
I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin;
The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;
The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.
Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?
Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts;
The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!
Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"
Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Patty's Long Vacation

The school went on just the same; but Patty was obliged to stay at home for a great many weeks, and she was very sorrowful about it. I think there was not another girl in school who would have been so sorry about missing her lessons; though they were all more interested than schoolgirls usually are. I am sure Miss Cleveland and Miss Dunfield, the teachers, had a great deal to do with that; for they were so kind and knew so well how to make their school pleasant. Nearly all winter and all the spring Patty had had to stay in the house; and, now that summer had come, she was much better, but still so lame that she had to walk with crutches. It was a great pleasure to go out again, if it were only for a little way; and she could have as many drives as she pleased.

It had been very hard to be pleasant, sometimes, when she heard of the parties and walks and frolics that her friends were planning. But, though there could be no mistake about her being tired of her own room and the library sofa, where she spend one long day after another, while she was getting better, she did no often fret or make herself tiresome to her father and mother, or the people who came to see her. Indeed, one day her mother said, laughingly, that she was almost sorry that Patty was getting well again; because she should miss her so much, and it was so pleasant to have her in the house. But you may be sure Mrs. Redington was glad enough the day that our friend was taken out for her first drive, and came home so happy, because it had been such beautiful spring weather and she had seen some dandelions in bloom.

It was only a few weeks after this that Patty left Boston, and went to her grandmother's, for a long visit. You would not wonder at her being so contented if you had been there, to see how kind everybody was to her, and how glad they were to see her at the old place again, and how they watched her, almost with tears in their eyes, go limping down the walk of the green old garden, to see if it looked the same, and if the little dark red Burgundy roses had gone out of bloom. They had all thought in the winter that Patty might never come to Elmfields again; and Grandmamma, who never left home, had wished so much to have another sight of the child. So, wasn't it a happy thing for all of them that she had really come back, and was growing stronger every day?

Patty had not noticed how noisy and hot Boston had been until she found Elmfields (for that was the name of the grandmother's place) so quiet and cool, and Uncle Jack and aunt Annie were so good to her and such jolly bright company. Aunt Annie was the darling of Patty's heart, and had been ever since she could remember. It was so pleasant to be sure of staying with her so long, for her visits in Boston were apt to be short, since Grandmamma had not been well; and once she had been abroad for a year or two, which seemed a long time to her niece. She had been Patty's playmate and amusement when she was a little child; and she was her greatest help now that she was growing up. There was all the fun still; but now that Patty had begun to have troubles, and to be sorry about her mistakes, and to find hard places in her road as she went on, Aunt Annie was always ready to say something, with that kind smile of hers, which went straight to Patty's heart and helped her and made things easier.

I should like to begin at the beginning of the visit, and tell you just what Patty did every day, because I am sure you would say that it was worth telling; but I am afraid I shall hardly have time for the whole story of one beautiful day, when she and Aunt Annie had a picnic all by themselves, up-river. The river was not far from the house; and that very morning, while Patty was dressing, she noticed how the sun was shining on the water, and hoped, now that it was such nice weather, that Aunt Annie would remember how much she liked boating and would think it safe for her to go.

A little later, when they were sitting at the breakfast-table, Miss Annie said: "Patty, will you spend the day with me?"

"Of course," said our friend. "Where did you think I meant to spend it, Aunty?" And she smiled, for she knew by Miss Annie's tone that she meant to propose something very pleasant, indeed.

"I am going up the river, to be gone all day; and I think I should like company. We will take some lunch and spend the day in the woods. I am going to hunt for a pitcher-plant* in the swamp near Cliff Hill. Would you really like to go, dear? We will have as good a time as we can."

Patty's eyes danced with joy.

"How nice of you to think of it!" said she. "I was wishing I could go boating, this very morning. you are always so kind - "

But Miss Annie never would allow that she had any claim to being praised, and went solemnly on with eating her breakfast.

"Why, I must get a pitcher-plant, and I shall not have a more comfortable day; and, if you don't mind going, it will be a great deal easier, for the boat trims better when she carries two, and you can steer, besides."

Patty knew, in spite of this, that the expedition was planned for her sake.

"You must take some wraps," said Grandmamma, when they went to tell her about the plan. "We must not let Patty run any risks. And, Annie, I believe she has grown since I said good-night to her. You will soon look over our heads. It is time you stopped growing. I don't fancy having my stout little Patty changed into a tall, thin young lady, like this."

And then she told them to be home early. And Patty was soon ready; so it was not long before they were on their way to the boat, which was at the foot of the field, beyond the garden. Uncle Jack went with them, grumbling, in a good-natured way, because nobody had asked him to go too. The "Starlight" was pushed out of the boat house under the great willow, and Uncle Jack put in the baskets and shawls and helped Patty to her seat; and, after he had given them a grand push-off, he stood on the shore, pretending to wipe his eyes with his handkerchief and saying how sad it was to [be] left behind. But everyone knew it was all for fun. And finally he sat down under the willow, and gave himself up to his grief and to reading a book, which he took out of his pocket. And then they lost sight of him behind the trees. Patty's uncle and aunt seemed more like an elder brother and sister to her; and, indeed, they were much younger than her mother.

It was such a pleasant morning -- just warm enough and just cool enough! And Patty thought Miss Annie looked so pretty, in her dark blue boating-dress, as she rowed slowly up the river, in the shade of the trees; and the boat was such a beauty and the oars so trig and slender! And the happy passenger sat with great contentment in the stern, with the tiller-cords over her shoulders. It was very still on the water. There was only the little splash the oars made. And once in a while a frog croaked, or a bird rustled out through the alder-leaves, or a muskrat went into the water in a hurry, as the boat went by. For the first mile the river ran between low meadows, with a fringe of alders and willows along the

shore; and then it grew narrower, and the banks were higher and covered with woods on both sides, except once in a while there were open fields. Miss Annie rowed with long, lazy strokes, looking carefully on either side, and sometimes going ashore and scrambling up after flowers or ferns, or oftener noticing where they were, so that she could get them on the way home. There were a great many birds singing in the woods, and Miss Annie made Patty listen to a wood-thrush, whose note was very sweet, and promised her to come up early in the evening sometime, for the thrushes sing most at twilight. Patty took great delight in mocking the cat-birds,* and hearing them answer back with their queer notes.

The voyage was to be about three miles long; and when they were within a mile of the end they went ashore, close by a deserted farm-house, which Patty remembered to have seen a long time before. Aunt Annie said she must get some water at the spring; and Patty wished to go with her, so she crept along the boat and got out carefully. There was a canteen in one of the baskets, which Uncle Jack had carried in the army;* and Miss Annie filled it at the spring, which came from under the edge of a bank by a great oak tree, over bright sand and shiny pebbles. And it was such clear, cold water that the boat's crew was more thirsty than ever and drank a great deal out of Patty's little silver traveling-cup, which folded up in such a mysterious fashion and which she never had had a chance to use out of doors before that day. They went to look at the house, and, finding the door open, they went in. Miss Annie told Patty that she often used to come up there to see two old women, who kept house by themselves for many years, and at last had died so near each other that they were buried the same day. Their land had joined their nephew's, and he had gone on taking care of the land as he had done for a long while, and had left the plain, worn-out little house to itself. Our friends looked into the smoky rooms, which were damp and forsaken. The farmer had stored some corn in the kitchen, and there were some old chairs -- that was all; but Miss Annie said that it used to be such a cozy, bright little place when the sisters were there, and how funny the housekeeping was. As they went back to the boat, they passed the little flower-garden, all overgrown with weeds, through which some stray bits of pink and blue larkspur* had pushed their way and a handful of other old-fashioned flowers.

"I used to come here when I was a little girl," said Miss Annie; "and the old ladies always gave me a prim little

bouquet. They were so proud of their garden. Mother used to send them flower-seeds in the spring. I wonder what they would say if they could see their garden so neglected, they were such orderly old souls. I have a feeling that we ought to stay and weed these flower-beds, instead of going up-river."

The rest of the voyage was very pleasant, though Miss Annie said it was growing too hot for rowing. Patty was not at all uncomfortable, and said so, laughingly. She had been watching the shore and listening to what her Aunt Annie said; and she wished so much that she could row and do anything she pleased, like other girls. Though Patty was almost always very bright and pleasant, still she felt very sad once in a while. This morning Miss Annie noticed it, and felt sorry for her, for she was quick at understanding people. "By and by we must have a talk," said she to herself. But she said aloud: "Look ahead, as soon as we get round this point, and see what a nice view there is of the hills and river."

"Oh! yes," said Patty, presently. "How high the hills look! Do look at the blue ones, ever so far beyond!"

Miss Annie turned for a moment, and then began pulling hard at the oars. "It will not do to stop here and drift about, as one can do on other parts of the river," said she, "for the current is swifter just here than anywhere else. I almost always come in close to the Point, because it is so much further out round the bend and through the shallows." In a few minutes the boat was in stiller water, and Miss Annie rowed slowly.

"It makes me think of our lives," said she. "We have to keep rowing ahead all the time, or else we are drifting backward. Isn't that a solemn speech, when on is going on a picnic?" she added, laughing a little a Patty. And just then she pushed the boat under some alders, and, standing up, broke off a branch, which held a little bird's-nest. "It is a last year's nest. I noticed it before the leaves were out in the spring." And Patty thought it was a beauty. And by the time she had seen how curiously the threads were twisted and knotted round the twigs and how nicely it had been lined they had come to the landing-place, and Miss Annie pulled the "Starlight" ashore, helped Patty out, and then unloaded the freight of the baskets and shawls.

"Oh! I had forgotten it was so pleasant here," said Patty. "You know I was a little girl when I was here before."

By the shore there was a little slope covered with grass, as soft and smooth as a lawn; and beyond that there were

pine trees growing among the ledges of rock, which were rough and ragged and made the side of the kill almost like great stairs. It was shady and cool under the pines and there was a little breeze off the water; and on the other side were woods and farms. The river was widest just here and seemed more like a pond. Patty remembered just where she had stayed when she was there before -- on a ledge where part of the rock was flat, and another part was just right for one to lean back against and be very comfortable. There was a soft cushion of pine-needles, and Miss Annie spread the shawls here for Patty, taking pains to leave room for herself. Indeed, she was very careful all day not to remind Patty that she was the least bit of an invalid. They sat here an hour or more, and Miss Annie told a long story, in her funniest way: of her once being caught here in the rain, some years before, with half a dozen other girls. They had gone to a house on the other side of the river, to find shelter, and stayed there all night, sleeping on the new hay in the barn, because there was only one bed to spare in the house, and they thought it would be better fun to stay together. "The barn was really almost as comfortable as the house," said she; "and, though it did leak a little, we did not mind that, and we told stories, and had a great frolic, and were frightened by a big owl, who hooted after the rain was over. I remember looking out through the high, cobwebby windows and the pigeon holes and seeing the stars, when I waked up, toward morning. Daylight came early, and we went down to the river and bailed out our boats and rowed home in time for breakfast. We had sent a boy down to tell the people where we were, so they were not anxious. It was beautiful on the river, so early in the morning, and the woods were so fresh after the rain; and we were as hungry as hunters, I can tell you!"

"Aren't you getting hungry now?" asked Patty.

"I believe I should like my dinner this minute." And Miss Annie at once began to unpack the basket, mentioning that they could certainly appoint their own dinner-time, and she was afraid they had not brought half enough. She was sure she should have to get the line in the locker of the "Starlight" and go fishing for perch. "You might take a little stick and poke about in the ground, to find some worms for bait, my dear niece," said she.

There was such a nice lunch in the basket. Patty had not been so hungry for a long time, and in the midst of the feast

she said: "Did you ever go to a nicer picnic than this, Aunty? Only I wish I could go up the hill, as I did before."

"I think it's very pleasant here," said Miss Annie, cheerfully. "You would find it hot climbing over the rocks. I'm quite contented." And in a few minutes she had chased the wistful look from Patty's face. After the lunch was over, she went down to a swamp, with her plant-basket; and by and by she came back, with two pitcher-plants, which interested Patty very much. She had heard something about these strange plants, which eat insects. And Miss Annie showed her the dead flies and little bugs inside the queer, pitcher-shaped leaves, and explained how they easily crawl, over the sharp little spikes which point inward, but cannot get back over them; and so they fall at last into the water at the bottom of the pitcher. "Isn't there a kind of plant, called 'sun-dew,*' which behaves like this?" asked Patty. And Miss Annie went down to the low ground, and found some in a few minutes, which she brought back, to Patty's delight; and they saw one of the wicked little fringed leaves closing round a small fly which it had just caught. The leaves looked sticky, too. And Miss Annie said she had a large one once, which used to eat little bits of raw beefsteak; but she thought it died at last from eating too much. "Let it be a warning to you, my dear niece," said she , solemnly. And Patty laughed; for her aunt had such a droll way of saying "my dear niece" to her once, in a while.

After this they were quiet for some time, and were so contented! Presently Aunt Annie's arm stole round Patty, and drew her a little closer, so her head was on a more comfortable shoulder than the rock's; and Patty could not help giving the sleeve of the blue boating-dress an affectionate little kiss.

"We are two sentimental little girls, aren't we?" said Miss Annie. "But I am having such a good time, and I like having you all to myself. Aren't the pines making a nice noise just now? There must be more wind up there."

"I am so glad that I am growing up," said Patty. "It is so nice to know you, Aunty. I used to think you were so old when I was a little girl and you used to dress my dolls for me; and now it is so different, and I do like to talk to you ever so much."

Patty began to say something more, and stopped; while Miss Annie looked at her and smiled, and then looked off across the water, ready to listen.

"I'm afraid I have been awfully wicked about my being sick," said Patty, summoning her courage manfully.

"Do you, dearie? I think you have seemed very patient and have been very little trouble. At least, that is all I know about it."

"But I haven't been good at all," said Patty, with decision. "I fretted all the time, and kept thinking what a mistake it was, and that it would be a hundred times better if I could keep on with school. You see I shall have to leave the class that I have always been in, and be with other girls, in all my lessons and everything. You don't know how the classes keep together at our school; and I shall be almost a year behind. Then I can't even be in the same room for a whole year, and see what goes on and know all about everything, as I used. There are so many things I can't help being sorry about. Bessie and I used to learn over so many of our lessons together; and now she's ever so far ahead. It isn't the study part -- I'm not so good as that; but it is being with the girls. And they don't miss me half so much as I miss them! I know they don't!" and Patty's voice faltered. "I lost so much when I was shut up all those weeks. And then, when people say how well I have behaved, I am so ashamed, Aunty. I didn't forget to try to be good; but somehow I thought everything was going wrong. I always thought vacations were nice enough; but I didn't want such an everlasting one as this!" and Miss Annie knew without looking that there were tears in the girl's eyes.

"You only speak of what you have lost," said she, gently. "But why don't you think of what you have gained, Patty? You have had a heavy load put upon your shoulders; but have you ever thought that it may be worth carrying? All the burdens that God gives us are gold.* They are very heavy, and we sometimes throw them away, and are so much the poorer afterward; or we carry them angrily and carelessly, so they turn to lead."

"I'm afraid mine is only lead," said Patty. "I don't believe I'm half so good as I was before I was sick."

"That's not for you to say, dear. I think you have learned a great deal. The hardest lessons at school always can teach us more than the easy ones. Hasn't it been something like a very long Sunday, so that you might stop to think? Perhaps it isn't time for you to see the gold yet; but you must remember that it is there, and not mind its clumsiness and heaviness, and don't keep thinking, dear, how much faster you might get

on without it. God does not make mistakes. It is you and I who do that."

"It seems as if I learned and grew better so slowly," said Patty.

"I'm afraid it will always seem so, dear. I think it is the slowest work in the world; but it is the best work, too. Growing to be good is like trying to see a plant grow. You watch it every day, and it looks the same at night that it did in the morning; but in a week's time you can see the difference. I don't think you are much better than you were yesterday; but there is a great change from the Patty whom I knew a year ago. So be patient, dear. I think it will all come right about school, and you will gain all the faster when you go back. I don't believe you will lost your friends or be dropped out of the set."

"The girls have been ever so kind," said Patty.

"I should try to be so nice and so kind that they couldn't drop me, possibly," said Miss Annie, with a little laugh; while Patty laughed too, in a very cheerful fashion. "I am going to try very hard," said she. "It doesn't seem half so forlorn now. I wanted to tell you about it, and it seems so funny that I was afraid to begin."

"We won't be afraid any more. Will we? You don't know what a pleasure it is to me to be friends with you," said Aunt Annie. "And it seems funny to me that not long ago, when I came home from abroad, I was mourning because you weren't going to be a little child any longer and I couldn't play with you. I don't know what I should do now without my new friend. We will help each other all we can. Won't we?"

"You always help me," said Patty, gratefully. "I don't believe you know how much. I wish this day was a week long, or that the 'Starlight' would float off, and we should have to stay till Uncle Jack came for us."

After this Miss Annie told Patty about some boat-rides she had had abroad -- in Venice; and on the Scotch lochs and the English lakes; on the Rhine, which our friend wished very much to see; and on the Dutch canals. And, after she had heard these charming stories, she said how nice it would be if, when she was older, Aunt Annie would go to Europe again, and take her for company. But at last it was time to go home, if they did not wish to be out after twilight. And when they were on the water, it was so pleasant that they loitered until long after sunset, and came drifting down the river,

hearing the birds sing themselves to sleep. Patty felt satisfied and happy; and as she thought of what Miss Annie had said it became more and more clear to her that her long vacation was not going to be such a hindrance and sorrow, after all.

Uncle Jack saw them from the garden, and came down to the river-bank to meet them; and, while he stayed to put the "Starlight" and the oars into the boat-house, Patty and her aunt walked slowly home together. There was a little white star shining out over the tops of the trees. It had been such a short day, Patty said. That was the only fault.

Notes

"Patty's Long Vacation" appeared in *The Independent* (28:25) on May 23, 1878.

pitcher-plant: New World pitcher plants are members of the family Sarraceniaceae (order *Nepenthales*). These plants have unusual tubular leaves that are shaped like urns, trumpets, or small pitchers, hence the name. Insects are lured into the plant by a set of nectar-secreting glands lining the lips of the leaves. Stiff, downward-pointing hairs line the inside of the leaves and prevent the insects from climbing upward. The lower portion of the leaf is very smooth, and acts as a greased slide, and the insect slips down into the liquid pool at the bottom of the pitcher, where it drowns and is digested. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*: Research: Chris Butler).

wood thrush ... cat-birds: The wood thrush (*Hylocichla mustelina*) is a small, slender bird with spotty, rust-headed plumage and rich songs. It is common in the eastern forests of the United States. The North American gray cat-bird (*Dumetella carolinensis*) is named for its cat-like mewing calls. This gray bird sports a black cap and frequents gardens and thickets. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Research: Chris Butler).

in the army: It is most likely that Uncle Jack served during the American Civil War of 1861-1865.

larkspur: "Any plant of the genus *Delphinium*; so called from the spur-shaped calyx. The common larkspur is *D. Consolida*." (Source: *Oxford English Dictionary*).

'sun-dew': The sundew family (*Droseraceae*) contains four genera and about 100 species of flowering plants notable for their ability to trap insects, widely distributed in tropical and

temperate regions. The most well-known of the sundews is Venus's-flytrap (*Dionaea muscipula*). It grows from a bulb-like rootstock and bears a round cluster of white flowers at the tip of an erect stem. The leaves are hinged along the midline with spiny teeth, and can fold together and enclose an insect alighting on them. The leaves then secrete a red digestive sap which gives the entire leaf a red, flower-like appearance. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Research: Chris Butler).

All the burdens that God gives us are gold: This appears to be a proverb or quotation, but no source has yet been identified.

Materials for American Fiction

I went on a journey the other day through the back regions of one of the older States, to a little village which is yet untouched by any railroad line. It is a drowsy, gossiping market town, precisely like thousands of others in the country. Besides its county jail, its Catholic chapel, and two meeting-houses, these are some of the things which I found there: --

The carpenter, an old Scotchman who had followed his trade at sea for forty years, off every coast, and had ended with Kane.*

The priest, and Alsatian Jesuit, under some cloud for which he had been exiled to this barren shore. No need to fish here for souls or for preferment; the man composedly gave himself up to studying spiders.

The minister, who had been, twenty years ago, a lawyer of acumen and force in New Orleans. There was a divorce, a duel; the husband, who killed his man, went into the church, took this charge, and worked in his old age for his Master with a fervid, hopeless zeal, strangely pathetic and effective.

There was a great man visiting the village while I was there, -- Sharp (worth uncounted millions), of New York. We all looked at his gold-plated harness with bated breath. Sharp had been a farm boy, with an itching palm, in the neighborhood, thirty years ago. He was back now to look after his uncle, old Sam. Sam had starved himself until he was sixty to save his few thousands; now a materialized spirit and her family had quartered themselves on him, and the money was going fast.

The postmistress was a wizened old creature, in a knit woolen jacket, and patched shoes that clattered as she dealt out the pounds of brown sugar, or yards of yellow calico, or the few grimy letters. Now and then the pure intonation of the cracked voice startled a stranger, or a brilliant gleam from the gray eyes under the spectacles. This woman had been a power in Washington when women of culture and power were few. Old Aaron Burr* had bowed to her budding beauty. The men who were giants in those days gathered about her father's table. "She had a shrewd wit, and that memory for details and magnetic presence which go to make up the great politician," said the greatest politician of his day of her. But for a slight chance she thinks her husband would have been minister to France. But the chance, death, was

not to be set aside, and she came to this village post-office instead of Versailles.* She thinks this, but does not say it. You shall not hear from her the story of her life.

On my way from the lonely little hamlet to a city where you might reasonably look for different people, I happened to read a late number of one of the heaviest British reviews,* and found its final sentence upon the impossibility of that Bore of Expectation, the American novel. It declared that, owing to the rapid fusion of classes in the United States, characters for representation, if people of any culture, must all be found upon a dead social level, and offer therefore no dramatic possibilities to the novelist; whereas in English novels, from the graded ranks, there is an endless supply of incident and passion in the friction of society, in the ambition of individuals to pass its intangible barriers, in misalliances, etc.

It seemed to me our novelists were not sufficiently grateful for this very fusion. They have a chance to test their subjects in every change of circumstance, and so strip character of circumstance. The artist in human nature may miss the social scaffolding for his novels which has served its turn so long in England (and the American substitute, if he tries it, will prove very shifty); but he will find in this country not only divers figures, but certain new and unique lights thrown upon each figure which are not possible in older civilizations.

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (42:248-9), August 1878. Richard Cary attributed it to Jewett.

Kane: Probably this refers to Elisha Kent Kane (1820-57), American explorer, physician, and scientist, author of *Arctic Explorations: The Second Grinnell Expedition.* (1856). The carpenter's last voyage apparently was with Kane in 1853.

Aaron Burr: Third vice president of the United States (1801-05), who killed his political rival, Alexander Hamilton, in a duel (1804) and whose turbulent political career ended with his arrest for treason in 1807. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*)

Versailles: "Capital city of Yvelines département, Paris region, northern France, 14 mi (22 km) southwest of Paris. The city developed around the 17th-century palace built by Louis XIV, the principal residence of the kings of France and

the seat of the government for more than 100 years." (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*)

that Bore of Expectation, the American novel: This article has not been located.

Theodore Herman Jewett, M.D. of South Berwick

Dr. Theodore Herman Jewett was born at South Berwick, Maine, on the 24th of March, 1815.

His ancestors were English, of Danish descent on one side and French on the other, and he was the second son of Capt. Theodore F. Jewett. His childhood was spent in Portsmouth, N. H., the family returning later to South Berwick, when his father gave up, early in life, his business of following the sea.

He was a delicate boy, caring less for the active sports than for reading, and he soon showed his preference for the life of a student. He was fitted for college at Berwick Academy,* which, at that time, took very high rank, and entered Bowdoin College* in 1830, at the age of fifteen. Professor Packard, who was his life-long friend, remembers him at that time as a handsome, red-cheeked boy, a most loveable young fellow, somewhat quiet and diffident, but very winning in his manner, and a very great favorite both with the faculty and his classmates." Early during his college course, he decided upon studying medicine, and, from that time until his death, he was always an eager, diligent, untiring student of the profession, which he loved with his whole heart, and to which he did as much honor as any man who ever followed it, if we believe such honor to be in having a rare and noble talent for his work, and a determination to cultivate and use this talent for the good of his fellow-men.

After his graduation, thinking himself too young to enter upon his medical course, he taught for a year or two at Limerick* and at Derry, New Hampshire.* He afterwards attended the medical lectures at Hanover and at Boston,* studying for two years with Dr. William Perry, of Exeter, N. H., who was a most eminent physician and surgeon, and who pronounces him to have been a most admirable student, of wonderful powers of mind and singularly close habits of observation and study. Dr. Jewett was also, for some time, a student with Dr. WINSLOW LEWIS, of Boston, who also recognized his ability and took the greatest interest in him. He spent a year at the U.S. Marine Hospital in Chelsea,* and was also for a time among the city charitable institutions of Boston. He took his degree at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia,* where he spent the winter of 1839.

After his graduation he had planned to go abroad for some time, to perfect himself in some specialty in the

medical schools of Europe, and, on his return, to locate himself in one of our larger cities. But his health was at this time very delicate; he had had several alarming hæmorrhages from the lungs, and his brother had just died with consumption, which it was feared he also had inherited. His father, who was a man of considerable wealth, begged him so persistently not to leave home, that, to use Dr. Jewett's own words, he stayed in Berwick merely to please him, always hoping that after a time the opposition would be removed. And there his life was, for the most part, spent. It could not help being, at times, somewhat a lonely life, for he was shut out from the larger circle of professional friends, with its pleasures and advantages, to which he would have belonged in a city. Not that his ambition ever needed more stimulus than it found, or that he ever felt that his skill had been thrown away, where it was not appreciated. The people in the village and on the lonely farms seldom realized what a man he was, though they put their confidence in him so fully as their doctor and their friend. How much of their care and trouble he helped them carry, how kind and how trustworthy he was in every way, one can never tell. There never was a man in all that region more deeply loved, and no man ever died there at whose loss more tears were shed. He wrought many most wonderful cures, which at times came to the knowledge of men who could appreciate them, but his victories over disease were oftener unheralded and unrecorded, and he was content to have it so, since his wish was not so much to be called great as to be useful, and the service done, he was glad, and there was an end of it. He was always busy, either about his active professional work or in his study, where he kept up with the time in his reading, though he had often anticipated, in his own thought and experience, what was paraded as a brilliant new idea or a novel success.

Dr. John E. Tyler, late of the McLean Asylum for the Insane,* who was one of his oldest and best friends, and who had known the famous medical men of his own country and Europe, said of Dr. Jewett, that he was the best physician of his acquaintance; that his knowledge of therapeutics, and his tact in doing the right thing at the right time and in the right way was marvelous.

One can only wish that the treasure of wisdom and experience which was his could have been left as an inheritance to some one who could go on with the exercise of its usefulness, but it is believed that such a legacy has been left in part, for he was pre-eminently a teacher; one

could not talk with him for even a little while, without being the wiser for it. He was always willing and glad to impart his knowledge to his brother physicians, trying to learn himself and eager to help others whenever he could. In the course of his wide-spread practice as a consulting physician, he left the men whom he met always richer for the practical ideas and suggestions and excellent prescriptions of which his mind was always full. His enthusiasm for his profession was unfailing to the last day of his life. It was never a dull trade to him, and he ministered, as has been truly said, to the souls as well as to the bodies of his patients.

As a man, he won friends for himself everywhere; his genial, beautiful smile, and rare wit and humor, his unselfishness and kind-heartedness, made his presence seem like sunshine everywhere he went. There was something singularly attractive in his face. Even on a journey, or elsewhere, among entire strangers, he at once roused people's interest, and everybody seemed to recognise the true-hearted gentleman and charming companion at first sight. And the longer one was with him, the more one knew his nobleness and purity of mind, his wonderful insight into human nature, his perfect integrity and hatred of deceit, his great learning in his profession, his accomplished scholarship in general literature, and his unerring common sense. He never was tired of living, and never grew old; his heart was always young, and the thought of him brings to mind these words of the wise old doctor, Sir Thomas Browne,* "and since there is something of us that will still live on, join both lives together and live in one but for the other, He who thus ordereth the purpose of this life will never be far from the next."

Whether one speaks of him as a gentleman, the hospitable, generous master of his own house, or the delightful guest, as the skillful, daring surgeon, or quick-sighted, ready, careful physician, as the faithful Christian, with his simplicity and loyalty and perfect trust, and his willing service to his best friend and Master, the Great Physician,* it is hard to praise him enough; it is simply impossible to praise him too much.

Dr. Jewett held for some years the Professorship of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children at the Medical School of Maine,* and, during the war,* he held the post of Surgeon of the Board of Enrollment for the first district of Maine, at Portland. He was one of the Consulting Surgeons of the Maine General Hospital at Portland, an

honorary member of several medical societies, and member of the Maine Historical Society, beside holding many other positions of trust and honor. He took the warmest interest in the welfare of this Association, of which he was, at one time, President, and his address, delivered at its meeting in 1878,* has excited the attention it deserves, and has been considered, by the best judges, one of the ablest essays on the practice of medicine ever written.

Dr. Jewett contributed occasionally to the medical magazines, and presented most learned and valuable papers before this and other medical associations. It is much to be regretted, both that he wrote so little and that he did not keep his published articles together, as no list can be made of them.

Dr. Jewett died suddenly at the Crawford House, White Mountains,* on the 20th of September, 1878, from heart disease, the existence of which he carefully concealed from his family and friends, going bravely on with his work until a short time before his death, of which he showed no fear whatever. He dreaded an old age of enforced idleness, of failing health, and the gradual giving up of the duties of his profession, and it is a cause of gratitude to those who knew him best that he finished his work in this world and went away so quickly to a better one, since it was always his own wish and hope that it might be so.

He was married in 1842 to Miss Perry, of Exeter, New Hampshire, who survives him with three daughters.

An Account of Dr. Jewett's Death

Every Other Saturday 2 (December 5, 1884)

Miss Jewett's father was, as we have said, a physician. He had a large practice, and was at one time professor in the Maine Medical School. He graduated in 1834 at Bowdoin College, and died Sept. 20, 1878, at the Crawford House, White Mountains, under touching and peculiar circumstances. We have these from one of his classmates who was visiting at the same hotel. The two had not met for over forty years. Dr. Jewett accosted our informant on the long platform in front of the hotel, offered his hand, and said, "I think you don't remember me!" "No, I do not," was the reply, "although there is something about you that I recall." Dr. Jewett stepped back, raised his hand, and exclaimed,--

"Oh, who would soar the solar height

To sink in such a starless night!"*

and exclaimed, "Do you remember that?" "Why, that was an extract from Byron* in my commencement part, almost fifty years ago." "Yes, and do you remember me now?" "But how changed!" The classmates then had a long conversation. There was much to say on both sides. On parting for the night, the doctor remarked that he had not been well, and had come away for rest. The next morning, they met on the platform just after breakfast, where Doctor Jewett took his friend's hands, and said with deep feeling: "I'm quite poorly. I must get home. I shall take the next train." The other remonstrated, but to no effect. The doctor turned and entered the house, when he fell and expired instantly. It was a terrible shock to the whole household. No language can adequately describe the effect upon his wife and one daughter who were travelling with him. The good physician's intention to leave that day was in part realized. All that was mortal did go "in the train"; and, as the latter slowly passed along and disappeared below the Notch, the old friend and classmate gazed long into the distance, and then slowly passed to his room, a sadder, if not a wiser man.* There was also a feeling that the ancients were right in the doctrine that those who pass away so suddenly are indeed favored of the gods.* But, for the survivors, how hard it is!

Notes

Richard Cary in "Some Bibliographic Ghosts of Sarah Orne Jewett," in *Colby Library Quarterly* (8:3, Sept. 1968, p. 140) attributed this obituary piece on her father to Jewett. "Theodore Herman Jewett, M.D. of South Berwick" appeared in *Transactions of the Maine Medical Association, 1877-1879* (6, 1879, pp. 680-684). Though the author is listed as J. W. Beede, M.D., Cary points out that the statements in the Necrology Committee Report, from which this comes, were "presented precisely as they were furnished by the respective friends of the deceased." Cary goes on to say "There would seem little doubt that this tribute to Dr. Jewett's 'treasure of wisdom and experience' was penned by his adoring daughter." It turns out that Cary almost certainly is correct. A manuscript of this essay in Jewett's hand is in the Houghton Library at Harvard University: MS Am 1743.22 (28).

Berwick Academy ... Bowdoin College: Jewett and her father both were educated at the Berwick Academy in South Berwick, one of the top prep schools in New England in the

nineteenth century. See "The Old Town of Berwick" for further information about the school. Bowdoin College in New Brunswick, Maine, was a well-known and respected college, as it remains today; Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow are among the more famous graduates.

Limerick ... Derry, New Hampshire: Theodore Jewett worked as a school teacher for a couple years, according to Paula Blanchard in *Sarah Orne Jewett*. Presumably these are the towns where he kept school.

medical lectures at Hanover and at Boston: Blanchard also reports that Dr. Jewett's early medical education was informal. This included attending lectures at Dartmouth College in Hanover, New Hampshire, but Jewett's biographers do not specify where in Boston he attended lectures.

U. S. Marine Hospital in Chelsea: Castle Island in Boston Harbor was chosen as the temporary site for the first marine hospital. Dr. Thomas Welsh, a Harvard College graduate (1772) and participant in the Revolutionary War battles of both Lexington and Bunker Hill, was appointed as the physician in charge in 1799. (Research: Chris Butler).

Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia: Jefferson Medical College was founded in 1824. It is connected with the Thomas Jefferson University Hospital. (Research: Chris Butler).

the McLean Asylum for the Insane: This was located in Charlestown, near Boston, in the 19th century. (Research: Chris Butler).

Sir Thomas Browne: Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682). Jewett uses this quotation in at least two other works: "The Foreigner" and in her father's obituary. In the final paragraph of Browne's "Letter to a Friend," (1690), Browne says:

> Time past is gone like a shadow; make Times to come, present; conceive that near which may be far off; approximate thy last Times by present Apprehensions of them: live like a Neighbour unto Death, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something in us that must still live on, joyn both Lives together; unite them in thy Thoughts and Actions, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the Purposes of this Life, will never be far from the next; and is in some manner already

> in it, by an happy Conformity, and close Apprehension of it.

"Letter to a Friend" was largely reproduced in *Christian Morals* (1716), where the passage occurs in the last paragraph, this time somewhat closer to Jewett's wording:

> Time past is gone like a Shadow; make time to come present. Approximate thy latter times by present apprehensions of them: be like a neighbour unto the Grave, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something of us that will still live on, Join both lives together, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this Life will never be far from the next, and is in some manner already in it, by a happy conformity, and close apprehension of it. And if, as we have elsewhere declared, any have been so happy as personally to understand Christian Annihilation, Extasy, Exolution, Transformation, the Kiss of the Spouse, and Ingression into the Divine Shadow, according to Mystical Theology, they have already had an handsome Anticipation of Heaven; the World is in a manner over, and the Earth in Ashes unto them.
>
> (Research by James Eason, University of Chicago.)

his Master, the Great Physician: Refers to Jesus Christ, who can be seen as a model physician in offering comfort and healing for body and spirit.

the Medical School of Maine: The Medical School of Maine was founded in 1820, and permanently closed its doors in 1921. During its time in Brunswick, Maine, the school awarded over 2,000 degrees. (Research: Chris Butler).

during the war: The American Civil War of 1861-1865.

his address, delivered at its meeting in 1878: I have found as yet no record of Jewett giving an address to the Maine Medical Association in 1878, the year of his death, though it is possible he did so. One of his earlier public speeches was well-known and had been published: *Elements of Success in the Medical Profession. Introductory Lecture Delivered Before the Students of the Medical Department of Bowdoin College, February 21, 1867* was published as a 28 page book in 1869.

Crawford House, White Mountains: Elizabeth Silverthorne in *Sarah Orne Jewett* (83-4) recounts Dr. Jewett's death in some detail, placing it in the Crawford House at Crawford Notch in New Hampshire's White Mountains. Wikipedia says

that the Crawford House burned in 1977. Wikipedia also says that Crawford Notch was named for the Abel Crawford, an explorer, trail-builder and hosteler in the early 19th century.

soar the solar height: The couplet is from George Gordon, Lord Byron's, "Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte" (1814); there it reads:

> But who would soar the solar height,
> To set in such a starless night?

wiser man: Samuel Taylor Coleridge's poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (1798) ends:

> He went like one that hath been stunned,
> And is of sense forlorn:
> A sadder and a wiser man,
> He rose the morrow morn.

favored of the gods: Perhaps the author refers to the statement, "Those whom the gods love die young." The idea has been attributed to various classical sources.

Domestic Touches in Fiction

- What one of your contributors in the October installment of the Club talk says about the incident of the cream, in That Husband of Mine,* suggests to me the thought that domestic touches in books are upon the whole the most beautiful as well as most popular part of the work, or at least the part that most conduces to the survival of the work. However, it requires a skillful hand to touch the subject of every-day life rightly, and to rescue it from the commonplace, while still leaving it natural. In short, in literary as well as in artistic portrait painting, we need a master-hand. The flood of Sunday-school and "goody" literature, which stands on the level of the common, wooden, staring style of cheap portraiture, is an example of what may become of the tenderest home idyl in "professional" hands. I can remember but a few touches in prominent works of art which illustrate my meaning, but they will serve the purpose well, as almost all occur in novels confessedly of the highest kind. Who can forget those in Middlemarch:* the naïve reproach implied in Celia's exclamation that Dorothea actually did not care to see the baby washed, and that the ceremony did not have any comforting or sedative power over her; and the mild self-denial of the little old maid who secreted her lumps of sugar at tea for her protégés, the street children? In Mrs. Stowe's Minister's Wooing,* the fussiness and kindliness of the little dressmaker, Miss Prissy, is delicately and truly portrayed; and one sympathizes with her in her solicitude about the minister's frilled shirts, and her desire to make him one in the rare leisure moments she possesses, all the more because her awe of the "blessed" man as a minister is so overwhelming. Again, when the lover has come home, Virginie, the French friend of Mary Scudder, has a really womanly inspiration, and upsets and breaks a water-pitcher in the room above that where the mother is standing guard over Jim and Mary, knowing that no "housekeeper's instincts are proof against the crash of breaking china." In Mrs. Oliphant's Salem Chapel* there is the minute and nervous care of Susan's mother about the lamp, and her pathetic anxiety to keep her daughter's disappearance a secret from the servant by a forlorn attempt to speak naturally to her son, who, man-like, is impatient and open, and gives the poor soul neither comfort nor support, though his grief is really deeper and his sense of injury sterner than hers. In a novel of Anthony Trollope's,* -- I forget which, -- there is related an incident in the former life of a successful judge, living comfortably and luxuriously in one of the ample, respectable,

old-fashioned squares in the east of London, whose former pinched circumstances were a contrast to this phase. In the old days of shabby lodgings and uncertain practice, his wife always contrived to skim off the daily pint of milk a tablespoonful of cream for his morning cup, triumphantly reserving the skim milk for her own; and no one, perhaps, who has not lived on a similar level can realize her intense enjoyment of this trivial arrangement. There is a scene in Trollope's Last Chronicles of Barsetshire* which also appeals to the heart of every woman, and indeed to that of any home-loving person, -- the smuggling-in of a basket of eatables into the kitchen of the poor and starving but scholarly clergyman, whose wife is almost hysterical with her efforts to divert his attention, and at the same time thank her benefactress, while the children peep round the doors in their nightclothes, wondering if the "lady had any sugar-plums in her muff." I have not given this verbatim, but such is the spirit. Mrs. Whitney* has some similar touches in her works, but the "whole thing" is too domestic in her novels for any figure to stand out as one remembers certain figures doing in some of the Dutch *genre* paintings. In the few French books I have read, domesticity rather *poses*, or strikes an attitude, and so wholly loses its value as an element in literature, though in the unique work of Eugénie de Guérin's journal* the very reverse is true, and one finds one's self subdued by the mingled charm and dignity of the conduct so unconsciously pictured in all its details. Her reading Plutarch* by the kitchen fire, on a day when the servants have gone to a local parish *fête*, and she is watching the roasting of a joint, is an inimitable scene, and no amount of versified poetry draws the reader so near to her very self. And I think much the same is true of authors, and others whose biographies we have in this century multiplied almost beyond reason, but whom we certainly appreciate better in the light of their real lives than in that of their works. The fact that every human life is more wonderful than any imagined story becomes also a reason or an excuse for the minor portraits of comparatively obscure men, -- a class of works with which we have lately become familiar. Unless intolerably ill written, such monographs have the interest of home life, and show us one more phase of human existence in its secret workings. It *is* of interest to know how average men live, as well as to scan the thoughts of exceptional men; indeed, one need scarcely apologize for the curiosity, but what is to be regretted is that biographers are unluckily apt to pass a plane of conventionality over

every individuality, not likely to exalt their subject in the eyes of the public, often sacrificing truth, and always disappointing the reader.*

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (43:396-7), March 1879. Richard Cary attributed it to Jewett.

That Husband of Mine: Mary Andrew Denison (1826-1911), *That Husband of Mine* (1877), a novel.

Middlemarch: George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans, 1819-1880) wrote the novel *Middlemarch* (1871-2).

Mrs. Stowe's Minister's Wooing: Harriet Beecher Stowe, *The Minister's Wooing* (1859).

Mrs. Oliphant's Salem Chapel: Margaret Oliphant (1828-1897), *Salem Chapel* (1863).

a novel of Anthony Trollope's: Anthony Trollope (1815-1882). Which novel this refers to has not been discovered.

Trollope's Last Chronicles of Barsetshire: Trollope's series of Barsetshire novels began with *Barchester Towers* (1857) and ended with *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867).

Mrs Whitney: Which Mrs. Whitney is referred to here is as yet uncertain. Leading candidates include the poet, Mrs. Adeline Dutton Train Whitney (1824-1906), Mrs. E. C. Whitney (other information unknown), and Mrs. Luna M. Hammond Whitney (other information unknown). All were contemporary novelists.

Eugénie de Guérin's journal: Eugénie de Guérin (1804-1858) lived a solitary, retiring life in a château near Albi in south central France, near the Spanish border. *The Journal of Eugénie de Guérin* first appeared in French posthumously, in 1855. There was an English translation available by 1865 and other editions followed. The 1855 French publication also included writings grouped under the title *Reliquiae* that are notable for their spiritual, melancholy quality. During the years 1832-34, she kept her *Journal intime* for her absent brother, Maurice, the famous poet who later died tragically young of tuberculosis while under her care. (Research assistance: Carla Zecher)

Plutarch: Plutarch (c. 50 -- 125 C.E.) was a popular Greek biographer and moralist.

Cake Crumbs

ONCE there was a little girl, who is a great girl now, whose name was Milly, and she was very fond of sponge cake.

Doesn't that sound as if this were going to be a good story?

And one day when she was playing with her dolls she found they had nothing in the house for dinner, and though it was a good deal of trouble she went down stairs to find something. There was no regular dinner-hour at the baby-house; the family did not seem to mind whether it was served soon after Milly's breakfast in the morning, or late in the afternoon. They always sat up straight and stiff, (except the yellow-haired doll in blue, whose head was always falling over into her lap) and were always pleased with whatever was said or done.

Milly was living at this time with her grandmother. Her father and mother had gone abroad to stay a year or two, and had taken her elder sister with them; and Milly was very happy indeed, for everybody in the house was very kind to her and gave her almost everything she asked for, and a

great many pleasures beside by way of surprises.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, and most of the rooms were large except this small one, where the baby-house was, which opened out of the room where Milly's small bed stood alongside her grandmother's wide one. It was really her grandmother's dressing-room where she played, but she kept her playthings at one side of it; there was a stripe in the carpet which marked out her boundary, and she was not allowed to let her possessions stray over it; and she minded very well what she had been told about meddling with her grandmother's dressing things.

Only once there had been a dreadful afternoon when she had wanted some water to wash all the dolls' faces, and had tipped over the great pitcher. Nobody knew why it had not been broken, but it was very lucky, for it was a pitcher which grandmother thought a great deal of, and had had ever since she went to housekeeping.

There was a wide window at one side of the little room and though it was not on the play-house side, Milly could sit there as much as she liked on the window-seat which had a soft cushion and was very comfortable. She liked to unfasten the heavy curtains that were looped up at each side and shut herself in. You looked out on the garden from this window, and just now the purple and white lilacs were in bloom there, and the flowering currants* had faded and there were some tulips, and the peonies had grown tall and green, and were topped with some hard, round buds. Just below the window on a Norway spruce-tree there was a robin's nest with some eggs in it, and Milly could watch the bird as she sat there every day. It would be great fun to see the little birds after they were hatched, and Milly's grandmother watched them almost as much as she did, for she was always pleased when the birds built near the house.

And now I have said this about the grandmother, and the house and the little girl so you may know them a little, I must go on again with the story of the day when the dolls had nothing for dinner.

It was a hot day, and the blinds were shut everywhere to keep the house shaded and cool, and grandmamma was taking her afternoon nap in her own room so Milly knew she must not make a noise, and she opened the door into the hall as carefully as she could and went out on tip-toe, for the door into her grandmother's room was open. There was one stair that always creaked, but Milly could never remember

which it was until she came to it; however it made very little noise to-day, and she went out to the dining-room.

There was a plate of little biscuits on the side-board which she could have whenever she liked; but somehow our friend did not care for them to-day. She listened, and the house was still and she could hear nobody coming. Nobody had ever told her not to go to the side-board [sideboard] and it could not be any harm to look in, still, she felt guilty as she turned the key of one of the little cupboards and looked in at the door.

Yes, it was the one where the cake-box belonged, and she stopped for a minute to think, as she often had done before, what a good place the side-board would be to play dolls in; it would be so nice to carry the key in her own pocket and lock and unlock the door when she pleased. Perhaps grandmamma would let her have this part to keep a few of her playthings in; and then she could stay there every afternoon for a while and need not keep so still as she had to in the dressing-room. There did not seem to be much in the little closet, only two blue-and-white ginger-pots with their cane-netting and twisting handles, and a brown jar which held some very sweet East India preserves* which Milly liked better than the ginger, and on the shelf underneath was the cake-box, which Milly pulled out a little way and opened. There was such a pleasant odor in these side-board closets always; it made any one hungry at once.

There was a good deal of cake in the box; a great loaf of fruit cake, and two frosted loaves of pound cake, and half the round sponge cake that had been made for tea the evening before, beside some pieces that had been cut and not eaten. But Milly had been told she must not eat any cake unless some one gave it to her. She never must take it herself.

"I shall tell grandma I didn't ask her because she was asleep," she thought; "she always gives it to me," and she took two pieces out and locked the little door again and crept softly up-stairs. "I know grandma would say I might have it," she said to herself, but for all that she hid the cake under her apron, as she went, up, and the step half-way creaked so loudly that for a minute she was afraid to go on; but nobody spoke.

So Milly and her dolls had their dinner-party, but just when one piece of cake was eaten, except the bits that were in the dolls' plates, and Milly was taking her first bite of the second piece, Mrs. Hunt waked up and called her.

"Won't you go out to Sophie's room and say that I wish to see her before she goes out, my dear?"

Milly hurriedly put all the cake in her pocket, the dolls' platefuls and all, and went to give the message. Sophie was just putting on her bonnet and shawl, and Ann was sewing by the window. They were always very good to the little girl, and Sophie at once told her that she might go out with her. She was first going down town to do some errands at the shops, and then she meant to spend an hour with her sister.

Milly said she should like it very much, and hurried away to get ready. Just as she was ready to start she remembered the cake, and she did not know what else to do with it, so she opened one of her little trunks and put it in under the dolls' dresses, and then went away with Sophie, who was a tall, kind woman, who seemed almost as old to Milly as Grandmother Hunt herself.

Our friend liked to look in at the shop windows and Sophie waited patiently, so there was, after all, not a great while to stay at the sister's, who lived in a house whose back windows looked down on the river, and who worked all day making artificial flowers. Milly liked dearly to watch her; to-day she was making butter-cups, and she gave Milly some little blue flowers for a doll's [dolls'] hat. She sent the flowers away in great white pasteboard boxes when they were done; she was a lame woman and could walk only with crutches, and Sophie and she seemed very fond of each other. They

were French women, though they had both been in this country a great many years.

Milly listened while they talked to each other, and sometimes she heard one of the French words which Sophie had taught her, and then she was very pleased; and she watched Marie make the buttercups with her quick, thin fingers, and indeed they came into bloom very fast. Marie was so used to making them that she seemed almost careless about it, and would hardly look at what she was doing, though every bit of yellow and green and every twist of wire was always put in its proper place.

By and by Milly went to look out of the window to see the boats go by; a buzzing, hurrying little steam-tug went up the river, spattering and leaving a white track of foam behind it; it made her think of a bumble-bee, and she wondered where it was going in such a hurry. Afterward some boys came along in a dingy, leaking boat, and threw out their lines to fish, but they only caught one little fish, which Milly hated to see flutter and throw itself about; the poor thing seemed so long dying.

They were just under her window, and at last they looked up and saw her and made such faces at her that she was very much pleased when she saw one of them tip the boat so much in changing his seat that the little fish, which just then gave one desperate flap, went over the side and into the water. The boys looked after it, and Milly laughed, but she put her head inside the window so they did not see her.

"What are you laughing [langhing] at?" asked Sophie; and when Milly told her she and Marie both came to look out, and Marie said she was glad they had no luck, for she did not like those boys. They would come to some bad end, she was afraid, for they swore so and were so saucy; and beside that they were thievish.

Now Milly had been feeling very much pleased with herself, but this reminded her of the naughty thing she had done, and the thought flashed through her mind, "What would Marie say if she knew I stole, too?" And she was so ashamed.

But Sophie and Marie had already forgotten the boys and were chattering French again; while Milly began to be afraid that grandmamma might go to the dolls' trunk, and she was in a great hurry to get home. Yet she did not like to say so to Sophie, who stayed some time longer; but at last they were on their way back. It was growing late in the afternoon, and

Sophie walked fast for fear she should not get home in season. Mrs. Hunt liked to have tea ready at exactly the right time.

Milly went at once to the baby-house, and there was the trunk, which grandmamma had not thought of opening, which was a great relief, and the cake was inside, folded in the best doll's little shawl. She did not know what to do with it; she had a most guilty feeling; she wished her grandmother knew about it, and she ate it as fast as she could, breaking off one little piece after another, fearing all the time that somebody would come in; and she did hear a footstep at the last, and put the rest of the cake in her pocket just as Sophie opened the door and told her that tea was ready.

There was a basket of fresh cake on the table, and Mrs. Hunt, who was very fond of it, praised it and herself gave a piece of each kind to the little girl; but somehow Milly felt sorry as she took it. When tea was over grandmamma read her a letter which had come from her mother that afternoon, and there were a great many messages for her, and mamma said she was very glad to hear that Milly was such a good girl; which made her think again of the two pieces of sponge-cake.

It was still early, and it was so pleasant that Mrs. Hunt thought she would go to drive, and she took one of her old friends and they all went a long way up the shore of the river. It was very pleasant, but when Milly reached home she was so sleepy that Patrick had to lift her out and give her to Sophie, and Sophie took her up stairs and put her to bed, so that was the end of that day.

It had been for several days very warm and pleasant weather, and Milly had worn a thin dress, but when she waked up next morning it was cold and rainy, so that was put away and Sophie brought out a thick frock which was very comfortable. Milly played all the morning in the dressing-room, and she was not very happy. One by one each of the dolls did something that was naughty and provoking and was punished for it, until the whole baby-house was in disgrace, and so many things strayed out beyond the boundary stripe in the carpet that grandmamma said she must put the baby-house in order before she left it, for the playthings were scattered all about the floor.

"Isn't the little girl happy to-day?" said she, kindly; and Milly hung her head.

After a while she thought she would get some beads which were in one of her trunks and string them until dinner was ready; she had begun some time before to make necklaces for all the dolls. She had two little trunks just alike which two cousins had given her the same Christmas. It was very fine to have two, and she was very proud of them, but to-day she happened to open the wrong one, and there were all the crumbs of the cake scattered on top. She had forgotten it just then and felt a little angry, but she shook the little shawl out into her lap, and gathered the crumbs up in her hand, and then remembered that there was a window open in the next room and resolved to go in there to throw them out.

Just as she was on her way she heard her grandmother's slow step in the hall outside, and her little heart began to beat very fast. She was half-way across the room and very near her own little white bed, so she quickly put the little handful of crumbs inside, I do not suppose Mrs. Hunt would have noticed at all that she threw something out of the window; and she only said, "Dinner is ready, dear," and in a few minutes they went down stairs together. [,]

After dinner was over grandmamma took her nap and it was a longer one than usual, and there the cake crumbs stayed and dried.

One of Milly's friends came to spend the afternoon and drink tea with her, and so she forgot what was hidden in her bed until she was fairly in it. Sophie was very kind that night and tucked Milly in, and even sat with her awhile and told her a long story about when she was a little girl and lived in Paris and used to go every spring to make a visit to her god-mother who lived out in the country.

Milly was always glad to hear these stories, but that night the crumbs made her very uncomfortable. They scattered themselves all about the bed and were under her back, and somehow or other one or two got inside her nightgown sleeve and would not be shaken out. She moved about trying to find a place where there were none, and Sophie thought she was restless; but the more she moved, the more crumbs there seemed to be, and at last she was glad, for the very first time in her life, when Sophie bade her good-night and went away. She tried at first to brush the crumbs out of bed, but that would never do, for they would be seen on the floor in the morning, and so she stole out of bed, and got as many as she could in her hand and threw them out of the window. She was sure she had found them all, but when her

head was on the pillow again it seemed as if there were more than ever, and she was very wretched and passed a most uneasy night, for she kept waking up and feeling the hard little bits, and a great wind blew all night long and made all the noise it could in the elms around the house; and if it had not been light enough to see grandmother sound asleep close by, I think she might have been afraid.

The next noon it cleared off, and it was warm summer weather again; the wind had come round to the south, and later, Milly's brown frock which she had worn in the morning was altogether too thick, so Sophie was told to change it; and Mrs. Hunt added that she was going to make a few calls in the neighborhood and Milly might go with her.

So the thin dress was put on, and she took fast hold of her grandmother's hand and went skipping along at her side, taking three steps for every one of Mrs. Hunt's sedate ones. She liked to go calling very much; the old ladies whom she went to see were always very kind and made a great deal of her, and very often gave her some candy. Milly thought old ladies were a great deal nicer than young ones; but to-day the first call was made upon somebody whom she did not like very well -- to tell the truth she was a little afraid of Mrs. Hirst, who was very wrinkled and very prim and forbidding, and who wore stiff bunches of little black curls on each side of her face. Grandmamma's curls were soft and gray and she had a very pleasant look, and always was ready to smile at her little girl.

Mrs. Hirst was very ceremonious, and she said "How do you do to-day, my dear?" in the most polite way, and gave Milly a hard little stool to sit on which was not pleasant to begin with, as our friend would have liked a chair a great deal batter if it were not too high. But she seated herself and listened while Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Hirst talked to each other.

In those days it was the fashion for little girls to wear frocks that were made low in the neck and with short sleeves, and Milly's was made in that way. She had only worn a little silk cape with fringe round it, instead of her little cloth coat, and presently even this felt too thick, so she would have liked to take it off; but she did not know what Mrs. Hirst would think if she took off a cape without being asked, so she sat still with her hands folded, and gave once in awhile a quiet sigh.

But in a minute she felt something crawling on her right shoulder and brushed it off, but the next minute it seemed to

be in the same place again, and she put her hand under the little cape and was afraid it might be a spider, only it seemed smaller, and there seemed to be more than one. At last she threw back her cape and to her dismay she found there was a long procession of red ants going over her shoulder into the world beyond.

There were dozens of them; they were coming up over her dress, and they were all in line; when she tried to brush them off they only came and came, each with a bit of white in its mouth; and she looked down with a chill of horror and saw that they were coming out of her pocket. If she had thought a minute I do not believe she would have put in her hand at all, but she did, and pulled out her handkerchief with the rest of the ants and a shower of cake crumbs.

If it had been anywhere else but at Mrs. Hirst's!

Luckily the old ladies did not [not not] notice her, and she picked up all the crumbs she could and held her cape close together and longed for her grandmother to finish the call, and the little ants marched on, and Milly knew she could not keep from crying a great while longer any way in the world.

She had often heard her grandmother say what misery it was to have emmets* get into one's house; she knew how angry Ann and Sophie were when they found them in the closets, and there were even times when Ann had had to put the legs of the table in plates of water and keep the sugar and some other things on it for safety. The dreadful thought came that Mrs. Hirst would have ants in her house, now, and would always be angry with her; she imagined her saying in chilling tones by and by:

"So this is the naughty little girl who brought the emmets!"

But Mrs. Hirst seemed unusually good-natured that afternoon, and even brought her little guest a round, frosted cake with red caraways on it, and when Milly said she could not eat it, it was put into a paper for her to carry home, but she did not put it in her pocket.

She was so afraid her hostess saw the ants and the crumbs, and she could hardly wait until they were out of her hearing on their way down the walk to the front gate to say in despair --

"Oh, grandma, hurry! please take me home quick, I'm all over ants!" and then she began to cry as if her heart would break.

Grandma shut the gate behind her, and looked down at poor Milly with great amazement.

"Oh, take off my cape, please do! They're all walking up over my shoulder out of my pocket! and they all shook out of my handkerchief on the carpet! Oh, dear, dear!" and Milly fairly danced up and down, she was so miserable.

Mrs. Hunt lifted the little silk cape and saw the procession, but it had almost gone by and was already straggling, and she could not keep herself from laughing heartily, though she pitied Milly very much.

"We'll go right home to Sophie, dear," said she; "but how did they come in your pocket?["]

And then Milly told the whole story.

Grandmamma was very sorry about it; it was not that she minded the cake being eaten, but Milly had done a thing which she knew was wrong.

"Do you think I can trust you any more, dear?" said she, and Milly with many tears promised that she would try to be good.

Grandmamma said she thought she had been punished enough already, and the little girl crept up into her lap and

sat there a long time, and they made the rest of the calls another day.

It was a very good lesson, for she was so ashamed of herself and was made so uncomfortable that she could not forget it, and she tried to show afterward that she was fit to be trusted, for although she was a little girl she had learned that a person who cannot be trusted is not worth much.

I do not believe that Mrs. Hirst ever said anything about the emmets. Milly was always afraid she would, but perhaps there were emmets in her house to begin with and she did not notice the new ones, or perhaps they had been homesick and came back as fast as they could when they found where they were.

But a day or two afterward Sophie took Milly again to see her sister Marie, and Milly was sure she told her the whole story in French, for they laughed a good deal and looked at her sometimes as she sat by the window and looked out at the river and thought she never would take any cake from the side-board again without asking as long as she lived. She leaned over the window-sill to see the water so Marie and Sophie would not notice the tears in her eyes; but Marie was even kinder to her than usual that day, and gave her ever so many flowers to trim dolls' bonnets, and even showed her how to make a pink rose to take home to her grandmother, who was as much pleased with it as heart could wish.

And since then I do not know how many times she has laughed when she has thought of the ants in her pocket, though it was such a dreadful thing at the time.

Notes

"Cake Crumbs" appeared in *Wide Awake* (10:331-336), June 1880. The table of contents for this number indicates that Miss L. B. Humphrey was its illustrator. Lizbeth Bullock Humphrey (b. 1841) produced illustrations for many popular books, including books of children's poetry and the first American edition of Alfred, Lord Tennyson's *The Song of the Brook*, and won Louis Prang prizes for her Christmas card designs. This text is available courtesy of the Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME.

flowering currants ... Norway spruce-tree: Currants are small bush berries, red, white, or black, that are dried and used

like raisins. Norway spruce (*Picea excelsa*) is a tall-growing, northern European spruce.

East India preserves: Imported from the East Indies, e.g. India, China, Japan or other areas in the region.

emmets: an archaic word for ants.

The Quiet Scholar

One morning I went out riding early, and it was such nice weather that I took a favorite road and followed it for a long distance, meaning, however, to reach home in time for lunch. The time of year was September, and the weather had been too hot for riding much in the middle of the day, but when I found how cool and fresh it was, and how capitally my horse went, I was sorry I had not left word at home that I should go to see one of my friends who lived sixteen or seventeen miles away. I wished to see her particularly, for I had sent an unsatisfactory note to her the evening before about something which was more important than our affairs usually were. With my usual good luck, while I was thinking regretfully that I must turn homeward, I met a neighbor of ours, an old farmer, who was going home from the nearest town, where he went every day or two to market. We stopped and exchanged greetings.

"Your horse takes the beauty off my old drudge," said he, pleasantly, "but I shouldn't wonder if old Fanny does better in the shafts than he would."

I reached down to give old Fanny a bit of sugar, which she ate very slowly, looking very much puzzled and evidently trying to understand the new experience. I thought how often she had gone over that road in summer and winter weather, and wondered if there were ever such a shaggy, patient old creature -- she always seemed as good and steady and plodding as the farmer and his wife themselves. It is a great thing for even a horse to do its duty in the state of life to which it has pleased God to call it.* Old Fanny was unconscious of the homage my heart was paying her, and moved forward a step or two by way of suggestion to the farmer that she thought of her early dinner, which was always ready for her when she got home from town.

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Denning, as he gave the reins a little pull, "I'll send word right over to your mother; be home to-morrow, you say?" and my horse, already impatient, scurried away down the road as fast as heart could wish.

For a mile or two the way was through the woods. The lower branches of the trees often flicked their leaves against my face, and where it was shady, and the sun had not reached, everything was wet with the cold September dew, and the woods were as fresh and sweet as if it were a June morning and a shower had fallen in the night. The last few miles of my short journey were through the open country,

and I stole some early apples from one tree and another that hung temptingly over the fences, and I stopped once or twice to pick some golden-rod,* so when I reached my friend's house I had an armful that was glorious to behold, and the horse trotted up the avenue as if he were just let out of the stable.

My friend looked out of her window and said good morning as if she were glad to see me.

"I was wishing for you just now," said she. "Will you 'light?" and I said I did not mean to come so far when I started, but it was a perfect day for riding, and I met somebody by whom I could send word home.

"I came very near going to meet you," said Bessie. "I was sure you would be out and I thought possibly you might drive over. It is a long time since you came on horseback. I wish I had been with you."

The horse was led off and we went into the house, and upstairs to my friend's room. "I am so glad you came. Yes, your note was a grievance, and I have no end of questions for you in the answer to it, which is on my desk. I asked you to come over to-night, too. You know I spent Tuesday in Boston, and wasn't it odd that I should have met the Quiet Scholar?"

I was much interested at once; for Bessie and I had been together only a day or two before that, and had been wondering what had become of this old schoolmate of ours. I believe we had neither of us thought of her before for a good while.

"I think she tried at first to avoid me," said Bessie, "but she was very pleasant when I rushed at her, and really seemed very glad to see me. She asked for you and for some of the other girls, and told me that she had been living in Canada almost ever since she left school; but she has come now to live in Boston with an old aunt, and has been promised a place in one of the public schools in the Fall. She looked as distressed as ever, but I think she didn't look much older. You know she was always grave and prim. I thought she must be one of the teachers, the first time I saw her at school."

"There was always something forlorn about her," said I. "She never seemed to have any one come to see her. This aunt must be the same one who sent her to school. I always

liked her; but she was a shy thing; no one ever could get at her. I don't remember that we ever tried very hard."

"It is lucky for you that we are the same size," said Bessie, laughing, as she gave me a gown to take the place of my habit. "I feel as if I were clothing the poor.* Aren't you hungry after your ride? I'll have some claret and a biscuit brought up for you; lunch won't be ready for an hour yet." "I don't believe I shall be hungry even then," said I. "I took a great deal of fruit that was not mine as I came along the road. If I had seen only one apple I should have scorned the idea of stealing it, but there are so many this year. I think tramps have a right to branches that hang over."

"People are always squabbling about line-trees," said Bessie, who was writing at the window.

"Where did you get all these cardinal flowers?"* I asked presently, for I found two great pitchers-full in the dressing-room, and Bessie said that she had forgotten them. She had been out on the river early that morning and came home with a deck-load.

"I meant to carry them down-stairs," she said; "but I was in a hurry to send some letters by the mail. I have just written to your mother to ask her to send you your little square box. I told her you were going to stay two or three days."

I hesitated for a minute, and then said that I should like it. There was no reason why I could not stay. We often exchanged short visits in the summer while we were neighbors.

The letters were sent away to be posted, and Bessie and I sat down quietly for a talk. "I asked Eliza Thurlow to come here for a day or two," said she half apologetically; "and I had written you to come over. I was a little discouraged afterward. I felt as if I had posted a letter in a street box and wished I could get it out again. But she looked pale and tired and as if a change of air would do her good. I thought we could brighten her up a little. I remembered that she used to like being out of doors. She used to go off alone after wild-flowers to bring into the botany class. What made us hate botany so at school, do you suppose?"

"I think it was very good of you," said I. "I don't doubt it was a perfect godsend to her. You are always doing kind things and being dreadfully ashamed of yourself." And Bessie blushed a little.

"What was it about her father?" said she. "I tried to think while I was talking with her. I know that her mother is dead; but there was some mystery about her father. I think he was a great rascal, and had to keep out of the country. The girls used to say at school that her mother died of a broken heart. I suppose we should have known* much more about Eliza if she had not been put into the French teacher's little room. There was a succession of ma'mselles that first year, too. I don't know when I have thought so much about those days as I have since I saw the Quiet Scholar."

"That nickname certainly carries me back," said I. "Who gave it to her, do you remember? I know exactly how you looked that first time I saw you; and you wore a round hat trimmed with a brown pheasant's breast. I thought you were like Leslie Goldthwaite when she went to the mountains: she was my love just then."

"I always liked Leslie," said Bessie. "We must read that book again some day when you are here. Haven't you forgotten most of the girls at Mrs. Rugby's? Eliza asked if I knew anything about two or three whom I haven't thought of in a great while. We met on the Common;* I had just been over at the house. Her aunt lives in one of those little streets down on the hill back of Mt. Vernon Street, and she asked me to come to see her if she really wished it, and said it would be a great pleasure to her aunt -- who is a good deal of an invalid. I imagine Eliza is very comfortable there, else she would have tried to keep me away. But she was very shy at first, as I told you, and I had to tease her a good deal before she would promise to come here."

"I wonder what it means," said I; "we had not thought of her for so long until last week, and now she has come to make part of our lives again."

"I am very glad to have you both just now, at any rate," said Bessie as we went down to lunch. "Did I tell you that papa and Tom are both away? Don't you think it would be pleasant to go out on the river by and by? I shall not let you stay in the house if you have been riding all the morning. You needn't row at all if you don't feel like it, but I wish you to see the cardinals; they are in bloom very late this year and in some of the shady places there is a perfect blaze of them. They were like a red-coat regiment* drawn up in line this morning, but now the tide is higher they will be wading up to their necks, I am afraid. They are much finer than those that grow in the wet fields. I wonder if they thrive in half-salt water?"*

"Perhaps the Quiet Scholar can tell us," said I -- and later we did go out in the boat and pulled lazily up the river and then drifted down again; we always have a very good time together, Bessie and I.

The guest came just after six, and I was much more glad to see her than I expected to be. The old-friend feeling came to me suddenly, and when one sees a person for the first time in several years it brings back, more clearly than anything else, the thoughts and surroundings which one may have almost forgotten. It is not so much the person himself who pleases or pains you -- but he brings back your own old self of an earlier time. We talked all that evening about our school days, calling up old stories of our merry frolics and ingenious out-wittings of the teachers, and Bessie and I took it for granted that our friend had been in the midst of them; but sometimes that was by courtesy, for we had belonged to a much more frivolous set and lessons had usually been matters of minor importance. The Quiet Scholar (who seemed pleased when we called her by the old nickname, and its abbreviation of Q.S.) was known to be fitting herself to teach and had made a much better use of her time, and was often counted out of our plans though she was never disliked. I remember her being very kind to me once when I was sick, and I used to imagine -- being much given to novel-reading -- that she had a history and a secret.

The comfort of Bessie's home seemed to give her great pleasure -- she was very appreciative -- and we were both touched at finding how well she had remembered us, and how often she had thought of us, while we had almost forgotten her. She seemed to look back at her school days with such clinging affection and interest that I thought she must have had few pleasant days since then; and she looked worn and anxious sometimes, as if life had not been easy, and her regrets and anxieties had out-numbered her pleasures. She told us most amusing stories of her life in Canada, and of her teaching a rough set of children in one of the smallest towns, where she had a capital chance to see Canadian life from the inside as well as the outside.

Bessie and I said to each other next morning that Miss Thurlow looked already better. She was like a wilted plant after a shower that freshens and brightens it. We spent the whole day out of doors, for it was such fine weather. We went down the river in the morning and took our lunch with us, and later in the afternoon we had a long drive -- that is, Bessie drove her guest and I rode alongside. We went down

to the sea, which was only a few miles away. It was the first time Miss Thurlow had seen the sea for years, and she showed almost childish pleasure all day long. She was in capital spirits, and acted as if some burden that was heavy on her mind had been lifted, or at any rate had been forgotten for the time. We were very happy because she was, and we saw everything through her eyes. It was easy to see that hers was not a dull and unsympathetic and limited nature, but that she had somehow been crushed and hindered and kept from her share of enjoyment. It seemed pitiful enough that, being so responsive and so quick to take pleasure, she should have so little of it. It was not a tiresome exclaiming and enthusiasm; but, as I have said, she showed such happiness that one could not help catching the spirit of it. We avoided saying anything that could suggest the discussion of her own affairs, and, except for the time we had been with her at school, she was completely a stranger, though we somehow felt more intimate with her than we ever had before.

That second evening Bessie played to us for a long time after dinner. It had grown chilly out of doors, and we had a bright wood fire. I suddenly remembered that the Quiet Scholar used to be the star at school on those days when we used to recite poetry, and that she once said Shelley's "Skylark" in a way that won even our shallow minds and hearts. I brought that book from its shelf, and she seemed pleased that I should have remembered, and afterward asked if we liked Tennyson's ballad of the little "Revenge,"* which was new then, and she repeated it with great spirit. Her pale face flushed, and she looked like another person as she sat in the firelight with her eyes shining. She made those sentences her own though some one else had framed them. It is the old proverb, that one is never so confidential as when one addresses the whole world;* and I could not help recognizing the loyalty and bravery and steadfastness under trial which made the soul of that quiet girl.

We sat up very late; and as we went through the hall on our way upstairs Bessie laughed a little, and said her guest had been so charming that for once in her life she had forgotten to open the mail-bag which was lying on the hall-table. She looked over the letters quickly; they were mostly for her father and brother, but there were some for herself which she took, and the last one she gave to Miss Thurlow, who started and turned suddenly pale. I knew instinctively that the sight of it gave her great pain. Bessie did not notice her, for she went to the library to redirect her father's letters

and put them into the bag again to be posted early in the morning. Miss Thurlow and I went upstairs together. I tried not to look at her, but her manner had entirely changed. She was evidently troubled by the letter: she seemed as she used in the old school days. I left her at the door of her room, for I was sure she wished to be alone; but in a few minutes Bessie came up and stopped to say good-night. I heard her open the door and go in, and presently she came to me looking puzzled.

"That girl is crying as if her heart would break," said she. "I begged her to tell me what was the matter; but she shook her head and said she must go away as early in the morning as possible. She even asked me if she could go to-night; but I thought that was out of the question. Papa sometimes has driven across to the other railroad to catch a midnight train; but there would not be time for that. It must be nearly twelve already. I wish you would go to speak to her." But I found that the door was shut; and though I spoke once or twice she did not answer me.

Bessie and I were much grieved at this ending, for we had been glad to think of her pleasure and had made some plans for the next day. We did not go to sleep for a long time and at last I was suddenly awakened by something pushing at my hand, and in a minute Bessie said sleepily, "Oh go away, Dash -- that's a good dog." It was her favorite dog -- a great white setter -- who always slept in the hall outside her door. He had a trick when he was younger of coming into her room at night, but he seldom did it then. Bessie always knew it was he and would reach out to pat him, when he would go away satisfied. But he would not go away that night; he seemed excited and worried, and came first to her and then to me as if he wished to tell us something.

"What is it, Dash?" said Bessie, wide awake now, and we both listened, while the dog kept still and we heard a whistle and a little noise on the gravel under the window, and I hurried to listen. "Come down, I tell you," some one whispered, but there was no answer. Dash was growling beside me and saying as plainly as he knew how that he wished he could get out. "Suppose we do let him out," said Bessie, "and I will ring the stable bell and try to wake somebody there. I don't know what papa would say, but Brennan is the only man who sleeps in the house, and I told him he might go away to-night. He seemed very anxious about it. I told him to tell Holt I should ring if there were any trouble, and we will go down to the garden door and be

ready to let him in." We both dressed hurriedly, and we were a good deal frightened. I heard a step under the window and listened there again. Miss Thurlow's room was on that side of the house, and I heard a blind creak as she opened it -- and some one again said, "Come down, I tell you, or I'll set the house on fire." Bessie was leaning over my shoulder, and I felt her shake a little, but she turned quickly and went straight to her guest's room, where I followed her. We met Miss Thurlow on the threshold.

"Who was that? and what is the matter?" said Bessie. "I came very near sending the dog at him. Tell me what this all means." And the poor girl said, "God help me; it is my father." It was light enough to see that she had not even been lying down on the bed, and she seemed in perfect despair.

"What does he want of you?" asked Bessie, and I knew she was quite herself again; her own fright had given place to a wish to protect her guest from this danger and trouble, whatever it was. "Tell him to go away and come back in the morning. If he threatens you, say that the family are already roused."

"I thought he was in jail in Canada until I got a letter to-night," said the terror-stricken girl. "He has escaped and somehow he found I was here. He must have been at my poor old aunt's. He wishes me to let him in so he can rob the house. I don't even know if he is alone, but he must be desperate; he never did this before. Oh I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead," she cried most piteously.

Bessie hurried downstairs at once, and in a minute I heard the bell at the stable ring again and again, and Dash, who had been keeping still for some reason best known to himself, began to bark loudly and run from one of the lower rooms to another. I heard some one run down the garden in a hurry, and next morning we saw his footsteps there deep in the flower-beds. Bessie let Dash out after a while and he chased about wildly and went off on the track, but luckily Bessie bethought herself in time, and called me to get the whistle from her watch chain and call him back.

We tried to quiet Miss Thurlow, who was fairly beside herself with shame and fright. I do not think we suspected for an instant that she was her father's accomplice, which might have seemed possible, for her distress was genuine. We soon heard some one from the stable knocking at the door to see what was wanted; and Bessie told the man to keep

watch about the house for a while -- we had heard footsteps and were frightened. I think Patrick would have liked to laugh a little if he had dared. But in the morning he was persuaded that it had been no idle fear.

We heard nothing more that night. Patrick paraded faithfully about the grounds with Dash and the old mastiff, who was formidable to look at, but very deaf and sleepy, and I think there was another man beside. We heard them tramp about, and felt entirely protected. We had enough to think of in taking care of Miss Thurlow [Thurston], who was terribly excited. She begged us to forgive her and to let her go away, and we hardly knew what to do with her for a while; but at last she grew quieter, and it seemed to be a relief to her to tell us about her trouble. It was a long, sad story; the gossip at school had all been true; her father had been a rascal, who had gone steadily from bad to worse. Shame and sorrow had broken her mother's heart; and though from time to time he seasons of repentance, and his daughter had tried to trust him and keep him, she had always been disappointed, and found it was of no use. She had gone, against her aunt's wishes, to live with him in Canada, where he had been, or pretended to be, in a respectable business; but he was always a cheat and a marauder, smuggling and robbing and gambling -- nobody could tell the list of his crimes. At last, during one of his long absences, he had been caught and tried and put into jail for several years, and then Miss Thurlow had come back to her aunt, thinking herself safe for the time at least.

"I would not let him disgrace my aunt more than I could help," said she, when we asked why she had stayed with him so long. "He insisted that I should not leave him; but if I had not taught and helped take care of myself I might have starved sometimes, I think. I always hated to touch his money; but my aunt was very kind to me. I only suspected most of his wrong-doings. He was always as pleasant to me as to other people; and I tried to remember always that he was my father, and I did try to be good to him and to help him. But I believe I would put the officers on his track now," said she with bitter anger. "He never will be better. It was too bad that he should follow me and threaten to burn this house if I did not let him in to rob it. I have done everything for him. He must be very desperate; but I hate him -- I hate him!"

It seems that the letter had been sent to her in Boston, and that it had been remailed to her address at Bessie's. He told her in it that he was out of jail, and must have money;

and she was afraid that before finding out where she was, and that the house was unprotected, he had troubled her aunt in some way; so she was in perfect misery. He must have been at the house, else he would not have known where to find her. "You do not think I would have let him in?" she said, looking at us beseechingly. "I would have given him all the money I had, and tried to make him go away. I was so afraid he might set the house on fire! Oh, he would do anything! I am so afraid of him now!" We tried to comfort the poor soul; but what comfort was there? for her future looked dark enough, and who knew what even the next day might bring? We promised that in every way we would be her friends; and it seemed to us that she never before had allowed herself to tell her troubles to any one; as if she had tried to cover them until it could be done no longer, and had anxiously kept her miserable secrets to herself until they had worn into her very soul and made her whole life shadowed and fearful. Her father had been in prison while she was at school, and she used to think the girls knew it. It was sad to think of her trying to hide and forget such a wretched secret and to act as if she had none; but how many people know how to pity her? [*May be* !]

Just before daylight I had fallen asleep, and early in the morning one of the maids came running upstairs to tell us that there had been burglars around the house the night before. Bessie hurried in from Miss Thurlow's room, where she had been lying on the sofa. "Patrick says you were right, Miss Bessie; there are great tracks across the garden and footmarks under the window, and there is one of the thieves dead; they found him down under the railroad bridge just now, and he had fallen in the dark. Brennan was coming home and he saw him; it was a stranger; some officers were down in the village after him and they say he had got out of jail; he was a great thief, they say, Miss Bessie, and if it weren't for you hearing him we all would be murdered in our beds."

"Hush, hush," said Bessie, "I don't want you to wake Miss Thurlow. I'm thankful I shut her door," said she to me: "luckily she has fallen asleep. Katy, will you tell Patrick that I want the little phaeton in half an hour and he must drive me down to the village."

I kept watch by the guest, who slept uneasily, until Bessie came back. I was afraid she would wake up, but when Bessie came to the door and beckoned to me the light

footsteps awakened her, and she started up, looking at us imploringly.

Bessie hesitated a minute and then said bravely, "My dear girl, your father will never do you or himself any more harm -- he is dead!"

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I suppose the greatest sorrow was that he had been her father, and yet his death was a relief to her. She was grieved because she was not sorrier, yet it was a terrible shock, and she was a long time in getting over the effect of it. It was probable that he had been returning to the village and had made a misstep in the dark and the fall had killed him at once. There were some formalities of law to be gone through with, and Bessie offered to pay the bills for his burial, which surprised nobody, for hers is a most generous family, and it was supposed that she had been moved by the forlornness and friendlessness of the man. The newspapers said that he was reported to have a family in Canada; but the name he was known by was not his own, and I do not think his daughter's name was ever brought into connection with his. She had gone at once to her aunt, meaning to return directly, and Bessie went with her, but the strain and shock had been too great, so Bessie left her there and she was ill for days afterward. I think it was just as well that it was so.

It would be hard to believe, if one did not see it so often, that one life could cast such a cloud over another, and take away almost all its sunshine and hinder and distress it. I believe I had a good lesson when I thought of it, that our lives make every life with which they come in contact more happy and useful or less so.* It is seldom, perhaps, that so terrible a shadow as this is thrown, but we ought to take care not to throw any shadows, or to worry and fret people more than we can help. And if our sins are not the kind that others are in danger of copying, they still may be paining and shaming the people we love, and we ought to try to carry our burdens ourselves without forever talking about them, and making demands for sympathy. Sympathy must be a free gift and not an exaction.

But in this darkened life strong self-control and self-sacrifice and self-reliance and trust in God had had time to grow, and nobody could regret the discipline who came to know the character that had been formed by it. I think one rarely finds a truer or a better friend than Bessie and I found

in this Quiet Scholar, who had learned her lessons in so hard a school.

It seemed to me as I went home that it had been longer than three days since I had ridden over to my friend's, and I thought about a great many things as I rode home again. It had been a strange chapter to come into one's every-day life.

It was not very long ago that I saw Miss Thurlow in her own home, a pleasant, old-fashioned little house where she lives with her quaint, cheerful old aunt, who said that she could not imagine how she had lived so long alone without her niece. They seemed very fond of each other, and it was impossible not to see that a weight had been taken from both their minds, but we were all apparently unconscious of there having been so lately anything that was shocking and miserable. Miss Thurlow was brighter and prettier than I had ever seen her; she was teaching in a pleasant private school, and she told me what I already was sure of, that she saw Bessie often, and that she gave her a great many pleasures.

Notes

"The Quiet Scholar" appeared in *The Christian Union* 34:7 (August 17, 1881), 148-150.

From "Notes," p. 147 of *The Christian Union* 34:7.

> A number of our most valued contributors unite to make the present number of the "Christian Union" especially attractive. Miss Jewett's charming study of "The Quiet Scholar" will be read with interest by all who admire her graceful style and delicate characterization. The paper by the Hon. Josiah Quincy shows, from practical experience, how workingmen may secure for themselves homes that are Independent of the tenement houses and of the exactions of usurious money-lenders. …

it has pleased God to call it: This idea appears often in Western literature, perhaps most importantly for Jewett in the Bible, Daniel 12:12-13, and in Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), "Self-Reliance " (1841), near the beginning, where he admonishes the reader to "Trust thyself and to accept the place divine providence has found for you." Though not offered as one of the moral lessons of this adventure given at the end of the story, this idea turns out to be a theme as the narrator repeatedly hints that a force

outside themselves draws the three young women together at a moment when they can benefit each other and, especially, help Eliza Thurlow at a time of crisis. This idea also is prominent in the novel for young readers, *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life* (1871) by Adeline Dutton Train Whitney (1824-1906), which is set in the resort towns of the White Mountains in New Hampshire.

golden-rod: Wikipedia says: "*Solidago*, commonly called goldenrods, is a genus of about 100 to 120 species of flowering plants in the aster family, *Asteraceae*. Most are herbaceous perennial species found in open areas such as meadows, prairies, and savannas. They are mostly native to North America, including Mexico...." Because there are so many varieties, it is difficult to know which specific flower Jewett refers to. A common variety is "*Solidago gigantea* ... a North American plant species in the sunflower family. Its common names include tall goldenrod and giant goldenrod, in reference to its height of up to 2 m tall, rather large for the genus, smooth goldenrod and late goldenrod. It is a widespread species known from most of non-arctic North America east of the Rocky Mountains."

clothing the poor: This may be an allusion to Matthew 25: 31-6, about the Son of Man separating the sheep from the goats.

cardinal flowers: Wikipedia says: *Lobelia cardinalis* ... is a species of Lobelia native to the Americas, from southeastern Canada south through the eastern and southwestern United States, Mexico and Central America to northern Colombia." While the plant does not flourish especially near tidal streams, it does require reliably moist soil.

I suppose we should have known: The newspaper text reads: I I suppose….

We met on the Common; … one of those little streets down on the hill back of Mt. Vernon Street: Boston Common is a 48 acre tract originally reserved in 1634 as pasture and training field. According to Wikipedia, Mt. Vernon Street, a few blocks north of the Common, was developed in the 18th and 19th centuries to expand residential land in the Beacon Hill area of Boston and became known during that period as a street for wealthy home-owners. The small streets on the hill in the middle and late 19th-century, however, were likely homes of African Americans and immigrants.

a red-coat regiment: In the United States, a "red-coat" is a British infantryman.

if they thrive in half-salt water: Like several of Jewett's excursion sketches of this period, this story is set along a tidal river like the Piscataqua in her home region of Maine, suggesting that Jewett's home village of South Berwick is the model for the narrator's starting point on this trip and that she probably is near a larger town, like Portsmouth, NH at the mouth of the Piscataqua, when she visits Bessie. Bessie's home is rural and near the sea. See Country By-Ways (1881) for several of these sketches.

Shelley's "Skylark" … *Tennyson's ballad of the little "Revenge"*: The British Romantic poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was the author of "To a Skylark" (1820). Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809 1892) published "The Revenge: A Ballad of the Fleet" in 1878. The *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia* says, "Sir Richard Grenville, b. c.1542, d. Sept. 12, 1591, was an English naval hero in the service of Queen Elizabeth I. He was a cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh, and in 1585 he led the expedition that founded Raleigh's "Lost Colony" on Roanoke Island, N.C. In 1591, Grenville joined an English fleet intending to intercept Spanish treasure ships off the Azores. His ship, the *Revenge*, was separated from the rest and forced to engage a Spanish war fleet by itself. Grenville fought a heroic 15 hour battle, but he was mortally wounded and his ship was captured." The date of the poem suggests that Jewett imagines the story taking place in about 1878.

when one addresses the whole world: The origin of this proverb is unknown. Jewett uses it in several in her works. See also "Carlyle in America," an unpublished story likely composed in the early to middle 1880, and her letter to Vernon Lee of 17 March 1907.

our lives ... more happy and useful or less so: This moral nugget the narrator draws from these events is a key idea in White's *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life*.

Manuscript preparation assistant: Tanner Brossart.

A Bit of Foolishness

Part I.

When Jack and Alice Denfield's mother heard the story of this adventure of theirs, she was much annoyed at first, and thought they must have been in a good deal of danger. Afterward, when she was convinced that they came to no harm but very slight colds, she laughed at them heartily, and said it had been a good lesson, and if she had been twenty years younger she probably should have enjoyed it as much as they did.

They had all three been staying at the White Mountains;* they had planned to be at the Glen House through July and early August, and then go to the sea-shore to stay until late in September. But the very first of August Mrs. Denfield found that she must go to Boston for a few days to attend to some business; and they were all sorry, for they had counted upon having a week or ten days more among the mountains. They had had a most satisfactory time, for they knew a charming set of people at the hotel, and every pleasant day there had been long drives or walks, small fishing parties or large picnics. Jack and Alice always were glad to be together; they were very near the same age, and had always been great cronies from their babyhood. They were equally fond of out-of-door life; Jack had said more than once that his sister was exactly as good company as another fellow, and she responded that she did not have such good times with anybody else in the world. I think it is seldom one sees such a friendship between a brother and sister. They both had a great many friends, but they were always delighted to have vacation come, and get back to each other.

They came in late to supper on Monday evening. They had been out all day, and it was their last chance for a long expedition, for they were to go down by the stage the next day to take the train. For a little while Jack was uncommonly silent, and did not pay much attention to the chattering of the other young people at the table; but suddenly he said to Alice, who happened to sit next him, "I have made a plan"; and she stopped to listen to it with great interest. "Suppose we ask mamma to let us stay here a little longer, and then go down to Boston by ourselves? She will have to be there for a week, she told me, and we could go up Mount Washington with the Eastfields and Dunns. You know they're going to walk up the mountain, and stay all night. It'll be great fun."

Alice was delighted at the idea, and after supper was over they went at once to propose this change of plans.

"I do not know why not," said Mrs. Denfield, slowly. "You are surely familiar enough with travelling, and almost grown up, at any rate, you tall creatures! But you must not take any longer journey" (they had all three wished to go farther up among the mountains); "you must be in Boston Saturday evening."

So next day Mrs. Denfield started off by herself, and Alice said, just after the stage had gone, "I wish we had asked mamma if we could not walk part of the way; we could send our trunks on by the stage to North Conway."

Jack's eyes began to shine with delight. "Of course she wouldn't mind," said the boy. "Don't you remember how sorry she was when you couldn't go down through the Notch with the rest of us last summer, because you had sprained you ankle? Let's do it, Alice. We can go up Mount Washington to-morrow, and come down next day. Yes, there will be just time enough to reach Boston Saturday night. Why, it's nothing to do; we have walked almost as far a dozen times."

"But not by ourselves," said Alice, "in such a wild country. I'm not a bit afraid, though--you needn't think that."

So they made their plans, and kept them great secrets, for Jack said that everybody would insist upon going with them, and making a public occasion of it, and it would be much better fun to go alone by themselves. They had often taken short excursions together, and they knew that they could get on much faster. It was settled that they were to start early Friday morning, and to say good-by to everybody the evening before, and then go away even before any one would be down to see them start by the stage.

The walking party up Mount Washington was a grand success, and the afternoon and evening of the day were just the right sort of weather, cool and fresh and bright, with a most glorious sunset, and a clear though very late moonrise. But the next morning it was damp and cloudy, and most of the party thought it would be more sensible to drive back to the Glen instead of walking. They found that the clouds were only around the tops of the high mountains, and that it was really a pleasant day, after all, when they reached the valley; and after they had told the story of their expedition, the party scattered itself about the piazzas and rooms of the hotel and Jack presently went to find Alice, and asked her eagerly why it would not be a good plan to take half their journey that

day, and the rest the next, and spend the night somewhere on the road. Then they would have more time in North Conway, for there were some friends there whom they both wished to see.

"We will start by the stage just after dinner, and ride a little way, and then get down," Jack told his sister; and Alice at once hurried off to finish their packing, and to say good-by to her friends.

They meant to go ten or twelve miles that afternoon. Jack was sure he remembered the road perfectly, and knew where they could find lodgings for the night. Some one found out that they were going afoot, and said that it was a capital day for it; but the long climb up the mountain the day before seemed to have tired almost everybody but themselves, and no one offered to accompany them except two or three of their cronies, who strolled along with them for half a mile or so.

Our friends were in the highest spirits, and started off at last side by side without a fear, keeping step and looking around at each other every few minutes to smile and say what fun it was. Jack had a traveller's back slung over his shoulders with a strap and Alice carried a little lunch-box and her light jacket, and they both had the sticks which they had carried on all their tramps about the mountains. They felt like people who were journeying in earnest, and were not merely out for a stroll.

They were both capital walkers; they had had good practice during the last few weeks at the Glen, and they went gayly down the road for the first few miles without taking much thought of anything but the mere pleasure of walking. There had been a good many rains, and the streams were full, and the foliage was as fresh and green as if it were the first of June. The mountains stood up grand and tall, and there was not a cloud to be seen.

"It is even clearer than yesterday," said Alice. "I am sorry we are not just coming to the mountains instead of just going away. Jack! there must be trout in that brook."

"I was just thinking of that," said the boy. "Here is a line in my pocket; I mean to cut a little pole and rig it, and go up the hill a little way. You could be resting."

But Alice disdained the idea of being tired, and sat down to wait in a most comfortable place under a pine-tree. "I wish

there was another line," she said. "I put all my tackle in my trunk before we thought of letting mamma go on without us."

Jack was soon ready, and pushed in through the bushes, and in the silence that everything kept but the brook, his sister could hear him for a few minutes as he went on from point to point, sometimes snapping the dead branches that he stepped upon. It was growing warmer, and she was, after all, not sorry to sit still for a little while. She called to Jack once or twice to be sure he had not gone too far away, and he whistled in answer, softly, as if there might be some chance of a trout, and at last he did not answer at all.

Alice looked at the mountains, and pulled an envelope out of her pocket and began to make a little sketch of a strange old tree the other side of the road, and she did not hurry about it; so after she had finished it she said to herself that Jack had been gone long enough. There was no possible danger of his losing his way, but it was long past the middle of the afternoon already, and they must go on. So she whistled again the odd little call with which Jack was very familiar, but he did not answer. He had evidently gone a good way up from the road; and she shouted, but he did not shout to her, and she said to herself that it was very wrong of him, and that there was no more fishing to be done on that journey out of sight of the road. She grew very worried at last, and annoyed as well; the mosquitoes had grown troublesome, and she did not like staying there alone for so long; and the thought seized her that her brother must have fallen over the rocks and hurt himself badly, for it was over an hour since he had gone away.

She followed the brook up its bed for some distance, and at last she heard the bushes rustling, and called eagerly, and there was Jack, safe and sound, with three or four good-sized trout on a birch twig.

"There are the best trout I have caught this summer," said he triumphantly.

And Alice forgot to scold him at first, she was so pleased. "We must have them for our supper," she told the proud fisherman; and they hurried back to the road-side.

"I haven't been gone long, have I?" asked Jack, persuasively. "I hated to turn back, you know."

And Alice said that they must hurry; it was already nearly five, and they had five or six miles further to go to the house where they were to spend the night.

But Jack was hot and tired, and said he must have some biscuits, and rest a few minutes. It was so bright a day that it would not be dark early. And who cared if it were? The road was straight and safe enough, and it would be much cooler after the sun went down a little. It was really very hot, and Alice was satisfied, now that he had come back, and she made no objection when he had finished his lunch, and had taken a drink of the cold brook water, and threw himself down to rest.

"You have been sitting still here while I have been going up the side of the hill," said he. "No wonder that you are ready to go on."

Alice wrapped the trout in some great beech leaves, and tied a bit of fish-line round them. One was unusually large, and Jack was very proud of it, and told her what a hard time he had in catching it, and how it came very near going into the brook again after he had fairly landed it. After a while they got up unwillingly and set off again. The sun was almost down behind the mountains; but the air seemed to grow hotter and hotter, although they were in the shade. The leaves were perfectly still on the trees; there did not seem to be a breath of wind.

"I don't think this is very good fun," said Jack, angrily; and Alice laughed, but she thought that pedestrianism in hot weather was not so full of pleasure as it might be.

"I wish a stage would come by," she said, laughingly. And when they met one bound for the Glen a little later, I think they were both tempted to hail it and take passage.

Jack whistled manfully, and they both made fun of themselves; but the little knapsack which Jack carried was not the trifling weight it seemed at first. It was as heavy as lead; and he wondered what was in it, and shifted it to the other shoulder and back again with a manner as if he did not like to carry it at all. "It must have been the tramp yesterday that makes us so fagged," said he. "We have walked so very far, you know. I say! look at those clouds coming over. It's going to rain. There's going to be a tremendous shower. What had we better do?"

But Alice did not know. "Go on, I suppose," said she, "as fast as we can. Very likely some one will drive by. Somehow I never thought of its raining."

"Nor I either," answered Jack, dismally. "I wish I had not stopped for the trout: that took up so much time. But aren't

they beauties?" and he held them up for consolation. The leaves about them were already wilted, and the colors of the fish looked dull. "I wish I had my little scales here," said Jack; "I took them out of my pocket only yesterday."

Part II.

The wind suddenly grew very cold, and blew the trees angrily, and turned their leaves the wrong way, until it seemed like a furious storm. It had been still, and the sun had been hot and glaring, but suddenly the air felt like autumn, and our friends looked around every now and then to see the shower chasing them, and covering the hills and woods with heavy white mist. The fragrance of the wet pine woods was very sweet, and the coolness was delightful, but the clouds looked strangely yellow, and as if a great deal of rain would pour out of them presently, while there were flashes of lightning every now and then, and distant thunder began to growl among the mountains.

"It will be here in a few minutes," said Jack, looking at his sister anxiously. "I'm awfully sorry, Alice." And they both hurried; as if by walking fast they could get away from the rain. "And our clothes have all gone to North Conway! how shall we ever get dry?" he added, ruefully; but Alice laughed.

"You know we were all drenched coming home from Gorham that day. It wasn't very bad, and it won't be chilly like this for very long, at any rate."

The first great drops of the rain began to spatter among the leaves, and our friends found the shower at first very refreshing, but when their clothes became so soaked that the weight of them was something surprising, and streams of water began to run along the road, they did not like it so well; but they made the best of it, and laughed heartily, though they were both beginning to feel very tired, and wondered if there would never be an end to the woods. It was growing darker too, and if some one did not drive by before long, it would be most discouraging. Early in the afternoon they had passed several loaded carts, besides pleasure parties that were driving to or from the Glen House, but for some time there had not been a traveller on that part of the road except themselves.

The rain ceased falling; it had been a heavy shower, but luckily it did not last long. They had taken shelter under a great beech-tree when it had become altogether too hard work to walk, and Alice wrung the water out of her skirts as well as she could, and they started on again.

The clouds looked very heavy, and the sunset was a very pale one, and it seemed to be growing dark early. In that deep valley the twilight begins much sooner than out in the open country, and Jack and Alice had lost so much time already that they were a good way from the house they meant to reach by seven o'clock, and just after that time Alice said, despairingly:

"I don't believe I can walk much further, Jack. I'm ashamed to give in, but I don't think I ever was so tired in all my life."

"I'm tired myself," said Jack; "it's the hardest walking I ever did; but I suppose there is nothing to do but to go on. I think it's very odd that it is so long since we have passed anybody."

Alice went on without saying any more for a little while, but at last she sat down by the road-side, while Jack stood at her side and waited uneasily.

"I think we are getting out of the track of the shower," said he. "Suppose we go on a little further, and find a good dry place, and build a camp fire, and get dry and rested at any rate. I begin to feel like an old jelly-fish trying to roll along on his edge."

Alice laughed, and started out again. It was really getting to be drier footing, and the air felt warmer, and it was not long before Jack touched the earth with his hand, and said that he was sure they could be nothing but dew on the ground, and they might as well stop. They listened and listened for the sound of wheels, but even the thrushes had stopped singing, and all they could hear was a brook tumbling over the ledges, and the cry of a hawk or an owl far in the woods.

Jack chose a safe place at the side of a great rock, where there seemed to be no danger of setting the woods on fire. It was so dark they could scarcely see, but they heaped up a pile of pine-needles and dry twigs and birch bark, and it seemed very cheerful when they had lighted it. Jack was delighted because Alice had some little wax matches in the bag he carried on his shoulder, and I think the first flicker of the fire gave a great pleasure to both our friends.

"I'm going to find some larger wood," said Jack, "and then I am going to cook the fish. I shall starve to death. We are like the Babes in the Wood,* aren't we? Get as near to the fire as you can, Alice, and you'll soon be dry."

They had a magnificent blaze before very long, and Alice hung her jacket and wet, heavy skirt on stakes beside it. They were in a little open place not far from the road, and Jack began to tell stories of his experiences the summer before when he had been off on a fishing and camping-out excursion with some friends in the Maine woods.

Alice had heard them all before, but they were none the less interesting. She had always wished to camp out herself, and this experience was, after all, a great satisfaction, now that she was a little rested, and was getting dry and comfortable. It was not so bad to be damp even, but she hated the thought of going any further that night.

In the lunch-box there were still some hard crackers and a paper of salt, and after Jack had baked his three trout--and he did not do it badly either, for a guide had taught him once how to wrap them in some leaves and dig a little place in the hot ashes for an oven--they ate their supper, and were as jolly as possible. The fire was a great success; they had gathered all the old dry wood they could find, and at last they were willing to let it go down, for it was growing too hot; the night was warm at any rate. They sat together on the slope and leaned against the rock. The trout had been very good--they only wished there had been more; but they were very comfortable, and they watched the strange shadows the flickering light of the fire made among the trees. They were neither of them a bit afraid, and presently Jack was silent for a few moments, and his sister found that he had gone to sleep.

She would not wake him, she thought; he might sleep a little while just as well as not, and they could go on if they liked an hour later. By that time the moon would be up, too. Alice looked up through the branches at the stars; there was an old hemlock almost overhead that was like a roof, but there seemed to be very little dew falling.

The mosquitoes were beginning to be troublesome, now that the fire was down, and she said to herself that she would get some more wood presently if Jack did not wake--and in three minutes more she was as sound asleep as Jack himself.

He waked first; it was late in the night, and the moon was high in the sky. The fire was out, and at first he could not think where he was; but Alice was there, sure enough, and the hemlock-tree, and the rest of the woods. He felt a little stiff and chilly, and he started to his feet to look around, and

suddenly he heard two or three roosters crowing, and at that sound he began to laugh.

"Alice! Alice!" said he; and his sister waked quickly, but was even more bewildered at first than he had been.

"I never slept better in my life," she said sleepily. "There's nothing the matter, is there Jack? Ought we to go on, do you think? I am as stiff as Rip Van Winkle,* and my arm is sound asleep." And she sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"Will you listen to those old roosters?" asked Jack, going into fits of laughter, and Alice laughed too. "There must be a house close by," he told her, "and we thought we were cast away. I suppose if we had walked ten minutes longer, we must have seen it." And they gathered up their possessions and took the road again. I do not think they cared to take another nap on the ground. Jack said that the mosquitoes had had their Christmas dinner in summer that year, and though he did not confess it, his neck was very stiff, and they both began to sneeze with great energy.

There was really a small house about an eighth of a mile away, and our friends walked about it and surveyed it in the moonlight. A sleepy little yellow dog appeared and barked at them, and after Jack had pounded at the door for some minutes, some one opened a window and asked what he wanted.

"Can you take two people in for the night?"

"'Deed I can't," said the woman, snappishly. "we don't keep tavern. Young fellows like you better be to home this time o' night. Trampin', I s'pose, ain't ye? The men-folks is all to home here, so ye needn't try to scare me."

"I'm not a tramp," mentioned Jack, with great dignity and politeness. "We started to walk through from the Glen, but the shower stopped us a while, and it got dark and we didn't know we were near any houses until we heard your roosters crowing. We've been asleep in the woods."

"Oh!" said the woman, in a different tone. And after a minute's meditation, she added: "Well, you kin go into the barn, I s'pose, and sleep on the hay--on your right hand 's you go in; it's new hay. We ain't got a spare bed in the house. I do' know 's I kin do any better for ye."

Alice was in the shadow, and at some little distance from the house, and she and Jack laughed as they went to the barn. "She said there was some new hay, didn't she?" Alice asked. And as they laid themselves down in it, it seemed a

most luxurious bed. There was an old horse in the barn, who looked at them with astonishment as they opened the door, and the dim light shone in upon him. The dust made Alice sneeze worse than ever, and she watched the moon shining through the cracks of the barn, and after a good while she went to sleep again.

Early in the morning somebody came to the door, and our friends waked unwillingly.

"My good land sakes alive!" said the woman who had talked to them from the window. "Why didn't ye say there was a lady with ye? I looked round for your mate, and I couldn't see nothing o' nobody. I took it for granted ye were two young fellows, and I was all sole alone. My man's gone down to North Conway, and I thought I wouldn't bother to get up and let ye in. Well, I am mortified and ashamed. You should ha' had the best I got. I hope ye ain't got your death o' cold. 'Twas a warm night, though. Wan't ye eat up with 'skeeters? Why hadn't ye spoke young man?"

"I don't know," said Jack. "I supposed you knew. I didn't think. My sister was right out in the yard there." And they all laughed.

"I'll get ye some breakfast anyway," say the woman, who seemed very good-natured that morning, though she had been so cross the night before. "I've got a nice young fowl picked all ready, and I'll have her fried with a bit o' pork in no time at all. Come into the house now, won't ye?"

Such a breakfast as our friends ate that morning! and such a pleasant ride as they had to North Conway afterward! for Mrs. Dummer, their hostess, was going there to meet her husband, who had gone down some days before. It was too hot, they thought, to walk the rest of the way, and yet there was a fine breeze blowing. I think they were a little tired after their experience the night before, but they were young and strong, and the wetting did not do them a bit of harm after all.

Mrs. Dummer brushed and cleaned Alice's dress for her--at least they did it together. It was blue flannel, and made short in the skirt, and so, after it had its crumples taken out by a little ironing, it looked as well as ever.

Mrs. Dummer seemed much excited by their adventures, and she was sorry to part with her guests. She had not been married very long, she said; she had lived at North Conway in a boarding-house for several years, and it was a great deal livelier there in the summer-time. She did not know how

she was going to like living 'way up in the woods on that lonely farm after cold weather came. But she said, shyly, that "he" was real good company, and that her sister was going to spend part of the winter with her.

"If you would come and stop a while some time, he'd take you off fishing," she told Jack; "he's a great hand to go off for trout." And Jack promised to remember the invitation the next summer.

It seemed an uncommon adventure at the time, and our friends enjoyed it on the whole, only they were sorry afterward they had not walked all the way to North Conway, and poor Jack never has ceased to mourn because nobody can ever know how much his big trout weighed.

Illustrations for "A Bit of Foolishness" One illustration appeared with each part of "A Bit of Foolishness" in *Harper's Young People* on August 2 and August 9, 1881. The first is signed and the second is not. The artist appears to be Thure De Thulstrup (1848-1930). Born in Stockholm, Sweden, he studied in Paris and immigrated to Canada and then to the United States, where he exhibited at the Pan American Exposition in St. Louis in 1901. He served as an illustrator for the New York *Daily Graphic*, *Leslie's*, and *Harper's*. At *Harper's* he covered major news stories such as presidential inaugurations and funerals. He became famous for paintings of American colonial life. (Source: *Who Was Who in American Art*, edited by Peter H. Falk, Madison, CT: Sound View Press, 1985, p. 162).

"I wish a stage would come by."

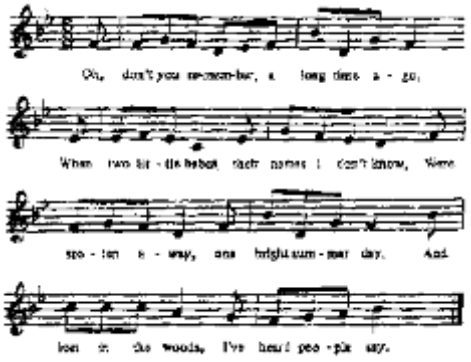
Trying to get dry.

Notes

"A Bit of Foolishness" appeared in *Harper's Young People* (2:635-37 and 651-53) on August 2 and 9, 1881.

White Mountains: Jewett has set this story in an actual location. The *Michelin Guide to New England* (1993) characterizes the North Conway as "the gateway to the White Mountains" of New Hampshire. From North Conway, one may travel about 25 miles north through Pinkham Notch to Glen House, which is the head of the road that ascends Mount Washington, the highest peak of the White Mountains. When Jack later refers to the Notch, however, he may mean the more famous Crawford Notch.

Babes in the Wood: Also known as "The Children in the Wood," "Babes in the Wood" is a long British broadside ballad, printed as early as 1595. In the collection *Percy's Reliques* (c. 1601), the lyrics are attributed to Rob. Tarrington. The following transcription from a recent recording represents part of a longer ballad:



O don't you remember a long time ago
Those two little babies, their names I don't know.
They strayed far away one bright summer's day.
These two little babies got lost on their way.
Chorus Pretty babes in the wood, pretty babes in the wood.
Oh don't you remember those babes in the wood.
Now the day being long and the night coming on,
These two little babies sat under a stone.
They sobbed and they sighed, they sat down and cried,
These two little babies, they lay down and died.
Now the robins so red, so swiftly they sped.
They put out their wide wings and over them spread,
And all the long night the branches did throng
They sweetly did carol and this was their song.

(Source: *Ozark Folk Songs*, Vance Randolph, 1982; Research: Chris Butler and Betty Rogers).

Rip Van Winkle: See Washington Irving's humorous story from *The Sketch Book* (1819-1820).

Jewett on the White Mountains

1872 letter to L. F. Perry

I did not finish my letter last evening as I intended because Uncle William and Father arrived from a journey to Wells, and I had to assist in giving them their late tea. Father went to Portsmouth this morning and then I went to Great Falls with him, and he was just on the point of starting for North Conway when he discovered the train does not go farther than Ossipee except in the morning, and so he must wait. I wish I could go with him -- for I am so fond of the mountains -- and it is so delightful to have them only three hours away, now this railroad has been extended. Mary and I mean to go up to Conway by and by.

1878

Obituary for her father, Theodore F. Jewett

Dr. Jewett died suddenly at the **Crawford House**, White Mountains, on the 20th of September, 1878, from heart disease, the existence of which he carefully concealed from his family and friends, going bravely on with his work until a short time before his death, of which he showed no fear whatever. He dreaded an old age of enforced idleness, of failing health, and the gradual giving up of the duties of his profession, and it is a cause of gratitude to those who knew him best that he finished his work in this world and went away so quickly to a better one, since it was always his own wish and hope that it might be so.

Note: Crawford House, White Mountains: Elizabeth Silverthorne in Sarah Orne Jewett (83-4) recounts Dr. Jewett's death in some detail, placing it in the Crawford House at **Crawford Notch** in New Hampshire's White Mountains. The Michelin Guide to New England (1993) indicates that the notch was named for the Crawford family, which in the 19th century cut the first trail to the summit of nearby Mount Washington, the highest peak in the White Mountains.

Richard Cary's note on Chocorua for Jewett's letter of September 9, 1891 to Horace Scudder A small community of summer homes in the White Mountains of New Hampshire populated in the latter half of the nineteenth century largely by persons of literary or artistic prominence: painters Benjamin Champney and J. F. Kensett, philosophers William James and William E. Hocking, poets William Vaughn Moody and Edwin Arlington Robinson, editors Horace E.

Scudder and Ferris Greenslet, educators Abraham Flexner, Francis J. Child, George F. Baker. Henry James and William Dean Howells came often to stay with William James, and Whittier and Lucy Larcom vacationed in nearby Ossipee. Miss Jewett used to visit the Reverend Treadwell Walden, rector of the Episcopal Cathedral in Boston, at his cottage in Wonalancet.

Jack's Merry Christmas

Jack and all the rest of the boys were very fond of their Sunday-school teacher. I think this was a good thing, and it is not apt to be the case; boys go to Sunday-school usually not because they wish to go, but because they must, and if it were not for the library books, and for the looks of the thing, I think the classes would be smaller than they are. But Miss Duncan was somehow very good company on Sunday, and she continued to find things to say about the lesson which the boys liked to hear, and she had a fashion of making that hour on Sunday have a good deal to do with the rest of the week. I think it was a very pleasant class myself; one or two of the boys were not good boys by any means, but every one of them liked Miss Duncan and would do a great deal to please her. They had liked her from the beginning, (she had had the class for two years) and I believe that was the secret of her success. "People won't do much for you if they don't like you;" somebody says, "if you would have a friend you must be a friend."*

One Sunday in the middle of December, while the rest of the Sunday-school were singing, these boys who were not as a class gifted with musical powers, were talking together, and Miss Duncan who could not sing herself, found that the whispering was all about Christmas, and that they were planning what they should do. Jack sat next her; she always was very good to him, for he was a lonely boy who seemed to have nobody to care for him. There was something very pleasant in his smile, and he had the most honest, cheerful blue eyes which looked straight in everybody's face. His father had been a soldier and had died soon after the war* when Jack was a baby, and his mother had been dead for several years, too. He did not seem to have any grandfathers or grandmothers, or uncles or aunts, though I believe there were after all a brother and sister of his father's, who lived away out west somewhere, but nothing had been heard from them for a good while. Jack lived at old Mr. Josiah Patten's, some distance out of the village, and worked for his board and clothes and schooling. It was a good home for him; but Mr. Patten and his wife, and her sister, Aunt Susan, who was lame, were all elderly people, and the house was not very near any other houses, so sometimes after the supper our friend felt a little bit sad and wished for some of his cronies to keep him company. They were very kind to him and he had plenty to eat, and old Mr. Patten always spoke of him as a good steady boy; but to tell

the truth Jack felt restless and tired of things sometimes, and wondered if it wouldn't have been splendid if his mother were alive and they had kept house in the village somewhere. The Pattens didn't like to have him go down to the village in the evening; they did not think it was a good plan for a boy to be out after dark, and at any rate it was over two miles. But once a fortnight the class were always invited to Miss Duncan's to spend the evening, and Jack never missed going. They never came away until nine o'clock, for most [of] the boys lived close by. So the Pattens went to bed between eight and nine, as usual, and put the key of the end door outside the window. It was a great sacrifice for Jack's comfort, though he was quite unconscious of it. They said at first that he had better leave before the rest did, but he looked so disappointed that Mrs. Patten, who was very kind-hearted [hind-hearted], put in a word for him. But old Mr. Patten always kept awake and listened until he heard Jack come in, and then stole out into the cold side-entry from his bedroom to be sure that the door was locked.

Jack's own room was up-stairs, and he used to go up softly and throw off his clothes, and tumble into bed as quick as he could. The window faced northeast, and all winter there was a great bright star that used to look in. On these nights when Jack was awake later than usual, the star was almost at the top of the window, and it seemed to have been waiting, to be sure that he was safe in bed, before it climbed higher in the sky, and went out of sight. Somehow that star was a great deal of company for Jack.

But I must go back to the Sunday morning when they were talking about Christmas. Miss Duncan suddenly moved closer to them along the seat, and looked very good-natured. "It seems to me we are all thinking about what we are likely to get," said she. "I was wondering what somebody would be likely to give me, myself. I'll tell you what we will all do. Suppose we try to see how many people we can surprise on Christmas day, by doing something to make them have a good time, and we will make it a rule, as far as we can, to give things or do things without asking anybody for the money. Of course that won't be a strict rule, but I think you will be astonished to find how many little pleasures, and great ones too, we can give people without buying them. And we won't think so much about our fathers and mothers -- whom I hope we shall give to anyway -- as about outside people, whom we never thought of before at Christmas time. I always find myself thinking about what I am going to have," said Miss Duncan, laughing; "and this year I am going to try

to give my whole mind to what I can do for my friends. I believe it would be the best Christmas we ever spent in our lives."

Somehow the way Miss Duncan said this made a great impression on the boys. I suppose they had been told a good many times before that Christmas was a time when one should try to make other people happy; and on the day when Christ came into the world to do so much for us, we ought to be as much like Him as we can, but they had not taken it home to themselves. And Jack more than anybody else, perhaps because he wished to please Miss Duncan, felt a warm little flush come into his cheeks as he thought he would do ever so many things that people would like. He had not been looking forward to Christmas very eagerly, except on account of the present that Miss Duncan herself might give him, as she had the year before. The day was never noticed at the Patten's; they were very old-fashioned people, and they always spoke sedately of its being Christmas day, and then turned their minds at once to other more important subjects. At New Year's Mr. Patten always gave Jack a dollar, and last year Aunt Susan had added fifty cents, because she said he was very obliging about bringing in wood for her. She could hardly stir out of the chair, she was so stiffened with rheumatism. "I don't know 's there was any need of it," she said, by way of apology to Mrs. Patten. "It ain't everybody would do so well by him as we do, but I thought I'd encourage the boy, and he would be full as likely to keep stiddy."

Jack did not know a great many people, and he was a shy boy. He did not dare to offer anything to strangers, and as he walked home after meeting along the rough frozen road, he felt a little discouraged, for there seemed to be nobody to do anything for. Then he said to himself that there were the folks at home; they weren't his father and mother, so he could put them on the list. And he remembered that he had a good stock of walnuts, and he made up his mind he would carry a bag of them to each of the boys in the class. Walnuts had been very scarce that year, and he had been lucky in finding some trees a good way out of the town, at the edge of a piece of woods, where he had gone one day with Mr. Patten to mark some trees that were to be cut when the snow came. Then there was Miss Duncan; he must find something for her. He thought everything of her, and she had lent him ever so many books, and had been very kind to him. He never felt afraid of Miss Duncan.

When he was nearly home he caught sight of an old black house over in the field. It was a dismal looking little place, there were some dilapidated sheds, and the fences of the land that led down to the road were all falling to pieces. An old woman lived there all alone whom nobody liked. She was thought to have considerable money laid up, but she was very stingy. She squabbled with the men who did her haying, and every year somebody undertook to cultivate a field of hers on the halves* and was scolded and cheated so that he never tried it again. They said she would even get up early in the morning and steal potatoes out of the hills. She was an untidy, cross-looking old creature who seemed in the course of a long life never to have made a friend. She was growing very feeble now, every body knew, but she was so disagreeable and insolent when any of the farmers' wives, who were her neighbors, undertook to do anything for her, that they seldom offered their services. She watched for the boys who even dared to look at her apple-trees and nut-trees, she always was expecting people to do her harm. Sometimes, since she had grown very lame and could not go to the village herself, she would call to Jack, as he went by and ask him to do errands for her, but one day she accused him of stealing from her some of the change, and he had never been hailed since. Poor old Becky Nash!

Jack looked at the house (there did not seem to be any smoke coming out of the chimney), and wondered if she had grown so stingy that she would not afford herself a fire. Perhaps she might be sick or even dead. Sometimes it would be many days that nobody would see her. He wondered if she ever heard of Christmas, and then he laughed as he thought how angry she would be if he tried to do anything to make her have a good time. But something kept the thought of doing it still in his mind. No matter if she were angry he meant to try; there were so few people who belonged to him in any way. The door opened as he watched it, and old Becky came out slowly, as if she moved with great pain, and gathered up a few sticks of wood. She had a little wood lot, not far away, but Jack noticed that her wood-pile had quite disappeared.

"I guess she's sick," he said to himself, and after hesitating a minute he ran up the lane.

"What do you want?" the old woman growled when she saw him; she had been stooping over the ground to fill her apron with chips, and she could hardly straighten herself up again.

"I'll take in some wood for you if you want me to," said the boy.

"I s'pose you'll want to be paid all out-doors for it," she growled again. "I can't afford to hire ye."

Jack laughed and said he was hired out already, he would take it in for her and welcome. "You're most out o' wood, aren't you?" said he.

"There's plenty over in my wood lot that was cut last winter, but I can't get nobody to haul it," said the old woman. "Jim Decker promised me to haul it before the snow was gone, and then he tried to swindle me, and I sent him about his business. I had considerable here and I got along through the summer. I expect it's all stolen by this time. Sam Downs cut it and he ain't none too honest."

Jack gathered up what wood he could find, and took it into the house, which was as forlorn and cold as a house could be. There were only two armfuls, and some chips, which he put into a basket that the old woman brought out. She seemed in a better temper than usual, and did no scold him from the door all the way down the lane, as she had a habit of doing. Somehow he pitied her more than he ever had before, and he made up his mind that he would get her some wood, if Mr. Patten would lend him the old horse to haul it, and he could saw it and split it, and have a load ready for Christmas day. The thought of doing this gave him great pleasure. He was sure that Miss Duncan would say it was a kind thing to do, and beside that, he knew it was right. Jack was trying to be good, and sometimes it was very hard work, for he was quick-tempered, and was always getting angry before he knew it. When he reached home the Pattens were wondering why he had been so long. He took his seat at the dinner table, and began to eat his Sunday dinner of baked beans, for he was a growing boy, and as hungry as they are apt to be. "I stopped up to old Becky Nash's," he said; "she's sick, and she was trying to lug in some wood."

"You've gone and got pitch all over your best clothes," said Mrs. Patten, who did not seem to be in a very good humor. "She's got money to hire help if she wants it," and Jack flushed a little, and felt chilled and discouraged. "Well, he ought to think of his clothes, but 'twas right of the boy to do her a kind turn, seeing she was sick," said Mr. Patten, and Jack felt very grateful to him for taking his part.

It was two or three days before he ventured to tell Mr. Patten of his plan for getting Becky a load of wood, and he

was very pleased because the old man was willing, and gave a most cheerful consent. It was to be a secret, and Jack hurried through with his work, so that he could have time to saw or split for a little while every day. The snow kept off very late that year, and he finished it all in the woods, so that the day before Christmas it was all piled, ready for the old white horse to haul. There would not be more than two or three small loads of it. Jack fitted some boards on the sides of the old light farm cart. He had been to Becky's once in the meantime , and she had sent him to bring in some broken boards from the fence. They were rotten old things, and he wondered how she could keep herself from freezing with such a fire as they must make. He split them up for her, and left them, and she was so cross that day that he almost repented of his generosity, and yet he wondered what she would say if she knew how hard he had been working for her. "I might die in my bed, for all any of my neighbors would lift a finger to help me," she said, and he had half a mind to tell her it was nobody's fault but her own.

It was very hard to know what to do for the rest of the people whose Christmas Jack wished to make pleasant. He had to spend money for two people, Mrs. Patten and Aunt Susan, and he fortunately had two dollars, which he had made be driving cows that summer for their next neighbour. He had meant to save this toward buying some books which he wanted very much -- for Jack had a great wish to be a good scholar, and he had a great liking for books. But he bought Mrs. Patten a spectacle case, for she was always mourning over hers, which she had somehow lost out of her pocket coming home from meeting. Luckily the spectacles had not been in it. She had spoken about getting a new one, but somehow she always forgot it when she went to the village. And one day he saw a blue and black silk handkerchief hanging in one of the store windows, and with much fear and trembling he went in to ask the price. It wa[s] seventy-five cents, and he thought it would be beautiful for Aunt Susan to tie round her neck. She always wore a handkerchief, for she was apt to feel a draught. He could pay for it easily, and he felt as if he were spending a great deal of money, and put the little bundle deep in his pocket, and felt very grand as he carried it home. Then there was Miss Duncan, whom after all he cared most to please, but he remembered that the year before she had said that she found it very hard to set enough of a certain kind of evergreen which she liked. She always made wreaths to put in her windows, and trimmed the rooms for Christmas, and

he had found one or two places where a great deal of that evergreen grew. So a day or two before Christmas day itself he knocked at her door with two big baskets full. She was not at home, but next day he met her in the village, she was on horseback and stopped when she saw him, and you do not know how pleased she was! "I was going to drive out to Mr. Patten's to see you and thank you, Jack," said she. I don't believe you know what a kindness you have done me in bringing that evergreen. I never can make any other kind serve me half so well, and I only knew one place where I could find much of it, and yesterday I went to pick some and found that all that piece of woodland had been cleared and burnt over. It is on a cross road where I very seldom go. I was cold and disappointed when I came home, and the first things I saw were those great baskets. I could'nt [couldn't] imagine who had been so thoughtful and kind."

Jack looked up at her and smiled, and tried to say something in return, but he could not think of anything. "I'll take the baskets as I go back," said he. "Mr. Patten and I came down with the team," and he added shyly, "I've been trying to make somebody have a good Christmas. I brought down some walnuts I had for the fellows in the class -- they're scarce this year, and I've got a pile of wood split for that old Becky Nash -- it was her wood, but she's so ugly -- she wouldn't get anybody to haul it. She fought with the man that cut it for her, so she let it lay there in the woods. She's sort of crazy, I guess. And I am going to haul it for her early in the morning. I bought some things for Aunt Susan and Mrs. Patten over at our house, it ain't much, but then they won't be looking for anything. I don't have anybody belonging to me like the rest of the boys."

Miss Duncan's eyes filled with tears, but Jack did not notice it, and in a few minutes she said good-bye, and rode away, and John went on up the street to do an errand for Mrs. Patten. Mr. Patten was very apt to forget such little things as sewing cotton or darning needle, and he had gone in another direction, to attend to some business at the selectmen's office.* Miss Duncan saw him standing on the post office steps, looking very much puzzled as he read a letter. "Here's my sister down in Maine says she wishes I would take one of her sons that wants to live out. They've had a hard scratch to get along. I've always had to help them some. I declare I don't know what to do about John. I suppose you don't know of any body that wants a boy?"

"I can't think of any one just now," said Miss Duncan, looking as if she felt very sorry. "He's a good boy, I hope he will find a comfortable home." It seemed very hard that he should be at the mercy of the world, and that just now he should be made to feel his loneliness. She thought about him a good deal as she rode slowly away down the road, and suddenly she said to herself, "That's a capital plan. I wish that father would come home to-night."

Jack came up the street presently, hiding something behind him, which he put out of sight under the cart, and fastened there with some string. It was a new ox-goad, which he had happily remembered that Mr. Patten wanted, and he had promised the shop-keeper to pay for it in walnuts the next day. He remembered that he had not wished to go to the wood lot with Mr. Patten the day he found those trees, but it was proving a most lucky thing that he had.

Christmas day dawned bright and clear, and Jack was ready to get up as soon as he waked and thought what day it was. It was very cold, and the kitchen was like an ice house, but he started the fire as soon as he could. "That ain't you, is it, John? How came you up so early this cold morning?" said Mr. Patten, for Jack liked to lie in bed as late as he could.

"Merry Christmas," said Jack. "Did you know it was Christmas Day?" and Mrs. Patten, who just then made her appearance, said: "Why, so it is! but then I never heard anything about Christmas in my day."

"I thought I'd get you some presents," said Jack, feeling very much embarrassed and doubtful if he were doing the right thing. "All the boys were going to get them for their folks," and he brought the ox-goad, and the spectacle case, and Mr. and Mrs. Patten looked at each other and thanked him, at first without much enthusiasm, but Mrs. Patten recovered herself first.

"I declare it was very pretty of him, I've sure. I wish we had something to give you, John, but you see it wa'n't the custom when we were young folks. We're much obliged to you. I have been in a great strait for a spectacle case, too."

"This is as good a goad as I could have picked out myself," said Mr. Patten. "We shall remember it of you, my boy;" and he went out to feed the cattle, and John followed, after giving the handkerchief to Mrs. Patten for Aunt Susan.

They were as pleased as children, but Jack could not help noticing that there was something strange about the old

people. Mr. Patten was unusually silent, and when they came in from the barn the boy noticed they looked at each other in a queer way. He wondered if it could be anything about him or his presents. Aunt Susan had dressed herself and come down into the kitchen much earlier than usual, and she had put on her new handkerchief, which seemed to give her great pleasure, though she said she should keep it after that for company. Somehow they all seemed very fond of Jack that morning; they filled his plate with the best that was on the table; they couldn't have treated him better if he had been the minister.

"It seems pleasant to have somebody remember us, seeing we haven't got any young folks of our own. I shall tell every body coming out of meeting to-morrow that we had Christmas presents as well as anybody," said Mrs. Patten. Mr. Patten was sitting by the stove warming his hands, and John went in and out filling the great wood-box [boox] -- it was Saturday and Mrs. Patten was going to do the baking, and the wood must be selected with care.

"I declare I don't know what to say to the boy," said Mr. Patten, while our friend was out of the room. "It seems as if we ought to keep him; he's a clever boy as ever was, though he is heedless sometimes. But then we have got a duty to our own folks. I suppose Jane thinks likely I'll give the farm to Samuel when I get through -- she always had an eye to the windward, Jane had; but I don't know but what she's right, and perhaps Sam will work in first rate. He was a good strong fellow when I saw him and could do as good as a man's work then. I ain't near as smart as I used to be. John means well, but he's nothing but a boy and small of his age anyway, but I do hate to turn him off right in winter weather. I guess I'll keep him over till spring, anyway. He don't seem to have anybody to look to. But then, he may get a place where he can get better schooling -- he takes to his book."

Mrs. Patten was in the pantry, and neither of them noticed that Jack was standing inside the door. He heard enough of what Mr. Patten said to make him certain that he had lost his home, and for a little while his heart was very heavy. He had tried so hard to do uncommonly well on that Christmas day that he had been sure that something he would like very much must be going to happen to him. In a minute Mr. Patten turned and saw him, and looked confused and worried. He was a little deaf.

"Well, I may 's well tell you, John," said he, "my sister's son's coming to live with me, I suppose, and I do' know 's we

shall want ye both. You needn't be no ways afraid. I shan't let you go until you've got a good place."

And poor Jack said "all right," but he felt as if the world had suddenly turned upside down, and went back to the wood-shed for another armful of pine sticks. He was afraid for a few moments that he was going to cry, but he managed to keep back the tears. When he went into the kitchen again Mr. Patten had disappeared and Mrs. Patten behaved as if nothing had happened.

She had been knitting some mittens for Jack, and she said she should hurry to finish them that day and put some bright colored taps* on them; and when she showed them to him, she said she wished she had a better present. And Aunt Susan said she would give him a new hat if he would pick out such a one as he liked at the store, which pleased him very much.

As soon as he could, he hurried away with the old horse and started for Becky Nash's with the load of wood, and it was not long before he was taking it up the lane. She did not appear until he had begun to throw it off, and then she suddenly opened the door.

"What are you a-doing of?" said she, as if she had caught him stealing,["] and she stood there scowling at him.

"It is your own wood," said Jack, laughing. "I though[t] I'd bring some of it over for you, you seemed to be about out. I thought I'd get it here for a Christmas present. It's Christmas day."*

"My sakes alive!" said old Becky. "What kind of a boy be ye? Didn't nobody send ye? But I suppose you're expecting great pay."

"I don't want any pay,["] say Jack,["] angrily. "Anybody would think I did it to spite you. I thought you'd be pleased and -- well, it was Christmas Day and I wanted to make folks have a good time" -- and he went on throwing down the wood.

"Well, I believe ye," said old Becky, presently, in a different tone altogether, "and you're the best boy I ever see, and I'm going to make it up to ye sometime or other. You are the first one that's done me a kindness in many a long year, and I dare say it's as much my fault as anybody's, too. I didn't know where to turn to get anybody to haul that wood, and I have been burning them rotten fences." "I've got another load ready to bring," said Jack, "and that's all there

is. I guess some that Sam cut has been stolen. He says so; he was looking at it one day."

"You tell Sam if he'll come once here some day, I'll treat him decent, if he will me," said Becky, with a good deal of dignity. "I ain't going to starve and freeze myself any longer. I guess you kind of thawed me out a thinking of me with your Christmas presents. I can't stop here in the door no longer. I'm dreadful bad in my joints to-day, but I shan't forget ye."

Toward noon when our friend had finished the last load, he took a big armful and knocked at the door, and went in. The old woman was wrapped in shawls and blankets and looked forlorn. Jack thought she had been crying, but he did not dare to look at her again, and went over to the wood box.

"Here's something for you," said she, reaching out her hand, "and I should take it kind if you'd split me a few kindlings before you go away. It won't take you but a few minutes, and I ain't able to touch an axe myself. I'm going to get Sam Downs to cut me some hard wood to go with this, and if it's so that Pattens can spare ye this afternoon, I wish you'd go over to my niece, Sophia Turner, and tell her to come and see me, and if she can I wish she would stop for a spell until I get better, and I want her to go to the store and bring up some provisions. I'm about out of everything. Tell her she won' t have nothing to scare her. I'll treat her well as I can," said old Becky, smiling grimly. "We ain't spoke these twelve years. I guess you thawed me out," she said again to Jack.

And what was our friend's surprise to find when he was out of the door that she had given him a five-dollar bill.

When he went home, much amazed at the effect and success of his Christmas plans, he saw Miss Duncan's horse fastened at the fence. She was just coming out of the house.

"Good-morning, Jack," said she. "I have been waiting to see you. I brought you some books, and I wanted to wish you a merry Christmas myself. I am going to propose a plan to you, too, that I have just been talking over with Mr. Patten. He told me yesterday that his nephew would like to come and live with him and help carry on the farm, and that he thinks he shall not need you both. My father came home last night from town, and I told him that I thought it would be a very good thing for you to come to live with us. Henry, who has lived with us so long, is not so young as he was once, and I think you could do a good many little things to help him. You will have a better school than you have here, and

we will try and do as well for you as I am sure you will for us. I told my father that I should be responsible for you," said Miss Duncan, with her pleasantest smile.

Jack did not know what to say; it seemed to him as if he were going home. He liked the Pattens, but he had always been lonely there, and he made up his mind that Miss Duncan should not be sorry that she had urged her father to let him come.

"And I mean to be somebody," said Jack to himself.

There never had been such a happy Christmas or such a merry one in Jack's life. The five boys who had found the newspaper bundles of walnuts that he had tied up and marked for them and taken in on the team the day before all came out together to him, and they skylarked together all the afternoon, for Mr. Patten himself had first gone to see old Becky Nash after hearing Jack's story, and then had carried her message to her niece. "It was a real Christian thing for that boy to do," said Mrs. Patten that night. "I'm sorry to part with him, I declare I am, but I know it'll be for his good."

Jack felt very sleepy and happy just then, in his bed in the attic northeast room, and he opened his eyes once or twice to see the great bright star watching him through the window. He wondered if it might have been the same star* that it told about in the Bible -- the one that shepherds saw over Bethlehem, and he hoped he should see it as he fell asleep after he went to live at Miss Duncan's. He had never been so happy in his life as he had been that Christmas Day.

Notes

"Jack's Merry Christmas" appeared in *The Independent* (33:31-2) on December 15, 1881.

"if you would have a friend you must be a friend": See Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay "Friendship" in *Essays: First Series* (1841). "The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way to have a friend is to be one."

the war: The American Civil War of 1861-1865.

on the halves: to rent out land and pay half the expenses in order to receive half of the land's income.

selectmen's office: The governing body of a New England town is often named the selectmen.

put some bright colored taps on them: What these taps are is difficult to determine. In Scots dialect, a decorate woollen knob on a man's cap or "bonnet" is called a tap. Perhaps Jack's mittens will have colorful woollen knobs on them.

Christmas Day: "Day" appearing with "Christmas" is inconsistently capitalized in this story. I have left these as they appear in the original.

same star that it told about in the Bible -- the one that shepherds saw over Bethlehem: In fact, the shepherds at Bethlehem are not reported to have seen such a star. Rather the three kings or wise men, journeying from the East, told King Herod that they had seen a star that guided them toward Bethlehem (see Matthew 2).

Good Society Novels

It is a very pleasant thing to finish reading a book and feel that one has made a charming new acquaintance. Men and women who are entirely congenial and delightful are by no means common in this world, even if one lives in the midst of its best society; and some of our dear friends are people who live all the year round in the little three-walled houses made by book-covers. Yet their every-day life is as real to us as our own; their houses and their fortunes and misfortunes are well known to us, and we are sure of a thousand things about them that we never saw in print. The inner circle of our friends might be a broken one if it were not rounded and completed with such companionships as these. But one thinks not so much of the luxury of having these friendships as of the necessity for them, and of the good it does everybody to know nice people, of the elevating power a novel may have if it carries its readers among people worth knowing. It is certainly a great force in raising the tone of society; it is a great help in the advance of civilization and refinement. A good story has a thousand readers where a biography has ten. Who is not better for having associated with the ladies and gentlemen to whom certain novelists have presented us? One instinctively tries to behave his very best after meeting them, and admires their hospitality, their charity, their courage in adversity, their grace and good-breeding. How many tricks of speech and manner we have caught in such society! How often we have been moved to correct some carelessness or rudeness, of which we were unconscious until they taught us better! Trollope, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant,* a hundred others, have unwittingly done much more than entertain us with their stories: they have taught many people good manners; they have set copies for us to follow in little things and great. To have spent a Week in a French Country House* -- as I hope we have all been lucky enough to do -- will save us from seeming awkward on any repetition of that charming visit. If we have never been abroad at all we do not feel that when we are in France, by and by, and go down into the country, it will seem at all strange.

There is nothing like having read many English novels to make one feel at home in England. We know the fashion of doing things as well as Englishmen themselves, and we should not be surprised at the minor differences of speech and etiquette. We have ridden to hounds, and have dined in Trollope's comfortable country houses, and have gone to the

country balls, too often to be caught making mistakes; we know the order in which people should go out to dinner, and the order of ecclesiastical rank in the cathedral towns. We have starred it in the provinces, and have spent many a gay and gallant London season. We have gone shooting and fishing through the Highlands* and Ireland with as pleasant people as one may find in all Great Britain. We have grown so used to yachting in the Hebrides and all up and down the coast that it seems an old story to join a yacht's company, and to watch the shore and the sunset, to see the daylight fade and the stars come out, as we ride at anchor in some picturesque Scotch harbor.

It is a pity that so little is known of our own pleasantest people from the story-books. The best of our gentlemen and ladies have kept very much to themselves; at any rate, they have few representatives in fiction, and do not mix much with the familiar types of character in American novels. Do they have themselves privately printed, and are they right to be so shy as they are, and to keep their fashion of doing things to themselves? Are the authors who write about American life afraid of seeming to copy foreign stories if they say too much of the people who, from a social point of view, are best worth knowing and reading about? The country life and local dialects and peculiarities, with their ridiculousness and pathos, the energy and restlessness and flashiness and unconventionality, the ostentation, of Americans have been held up for us to look at again and again. There are many of our neighbors across the water who think that the American girl of the period, with whom they have become acquainted, is the best type that can be found. It is too bad that there have been so few stories of agreeable, high-bred American men and women, and that our own best society has been so seldom represented in fiction. It is certainly not because it does not exist, and more books that show us such characters as these would do much good and give great satisfaction.

In the smaller country towns there are always persons who would have been much more lonely and far more eager for congenial companionship had it not been for their friendships with books. We can each speak with gratitude of our own best loved intimacies of this kind; we can recall the worn copies of books that some of our elderly friends have treasured, and to which they cling eagerly and fondly. This grave and careful woman keeps to her early friendship with some old story-friend with a loyalty and wealth of association that have grown year by year; and her daughter loves the

Princess of Thule,* and wishes she could have spent that year on Borva before the story began. She would like to wring Frank Lavender's neck for him. Sheila's life before he came to the island was the life, of all others, that she likes best, and never has had a chance to link herself with as she has in the novel, that makes her familiar with it.

We sometimes grow tired of people in books whom we like at first; we think they talk too much about themselves, or about nothing. But we can forget them without ever having to reproach ourselves with fickleness or disloyalty.

It is a great temptation to praise some characters who have been dear to me, but it is perhaps safer not to begin. In a novel entitled The Sunmaid* I was lucky enough to meet a delightful woman, called the Princess. She is one of the most charming persons I have ever known, and, though little is said of her, I have kept the book carefully for her dear sake, and I shall read about her affectionately again and again. I think it is a great advantage to any one to know her. And there was Lily Dale, in the Small House at Allington.* She was such a nice girl, and I used to feel dreadfully because she was so sad about Crosbie; but I long ago ceased to regret her disappointment. She had a pretty way of saying things, though I think of her now as being a great deal older than she was then, and we have not seen so much of each other of late years.

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (49:136-8), January 1882. Richard Cary attributed it to Jewett; his opinion seems to be confirmed by a Jewett letter to editor Thomas Bailey Aldrich, probably written late in November or December of 1881.

Trollope, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant: Anthony Trollope (1815-1882) was one of the most popular British novelists of the nineteenth century, writing stories of country and small-town English life. Miss Thackeray is William M. Thackeray's daughter, also a novelist, Anne Isabella Thackeray, Lady Ritchie (1837-1919). Margaret Oliphant (1828-97) was a Scots writer of over 100 books.

Week in a French Country House: Adelaide Kemble Sartoris is the British author of *a Week in a French Country-house, Medusa, and Other Tales* (1882).

Highlands: of Scotland.

Princess of Thule: *A Princess of Thule* (1874) is by the Scots writer, William Black (1841-1898).

The Sunmaid: *The Sun-Maid. A Romance* (1877) by Mrs. Maria M. Grant.

Small House at Allington: The Small House at Allington (1864) is by Anthony Trollope (1815-1882).

The Plea of Insanity

Introduction

This text seems to need an introduction, for it assumes from the first sentence knowledge of a course of events few readers would now possess. This introduction summarizes that course of events and opens some questions about Jewett's involvement in it.

On July 2, 1881, Charles Julius Guiteau (1841-1882) fired two shots at President James Garfield as the President passed through the Baltimore and Potomac train station in Washington D.C. to begin an excursion to his *alma mater*, Williams College. Guiteau was immediately arrested and jailed, while the nation and the world waited to learn whether the President would recover from his wounds. Upon his arrest, Guiteau was carrying a letter addressed to the White House, which read: "I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men, in New York during the canvass. I am going to jail. Please order out your troops, and take possession of the jail at once" (Rosenberg, p. 5). Though Guiteau had practiced law, his training and experience were minimal. His claim to be a theologian rested on his having tried itinerant preaching as a means of earning a living and upon having self-published a book on religion. His claim to be a politician rested upon his having made one minor political speech, having been an avid supporter of Ulysses S. Grant and then James Garfield in the presidential contest of 1880. To be a Stalwart meant supporting the "spoils system," by which those elected to office received the power to appoint their supporters to virtually all government jobs. Though President Garfield had solicited Stalwart support in his election, he resisted their wishes after his election. Guiteau saw this resistance as one reason why he did not receive the State Department appointment he had convinced himself he deserved. The president died on September 19.

Guiteau's trial began on November 14 and quickly became a notorious news event. People were anxious to witness the trial, seats were difficult to get, and the courtroom was always full and not always orderly. The less than competent Guiteau was active in his own defense, though his brother-in-law, George Scoville, was his lawyer.

Scoville also had little experience in criminal law and sought help from others. These factors contributed to a disorderly trial that provided newspapers and spectators with dramatic entertainment through its completion in February 1882, when Guiteau was sentenced to be executed on the following June 30.

A central issue in the trial was Guiteau's responsibility* for the murder. There was no question that he fired the shots, but was he sane enough to be held responsible? Charles E. Rosenberg (see bibliography below) examines this issue in detail, presenting the main opposing views. The majority view is represented by Jewett's "The Plea of Insanity." In this view, one is sane if one can distinguish between right and wrong. And it seemed clear that Guiteau could make this distinction. Instead of legal insanity, Guiteau was said to suffer from "moral insanity." Though he may seem unrestrained and sometimes out of control, this state was the result of his own choices. At some point, he made a wrong turn, failed to restrain himself when he knew he should. After that it became increasingly difficult for Guiteau to follow the moral law; having stepped off the straight and narrow path, he tumbled down the slippery slope into moral depravity. Therefore, he must be held responsible for the great crime he committed at its bottom. Jewett describes this process in a children's story that appeared in December of 1871 in *The Independent* (28:3), "The Boy with One Shoe":

> I do wish I could make you believe how wise it is to be careful about doing right. Because you are a child, you think it is no matter if you tell lies, and are lazy, and say things at school you would not dare or wish to at home. It is the greatest harm to you, if it never troubles any one else in the least. The world is crowded with people this very day who will sadly tell you that they had this or that habit when they were children; and, though they have tried and tried, they cannot break away from it, and it makes them ashamed of themselves every day. These things grow in you just as a tree does in the ground. There is only a little twig with a leaf or two at first; but, if nobody treads on it, it grows stronger and deeper into the ground, just as your naughty ways take more and more hold in you, and the branches spread wider and wider out into the world.... And it makes it harder, every time you tell a lie, for you to tell the truth next time.

Though Jewett wants to hold the morally depraved responsible for their crimes, she is also willing to recommend

pity for them as in "Sheltered," her poem in *Harper's Monthly* (63: 444-446), August 1881.

New thinking about insanity began to gain prominence after the Civil War, and ideas approached more closely to twenty-first-century notions of mental illness, but this thinking lacked coherence at the time and stood little chance of making way against a variety of social and intellectual forces of opposition, not least of which was a national consensus that Guiteau must die for his crime.

Guiteau tried to maintain that he was legally insane: "I do not claim to be insane as a medical man would judge what is ordinarily called insane, but legal insanity ... It is an insanity in a legal sense, irresponsibility [i.e. not responsible], because it was an act without malice . . . . I knew from the time I conceived the act if I could establish the fact before a jury that I believed the killing was an inspired act I could not be held responsible before the law. You may add this, that the responsibility lies on the Deity, and not on me, and that, in law, is insanity" (Clark, p.121). Few took this position seriously.

Whether in later years Guiteau would be judged legally insane and institutionalized rather than tried is difficult to determine. The portraits that emerge in Rosenberg and in Clark suggest that from childhood on Guiteau was delusional and barely capable of distinguishing fantasy and reality. He wanted to be important, imagined himself to be a succession of great persons, and once he imagined something, came quickly to believe it was true. He seemed to lack the ability to carry through a sustained effort, and his life took the shape of repeated attempts to leap by sheer will into the position of greatness he felt belonged to him. Much of his life consisted of schemes for achieving greatness in some field, supported by petty swindles that just barely kept him out of poverty. He was resourceful and canny, but could not formulate and carry out a practical plan for achieving a long-term goal. His second-to-last scheme was to secure an ambassadorial appointment from the newly elected Garfield, for whom Guiteau had campaigned in a minor way. In the weeks before shooting the President, he wrote many letters to Garfield and his assistants offering familiar advice concerning patronage appointments, re-election strategies, and the first lady's health. Though he had managed to speak only on a couple of occasions with Garfield and Secretary of State James Blaine, he felt he was on familiar terms with both and that he fully deserved appointment to a consulate

in Paris or Vienna. Throughout this period, he seemed convinced such an appointment would come, and he traded upon it in every way. When the idea of killing President Garfield came into his head, he hardly questioned it. That he had thought of it made it seem right, and he quickly rationalized it in the ways suggested by the letter he carried during the assassination, justifying the assassination ultimately as a sort of divine command to save the Republican Party and the United States from Garfield's mild but mistaken efforts at reigning in the spoils system. Clark reports that when Guiteau bought a pearl-handled pistol, paying $10 of borrowed money, and rejected a less expensive hard-rubber-handled model, he asserted that the former would look better in a museum (p. 49). There is evidence to suggest that Guiteau's deepest, though perhaps unacknowledged, motive for the assassination was to bound into greatness at last. For example, his first action upon conceiving the idea was to revise his self-published book, *The Truth* -- a mishmash of the doctrines of J. H. Noyes of the Oneida Community, where Guiteau was a member for several years in his youth. He anticipated demand for this book after the assassination made him famous.

These glimpses of Guiteau suggest that he was pathological from an early age, that he probably never had occupied a position above the pit of moral depravity into which popular thought was persuaded he must have fallen. If he were examined today, it is possible he would be considered incompetent to stand trial, though this is not certain. To have him judged insane in 1881, his defense had to show that he had a hereditary tendency to insanity, that he had suffered from fits of madness in which he was incapable of reasoning about right and wrong, and that he had been suffering in this way when he shot the President. There was little chance that such a case could be proven, especially when Guiteau was repeatedly before the jury and the public acting in his own defense. Though he clearly was incompetent and unrestrained in many ways, he always seemed aware of his own self-interest. His wildest behavior was fairly easily interpreted as a deliberate if clumsy attempt to appear insane. He seemed to fit easily into the category of "moral insanity" for which he could be held responsible.

Jewett's essay was published on January 11, near the end of the trial; sentencing took place on February 4. The essay is somewhat unusual in several ways, for it shows a side of Jewett that readers of her collected fiction may not so easily notice.

This is one of the few known pieces in which Jewett comments directly on a current political event. The terms of her argument are consistent with a number of other pieces she wrote in the first decade of her career -- in which the concepts of moral laziness and the importance of a kind of Emersonian self-cultivation figure -- see for example her other essays in *The Congregationalist*, notably "Lucky People" (34:18, Wednesday, May 3, 1882, p. 149). Generally, however, she prefers to express such ideas in the context of a story or poem.

Readers familiar with Jewett also may be surprised to find her expressing essentially conventional views, remembering for example her somewhat more radical opinions on women's work in *A Country Doctor* (1884). It would be an interesting project to sort out Jewett's views on moral depravity and moral laziness as they appear in *A Country Doctor* to determine their consistency with her previously expressed opinions. "The Plea of Insanity" articulates the official position of *The Congregationalist*, a newspaper with a theological interest in the concept of moral depravity. The appendix that follows Jewett's text below shows that Jewett's leading ideas had nearly all appeared in reports and commentary on Guiteau's trial in *The Congregationalist* before her essay appeared. Her readers would recognize the essay as a full statement of the weekly's editorial view that Guiteau was guilty, responsible, and deserving of execution. Appearing shortly before the verdict and sentence and reinforced by other pieces before and after its appearance, the essay presents the paper's position on what the verdict and sentence should be.

One might wonder why *The Congregationalist* would even bother to publish an essay that does little more than reiterate what its various writers had been saying since July 2. Perhaps the editors saw some value in having a guest writer summarize the paper's position as the trial drew to a close. It is possible that the editors welcomed this moderately expressed piece from Jewett because she had developed her reputation as a story-teller and poet, especially for children, in another denominational newspaper, *The Independent*. This is Jewett's first known piece to appear in *The Congregationalist*, but she had been publishing regularly in *The Independent* for a decade, beginning with "The House that Ran Away" in September 1871 (23:3). There she contributed more than twenty stories and poems, many addressed to younger readers. As the quotation from "The Boy with One Shoe" suggests, these pieces tended to be

moralistic; indeed, they returned with some regularity to themes she expresses in "The Plea of Insanity." Her views on this topic were likely to be of interest to readers.

Below appear the text of Jewett's essay, a bibliography of books that discuss Guiteau's trial in detail, and an appendix that helps to establish the context of news and commentary within which Jewett's essay appeared.

The Plea of Insanity

There is something exasperating to many persons in the promptness with which the plea of Guiteau's irresponsibility was brought forward. Such mania as this seems to be the fault and not the misfortune of the possessor -- it is the effect upon character of constantly doing what is known to be wrong. People educate themselves up (or down) to this sort of insanity because they lose hold of themselves and yield to wrong impulses until they have lost all power of resistance, and are like vanes, that whirl about with the wind, and point first one way and then the other. The muscles of our minds grow weak from disuse and the lack of self control, and we must expect to be punished by outward force and blame, as well as by the calamity of conscious worthlessness. The excuse is often heard that an injury or annoyance to a friend, to one's self, to the world at large, could not be helped. "I cannot do this thing or that, though I know that I ought;" "I have a superstitious fear of the other thing." How often one hears such words as these, and pities the persons who are allowing their whims, their selfishness or their nervous fantasies to make their laws of conduct. We are all gifted, to begin with, with the power of knowing the difference between right and wrong. It is only our own wickedness and carelessness that deprives us of it.

There is a deplorable number of worthless people, some of whom claim great sympathy on the score of being nervous invalids, who have only themselves to blame for their sad and provoking condition. It is common to see people who are ill and worn out with over-work -- wounded soldiers in the battle of life -- but it is far more common to see others who are the victims of their own weakness of mind, who have willfully grown more and more inefficient in body and soul, and are a drag and sorrow to themselves and to everybody else. No one ought to take any pride in being a discipline to his neighbors, even if it brings out the good traits of patience and charity! As for such insanity, there is seldom a case of it, or in fact of any insanity, for which the unhappy subject is not

himself responsible. A drifting ship must come to harm, and, as old Thomas Fuller* says: "The house of correction is the fittest place for those who are lame through their own laziness." The sooner most cases of sham insanity are a disgrace instead of an excuse, the better. It would warn back many who are now far on the road towards such a condition. It is a crime against his neighbors when a man is not fulfilling his duties in life; every man should take good care of himself and make the most of himself that is possible, for the sake of society. We are too apt to pity people when we ought rather to reproach them. The theologians tell us that we are responsible for the state of our consciences, and we shudder to think it is true. We are to blame if any instinct has become blunted; if the quality of our characters and actions is not what it should be. The lack of a proper moral motive power is something that cannot be forgiven when one thinks of it soberly; for growing to be better men and women is the only purpose that is sure, in this world, of success. A man may be disappointed and baffled who wishes to be rich or wise or great in any other thing than goodness.

The distance between a life and a crime like Guiteau's -- a life that is laughed at and avoided, and a crime that the nations of the earth have looked at with horror -- and the selfishness and petty tyranny and silly imprudence and weakness that make one household miserable, is a wide distance: the likeness between a man who calls himself a nervous invalid and a man like Guiteau is not apparent at first thought. A human being whose mind and body are the prey of a diseased brain is the saddest and most cruel and mysterious sight in the world. But Guiteau and any man whose mind is lame through his own laziness in taking care of it, are no kindred cases to a man who is the victim of real mania.

Guiteau was a willful murderer, but the readiness with which the plea of irresponsibility was brought forward plainly shows how willing we are to accept the excuse in other cases of less magnitude, inside and outside the courts of law. The doctors may give us sedatives and tonics, but they cannot give us doses of common sense and self-control. The health of the mind, and the building up and care of character, are dependent upon one's self. Nothing can help us if we will not be helped. If a man himself is to blame for having arrived at the perhaps irresponsible state of mind in which he commits a crime, he certainly deserves the penalty as much for the long course of wrong doing as for the act itself. And to be praised, to be pitied, to be notorious, and to try to make

oneself of consequence in any harmful way -- to live for any unworthy ends like these -- is certainly not right-mindedness; but a bad and useless life ought to be blamed and not excused. People are always saying I cannot when they mean I will not; they say that fate and circumstances -- even their own natures have been against them, when they never have honestly tried to make the most and best of life.

Notes

"The Plea of Insanity" appeared in *The Congregationalist* 34 #2 p. 1; 11 January 1882. This text is made available courtesy of the Newberry Library

Guiteau's irresponsibility: Guiteau would be "irresponsible" or not responsible for the murder of President Garfield if it could be shown that he was a madman, incapable of understanding and controlling his own actions. The medical and religious communities were deeply divided within themselves about the issue of insanity. Jewett's essay reflects this division. His defense in court and in public discussion expressed minority views about the nature of insanity; these were seen as dangerous for several reasons. Jewett seems most concerned with the general effects on the nation of what she sees as an attempt to evade responsibility for one's moral duty of self-cultivation.

Thomas Fuller says: "The house of correction is the fittest place for those who are lame through their own laziness.": Probably the elder Thomas Fuller (1608-1661). See his *The Holy State* (c. 1656) Bk 3, Ch. 1, "Of Hospitality."

Bibliography

Two substantial accounts of the assassination of President Garfield and the trial of his assassin, Charles Guiteau.

James C. Clark, *The Murder of James A. Garfield: The President's Last Days and the Trial and Execution of His Assassin*. Jefferson, NC: McFarland & Co., 1993.

Charles E. Rosenberg, *The Trial of the Assassin Guiteau*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1968.

Garfield's Assassination in *The Congregationalist*

Following is a sketch of the coverage of President Garfield's assassination and the aftermath in *The Congregationalist* during 1881 and 1882. It consists of summaries and

quotations of main pieces and some smaller items dealing with Guiteau and the trial, but includes one piece that bears on the newspaper's more general position on social issues. This will seem fragmentary without a more complete narrative such as is available in Rosenberg and in Clark, but when combined with those accounts, these materials will help the reader to understand two contexts within which it is interesting to see Jewett's essay: the context of the national conversation on Guiteau's trial and the context of *The Congregationalist's* contributions to that conversation. These materials are made available courtesy of the Newberry Library.

Volume 33, 1881

July 6 (the first issue to appear after the shooting on July 2)

p. 218, under the title "Reaping the Whirlwind"

The writer asks us to think about the causes that stand behind Guiteau's actions. The current dangerous state of the nation "is the result of no chance, but rather the legitimate fruitage of seed which has been sewn for years along the furrows of the public mind."

Though the writer is unwilling to assert without evidence that there was a conspiracy -- a suspicion that might easily follow from the assassination four months earlier of Russia's Czar Alexander II by Nihilist conspirators -- he is convinced that "wild ideas are in the atmosphere." He names Wendell Phillips, who has spoken approvingly of the Czar's death in a recent speech at Yale, and O'Donovan Rossa, who has been involved in violence in Ireland. Other wild ideas include the promiscuous carrying of firearms in some parts of the United States and the spoils system.

That this shooting has arisen out of this atmosphere should be taken as a warning from God to clean up the moral atmosphere of the nation or expect more serious consequences. The piece ends with a recommendation to Chester Arthur, should be become President, to "develop a manly and vigorous patriotism" in the nation, one that is properly submissive to the rule of God.

p. 222, the last page of this issue. Under the headline "A Startling Event!"

This is a narrative of the assassination attempt. The pronunciation of "Guiteau" is given as "getto."

The story reports that Guiteau has a reputation as a dead-beat "and has for years been a miserable, worthless fellow, if not a semi-lunatic. He declares that he meant to commit the deed and thereby put Mr. Arthur in the President's chair, and thus bring Mr. Conkling to power; but the general belief is that he is nothing short of a crazy man."

The story also says that Guiteau spent "the winter before last in the Congregational House (Boston), with a desk at the office of the Peace Society, Rm. 6, for which he never paid. While here, he published his book *The Truth: A Companion to the Bible*."

On the same page are "Notes from the Capital," dated July 2. This is commentary by a writer who remembers Lincoln's assassination. He reflects that Garfield had been very successful so far as president and that there were high expectations for him, but he has been stricken "by the bullet of a crazy fool, whose weak mind has dwelt so much on this struggle at Albany that he is willing to murder the President to atone for it. That one sour-minded, disappointed applicant for office, so weak in intellect, so without power or influence of any kind, should so nearly succeed in depriving a great nation of its head, should almost decide who should be that nation's ruler, that such an one should cast his little influence over the long current of our national history, is one of the mysteries of God's dealings with nations."

NOTE See Clark and Rosenberg for details about Conkling and the struggle at Albany, the capital of the state of New York. The struggle concerned Roscoe Conkling, a recently resigned senator from New York at the time of the shooting. He was involved in a dispute with Garfield over control of political patronage in the spoils system.

July 13

p. 229 Notes from other papers

London Times Says this move should encourage the reform of the spoils system. Open on whether Guiteau is insane.

Chicago Times Strongly critical of spoils system as behind the assassination; emphatic in assertion that Guiteau is not insane.

p. 230 under headline, "The Assault on the President"
"There is a decided difference of opinion in regard to the assassin. That he is the instrument of any conspiracy seems

very improbable. That he is insane we do not believe. At the least there was a very cool method in his madness. While indisputably a grave fault lies in our vicious political system, enough lies in the perpetrator to entitle him to the full penalty of the law. It is to be regretted that the penalty is so light."

NOTE Since at this time, Guiteau has merely attempted to kill the president, he can only be punished for the attack, not for murder.

August 3, 1881

p. 250 "The Epidemic of Barbarity"

Guiteau, Wendell Phillips, and Rossa are again offered as examples of the quantity of violence in the civilized world and its causes.

August 24, 1881

p. 278

News report on Guiteau attacking his guard as the president's medical condition becomes critical and the number of guards at the jail is increased.

"We are obliged to write the name of the miscreant Guiteau to record the fact that he has given another manifestation of the evil of which he seems to be wholly made up.... What his object could have been in making the attack is a mystery, as he could have had neither hope or desire to escape."

August 31

p. 286

Reports that in Washington, a group has formed to insure that Guiteau doesn't escape death for his crime. The writer wonders whether he can safely be transported to and from court, because no jury would serve in the trial of the man who kills Guiteau.

September 28 (after the death of Garfield on 19 September.)

p. 318 this piece appears next to an account of Garfield's funeral.

In the previous issue there is a report of an attempt to shoot Guiteau by a soldier, so the following seems misinformed: "We are gratified that as yet no attempt has been made to take vengeance upon him in any unlawful manner." "... there is no doubt that all will be adjusted, and the wretched criminal lawfully, but quietly and firmly be put out of the world. It is a most humiliating duty, but one that must be performed." Also expresses hope for a law making it a capital crime to attempt to kill the President,.

October 5

p. 326

Announcement of the trial beginning soon and that Guiteau will plead insanity. The writer repeats that it is humiliating even to talk about Guiteau in print.

November 16

Various notes in previous issues have kept readers informed of difficulties with the legal process, such as getting a lawyer.

p. 378

"The most humiliating duty ever imposed upon a nation is that which now rests upon the United States in the trial of Guiteau."

This is the first report of Guiteau's antics in the courtroom. It is expected that these will lose him what little sympathy he might have.

November 23

p. 379 "The Trial of Guiteau"

A summary account of the first week of the trial. It interesting how lacking the story is in sensationalism, setting this apart from more typical accounts in the daily newspapers and in more sensational weeklies such as *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*. The writer points out that Guiteau's behavior continues bad, but that the judge has quieted him by threatening to keep him from being present at his own trial.

Neither the writer nor the public in general believes him insane, rather that his courtroom antics, abetted by his lawyer, are designed to make him appear insane; everyone is said to see through this strategy.

The writer is convinced that Guiteau's true motive was the revenge of a disappointed office seeker, and, therefore, that he must be judged as sane.

The writer reports an attempt to kill Guiteau outside the courtroom, and offers his behavior during this episode as proof of his cowardice.

The writer also points out that the White House keeps an executive file of letters believed to have come from insane people. None of Guiteau's letters were in this collection.

p. 386 a discussion of the insanity plea

The writer discusses other accused criminals who have used the insanity plea recently. The writer believes that this "trend" will work against Guiteau, for it will seem fashionable. The writer believes Guiteau has the same sort of insanity that Cain, the brother and killer of Abel in Genesis, had, and he hopes that the trial will clarify the line between the criminal and the insane.

p. 386

The writer examines the difficulty for the judge of being fair to Guiteau. To treat him as crazy is to favor him; to treat him as sane may be unjust. Judge Cox has to give Guiteau ample leeway, but he shouldn't allow any special privileges though, such as his "Sunday levees."

NOTE A good number of well-connected people were able enter the Washington jail on Sundays to look at and even visit with this notorious man.

November 30

p. 396, "News from the Capital"

This story reports on the trial and on several attempts to kill Guiteau. All of those caught trying have claimed they are insane.

December 7

p. 399

This account of the trial describes Guiteau's continued antics, including his days on the witness stand. The writer believes there is no doubt he is sane, because he is afraid to die -- he travels to court prone on the floor of the van to avoid gunshots -- and because he clearly understands all the questions he is asked. He sporadically pretends to be insane.

December 14

p. 409, "Reform in the Political Status of Woman." [see note after this entry]

The opening column of this issue argues that a movement for reform that does not draw upon the Bible, that ignores or opposes it, cannot be given respect. Goes on the argue that the Bible is clear, in St, Paul, that women should be subordinate to men.

This piece argues at considerable length that women have no natural right to the vote, that men have never wanted it for them, and that no significant number of women -- especially if Christian -- have wanted it for themselves. The writer speaks against "thrusting an unwanted right" upon women.

He finally lists other ways in which changing women's position is society seems right, e.g. education and property rights. Development rather than reform/revolution is more a appropriate approach to improving women's lot.

Note I include this summary because it sheds light upon the social conservatism of *The Congregationalist*. However, the paper would have seemed liberal to many in 1881, because it was willing to accept writing on public issues by women such as Jewett.

p. 409

"GUITEAU'S TRIAL moves slowly onward, and the testimony is mainly in. Yesterday produced a scene, the like of which, I venture to say, has never been seen in an American court before. The prisoner continually interrupted court, counsel and witnesses, especially the latter. For yesterday's testimony tended strongly to show his life of fraud, deceit and corruption; and Guiteau was greatly excited by the revelation. His sister, his counsel and the court tried to restrain him, but in vain. He could not restrain himself. All the witnesses agreed that in their opinion he was a sane but corrupt man. At the several statements of these witnesses

the prisoner would shriek out, at the top of his voice, 'You were in jail,' 'That is false,' 'You are lying,' You are 'a Jew and a dirty one at that,' 'That is a lie,' and similar interruptions. He was terribly excited by this continuous tale of a life of fraud.

"Unless there are some crotchety fellows on the jury, the case may be considered settled. The killing is admitted. Has the testimony shown an insanity that lifts the defendant out of the reach of the law? If any insanity whatever has been proved -- and this is a doubtful point -- it is only that moral insanity which arises from a lack of moral discrimination, caused by an unrestrained career of folly and of crime. Of intellectual insanity there is hardly a trace; on the contrary, he has shown an unusual amount of clearness of thought, and of the adaptation of crooked means to crooked ends. By this life of fraud, Guiteau has nearly reduced himself to the level of the beast; he has so blunted his conscience as almost to have obliterated it. But this low state of morals and of conscience is no bar to punishment, any more than drunkenness is." (W. R. H.) [Most "Notes from Washington" columns have these initials as a by-line.]

December 21

p. 417 (first page) The Guiteau Trial, by Rev. J. L. Withrow, D.D.

[Text of the essay]

That the country is disgusted and disgraced by what has occurred in the course of the trial of the murderer of President Garfield, admits no doubt. That an outcry loud enough to startle the court has not already been uttered is owing to the self-respect and patience of the American people, not to any lack of provocation. Having served as a witness of the Government, and having sat a full day in the court-room, observing the painful scenes perpetuated, I cannot refrain from complaining of the court. The crier has hardly secured quiet, as Judge Cox takes his seat on the bench, when the prisoner breaks out in abuse of some one, present or absent. In that sharp-toned and vindictive sounding voice, which to hear once is always to remember, he assails the officers of the Government, or vilifies some witness that has already testified, and departed; or pours calumny on the name of some newspaper, or speaker, who has dared to call him by his right name. Vulgar adjectives and epithets are his chosen weapons, which he uses with

entire indifference to the presence of hundreds of ladies sitting in the court-room. Then if a witness testifies to anything which hurts his vanity -- which appears to be the only vulnerable spot in the poor man's being -- Guiteau bursts forth upon him like a fiend. At his assaults and sallies there are many, in such an audience, who laugh. Ripples follow smiles, and audible applause the ripples. And what says the court? Usually, nothing. Sometimes a remonstrance is heard with a force that reminds one of meekness coaxing a mob with molasses candy.

And, if there were nothing worse than such weakness, it were well. But time after time the court gratifies the egotism of the prisoner, and the applause of the vulgar in the audience, by smiling himself at the ghastly fun.

Now it is the swift answer to critics of the court to ask: how can it be avoided? The Judge is impotent to prevent it. It is one thing to find fault; and a more difficult to suggest a remedy. We are reminded that the assassin appears as his own attorney, and so has a right speak. That the rights of the accused demand that witnesses against him shall be examined in his presence. Therefore this man cannot be gagged, and cannot be kept out of the court-room during the progress of the trial. That if either of these remedies could be legally applied it would excite sympathy and prejudice the jury, and imperil their finding. And so the outrage must proceed, decency dare not guess to what point of shame.

This is nonsense! The excuse is second only to the outrage in exciting the indignation of the nation. Suppose the excuses of the court were valid. What follows but this, that, hereafter, our trials in the courts are to become the most demoralizing scenes that depraved culprits can make them. You say: But in ordinary cases a prisoner would be thrown into jail for contempt of court until he would promise to be decent. Why not do this with President Garfield's murderer? Because they who excuse the court say this would suit Guiteau exactly. He would enjoy the delay and costs of the interruption by his imprisonment. So would many other criminals. And such is not the method which good sense would suggest as a relief. But how very easily Judge Cox could have cut short this shameful scene, this broadly roaring farce, if he had cared to, at the very first of it, without violating law, or infringing the rights of the criminal.

The court-room will hold five or six hundred people. Let him adjourn to a room holding less than fifty. At present there are many of the audience who are admitted by ticket.

Besides a dozen jurors, the lawyers and officers of the court, admit as many more as the small room could comfortably hold -- instead of, as now, allowing them to stand as thick as grass on the ground!

[Withrow next presents details of this proposed arrangement, including an agreement with reporters to censor all of Guiteau's vulgar language from their reports of the trial. His point is that Guiteau's purpose is to make a sensation and read about himself in the papers.]

This man wants a crowd. Judge Cox has no right to grant it, when he cannot control it. There is no law demanding that the court shall sit in a room holding so many. There are no rights of the accused which would not be as safe in a very small room, as in this gathering of smothering hundreds. As it is, the jam of people, producing a foul atmosphere, is already putting the health of the jury in peril. How will the court be excused if the trial breaks down from this cause?

[Withrow concludes with the idea that Judge Cox is indifferent to Guiteau making a spectacle and enjoying it, but the writer thinks that the nation is not so indifferent.]

December 28, Final issue of the year

p. 434 "Notes from Washington"

W. R. H. says the trial is nearly over and that he expects the verdict to be guilty. While Guiteau lacks self-control, he understands right and wrong, and when it comes to self interest, seems perfectly able to reason.

***The Congregationalist* V. 34 1882**

January 11

Jewett's "The Plea of Insanity" appears on the first page.

January 25

p. 30, The Guiteau Trial

The writer expects the trial will be over by the time readers see this account. He takes up the issue of whether Judge Cox should have restrained Guiteau more effectively.

"In any case the fact that so great a freedom has been allowed him has accomplished two desirable objects. It has prevented any one from charging truthfully that he has not been permitted to have a fair chance, and it has given him an opportunity of displaying, and the world one of comprehending, his mental and moral condition."

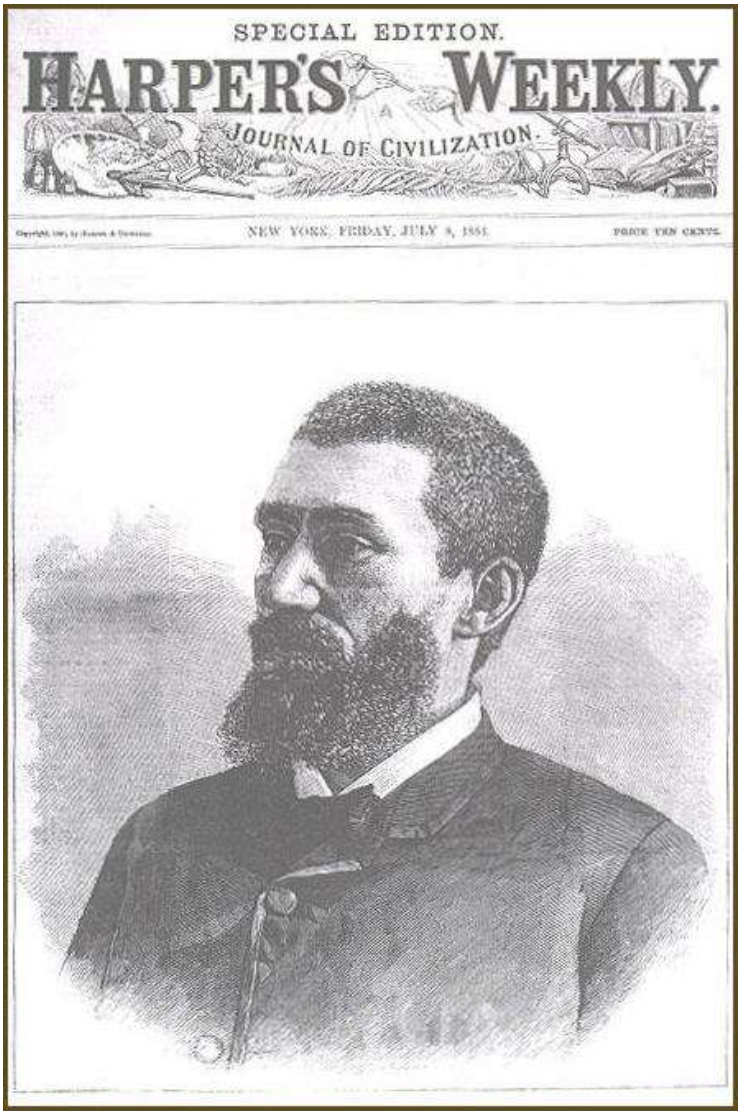
February 1

p. 38, The Guiteau Verdict

"Very few who have followed carefully the course of the trial, especially if they also have watched the behavior of Guiteau closely, can have any reasonable doubt of the justice of the verdict, guilty of murder in the first degree. The whole country approves it as righteous. Not because of any hatred of the miserable criminal. Abhorred as he is universally, this nation is too great and too honorable to deal with any man, even one only accused as the assassin of its President, in any other spirit than that of exact fairness.... We cannot think of him without disgust, but our disgust is not unmixed with pity, as we remember what a moral wreck he has made of what might have been a noble, useful life."

Magazine Illustrations
of the assassination of President Garfield
and of the trial of Charles Guiteau

Special Edition of *Harper's Weekly* for July 8, 1881. The Tragedy at Washington -- The Assassin Charles Jules Guiteau. Photographed expressly for Harper's Weekly by C. M. Bell, Washington, D.C.


SPECIAL EDITION.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

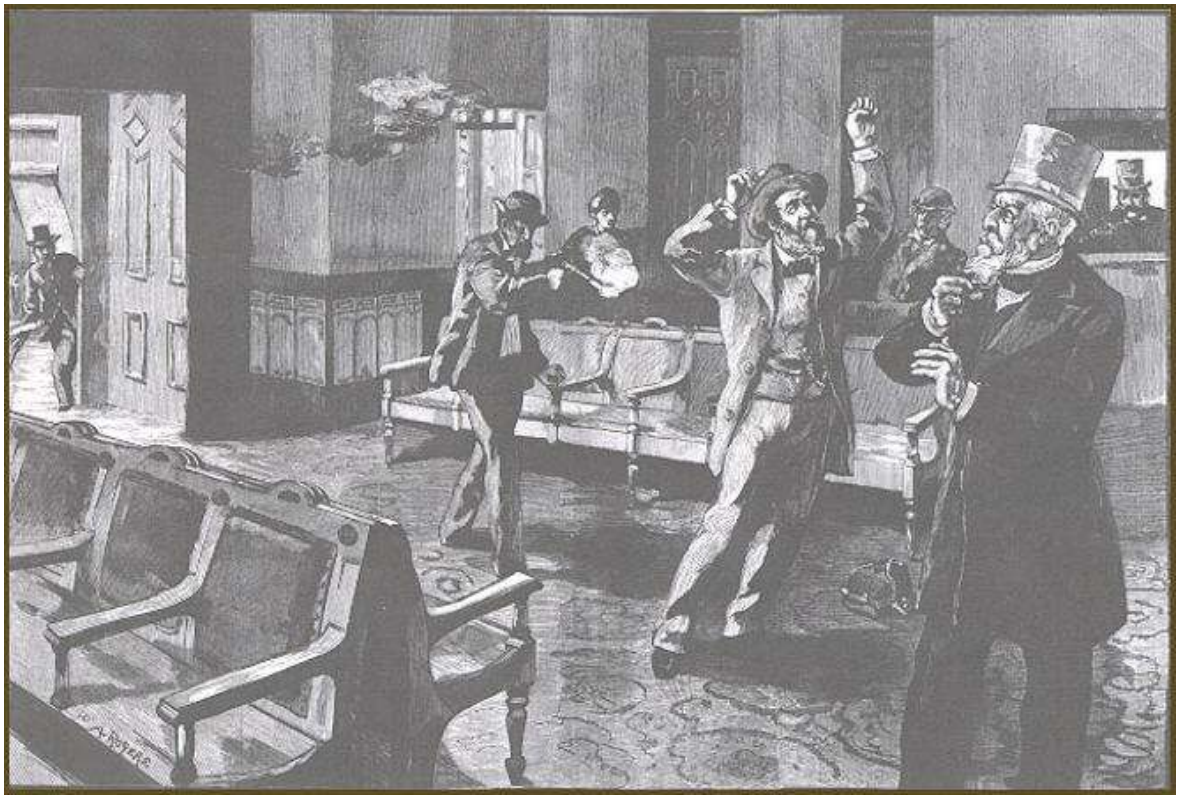
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1881.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

Charles Milton Bell (ca. 1849-1893) was a Washington, D.C. photographer, known for his many photographs of sites and persons in the city. He is remembered especially for his photographs of Native American delegations to the capital.

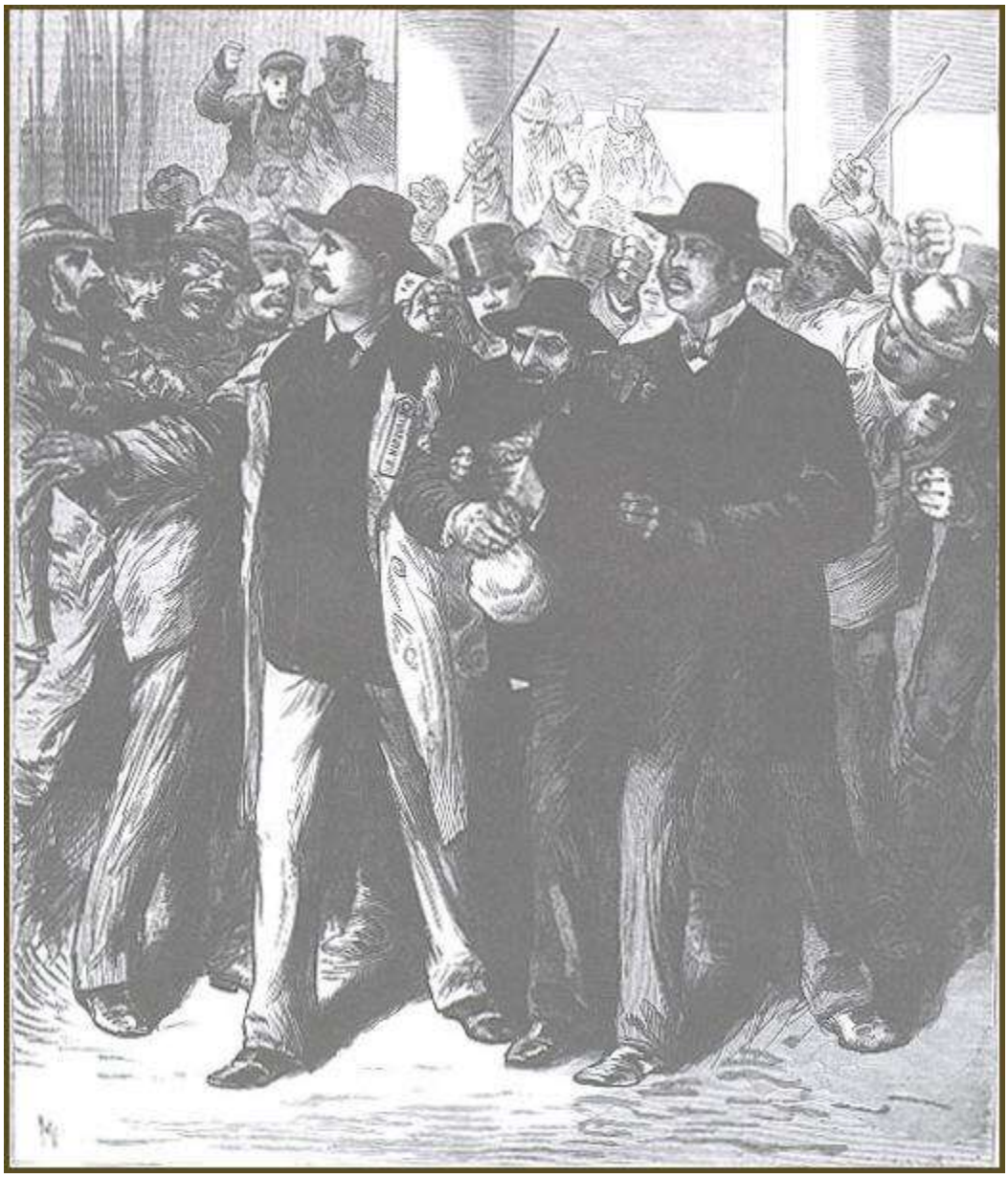
The Tragedy at Washington -- The assassin firing the second shot at President Garfield Drawn by W. A. Rogers from *Harper's Weekly*, Special Edition, July 8, 1881, p. 476.



William Allen Rogers (1854-1931) was an Ohio-born author and illustrator, remembered for his cartoons of war in the *New York Herald* and for his book, *A World Worth While*.

(Source: *Mantle Fielding's Dictionary of American Painters, Sculptors and Engravers*)

Washington, D. C. -- Trial of President Garfield's Assassin Guiteau being escorted from the court-room to the prison-van from the cover of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* December 2, 1881.



Guiteau taking his morning exercise. Washington, D.C.
Incidents in the Trial of Charles J. Guiteau for the murder of
President Garfield. From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*
Newspaper December 10, 1881, pp. 248-9.

A Color Cure

-- Does any one remember that a few years ago it was suggested that nervous invalids should go through a course of treatment called the color cure? It now being the fashion to put little faith in medicine, one naturally counts up the other resources of the profession. The field of therapeutics has widened in some directions in these later days, but it ought to cover a greater space than it does now before unscientific people will resign themselves contentedly to ignoring of old-fashioned dosing. When one is in very bad pain there is a grim satisfaction in swallowing a large and disagreeable quantity of a historic and well-known drug. It seems like a much braver fight against the disease, and all theories vanish at such times from our minds. It interests young doctors more than it does their patients to let ailments alone, to see what will come of them. Leaving things to nature, when it is ill-nature, seems sometimes most unkind. I have spoken as if I were very fond of dosing, but that is not true, since I am more ready than most persons to accept the agreeable alternatives which are now at the command of the medical profession. I caught eagerly at the idea of the color cure, at any rate. It was proposed to make careful studies of the effect of different colors on the human mind and body, then have little rooms painted with the brilliant and inspiriting or the quiet and depressing tints, and the patients were to be locked into them for a suitable length of time every day; perhaps confined altogether. Scarlet is most invigorating and cheering in its effect upon the human mind. Let us imagine a person in most feeble condition, who has suffered some terrible strain or other, who cannot bear even the most delicate treatment with tonics. The skillful doctor of this new school reads the case at a glance and orders a very few minutes of the red room to be administered with great care. The light is shaded at first, and the duration and brilliancy of the color are increased from day to day, until the recovery is completed. For nervous people, who do not sleep or eat, -- or think they do not, which makes them and other people just as unhappy, -- for these sufferers, what adroit mingling of the red that cheers, and the blue that soothes and quiets, and the reddish-purple that enrages into a determination to escape from its discomfort into the light of day and sensible activity!

This subject seems to me to have been far less considered than it deserves. It never before occurred to me that some people's characters may have been deeply

influenced because the color of their complexions led them to surround themselves with certain shades and tints. A person who from her childhood has constantly been looking at blue things -- wearing blue bonnets and blue gowns and blue ribbons, who has had blue paint and paper in her house wherever there was any excuse for it -- cannot be what she might have been, with reds and yellows about her. By and by we may learn to dress with a view to the moral influence upon ourselves. Other people have a right to expect that we use all the means in our power for the up-building of our characters, and it may one day seem a low aim to wear this color or that simply because it is becoming. "I am so quick-tempered," one conscientious harassed soul will say, "that I try never to look at anything but blues. I notice the bad effect at once of even sealing my letters with red wax."

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (49:425-6), March 1882. Richard Cary attributed it to Jewett; Jewett claimed authorship in a letter to John Greenleaf Whittier of 21 February 1882.

Pleasant Rooms

The suggestion lately made of a color-cure for nervous and mental ailments has led me to wonder how much color really has to do with making one contented or ill at ease in certain houses. I am positive that most people fail as house furnishers because they aim at effects, and not at harmonies. It is not the arrangement of the furniture or the choice of pictures and ornaments that we find fault with in some parlors; the chairs are delightfully comfortable, and yet one is possessed with a spirit of unrest. Something jars and frets us; there are false notes and wrong keys struck in the attempted tune; and indeed a harmony of color is far more difficult to achieve than a harmony of sound. It takes a most refined and enlightened skill to furnish a parlor so that from the first it will have a lived-in look, and afterward be satisfactory to its owners, while it leaves a pleasant impression upon the minds of the strangers who come within its gates. It is easy now for most people to make a room decently pretty to look at, since the cabinet-makers and upholsterers and decorators have lent a helping hand with their artistic wares. But the modern style of furnishing, with its brilliant effects, seems much like the bewitching tunes which catch everybody's ear for a time, and soon whistle and sing themselves into tiresomeness and oblivion. You admire a new, bright little parlor when you first see it, but soon find yourself wondering what that charm could have been! It seems to lack something, after all. The pleasantest parlor is one that has been lived in for many years; in which the chairs and tables have associated together and shared each other's fortunes for so long that, in spite of their strong individualities and apparent unlikenessess, they have become members of one family. Year by year small and great treasures have been brought to the room, because it claimed them and they belonged to it; and year by year there have been carried away to other parts of the house, or to well-merited destruction, the treasures that have not proved congenial. After a time, a room becomes toned up or down to the right pitch, and nothing stares at you, and it may be that nothing pleases you, especially at the first sight; only you take a greater and greater satisfaction in being in it, and you like to get back to that corner of the world, after you have been away from it. There is a companionship even in its silence, and a restfulness that is delightful, and that brings out your best thoughts and those traits of your disposition which people find admirable. It is possible only in certain places as well as with certain people to be at one's best.

With what pity we see the mistakes that our neighbors make in furnishing their houses! There are pictures whose presence is to be resented and carpets that one heartily deplores, while every chair is put in exactly the wrong place, according to one's own way of thinking. The colors in the room swear at each other, as the French say, and one is ready to forgive them any reasonable amount of profanity. A friend of mine, whose library is otherwise a pleasant place, keeps two dreadful little bright green sofas in it, that fairly bark at me whenever I open the door. They are the shade of green which one associates with jealousy. If the principles of the color-cure are well founded, I wonder that my friend's family ever wish any good to their neighbors. Nothing surprises one more than finding that people's characters almost always show themselves in the quality of the things they buy. The choice that is made in a shop is simply the buyer's idea of what belongs to him. People contrive to free themselves from the things they really hate, and are not apt to choose for companions the inanimate objects that seem to them totally depraved. Fate may place them in the midst of incongruous surroundings, but they will manage to make a little oasis for themselves with their own dear greenery and flowers in the midst of any desert. A living spring of good taste in a family will make one room charming, at any rate; and if there is one person who doesn't are what things are about her, in a house that may be elsewhere charming, her own corner of it will be sure to be unpleasant. Harmony is a great puzzle to most of us who are keenly sensitive to its presence, and who are dull sometimes at understanding the reasons for the lack of it. People are suited with such different things, and the distance between the over-critical connoisseur and the man who is indifferent to his surroundings is very wide. But our loves and aspirations take shape, somehow; we are not yet sufficiently spiritual to be willing to stop making idols, or enjoying their profitable companionship.

There are other things that make a room or a whole house uncomfortable, beside unharmonized colors. A room may be like a poem, or it may be only like verses, with a charming subtlety of arrangement and expression that still lacks the one touch of life which would give it life of its own. It is, after all, not from the chairs and tables and *portières* and pictures in our houses that we are to expect the delightful harmony and sympathy which are so dear to our tiredness; it is from the people who live in the houses, who have only gathered these lifeless things together, and who unwittingly have told

us by means of them what manner of men we have for neighbors. Show me your carpets or show me your books, and I will tell you who you are, might be a good rendering of the old Spanish proverb, and as sensible a demand as its familiar "Show me your friends."

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (49:425-6), March 1882. Richard Cary attributed it to Jewett.

Lucky People

The older one grows the more one sees the folly of attributing people's good fortune to that vague and indescribable imaginary power in the world which we are pleased to call good luck. There are dozens of proverbs akin to that about being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth; we often hear that it is better to be born lucky than rich. The word seems to have many different meanings, but after watching people who are supposed to be the favorites of fortune, one comes to the conclusion that there is nothing we have to work so hard for as this very good luck. To every man his own life seems the best, else he would be ready to change places with others, which no man ever has been. God gives to each of us blessings that are entirely our own. Still we can each call to mind many a friend who has been in many ways more fortunate than ourselves, and whose lot in life is more enviable. But some time or other the man has had to do with the cause, which brings about the effect; it may have been that he was polite and kind, and some one waited to do him a favor in return; that he was wise and generous and provident; it may be that he was always a careful, intelligent student of books and of his business, and fitted himself for the place that was given him later; it must be always that he did not yield to the temptation to be lazy, which would have hindered his gaining the knowledge or the treasure which would make him richer for all time. The real good fortunes of life are more apt to be deserved than we imagine -- the real successes have been the reward of character and an inevitable harvest from the seed that was some day sown. People are not willing to work for what they want -- that is the trouble! They feel defrauded if the best gifts of this world are not theirs, and do not fall into their lives out of clear sky, when they never have taken the trouble to win or earn them. They do not see why many friends and much money have not fallen to their lot when they really never have worked for them. They seem to think that they should have a certain credit, and a right to riches of any kind, because they have wished for them; and if another man stands in the place they would like to occupy, they think it injustice and oversight, and find it hard to reconcile themselves.

People fail of success in life, says Dr. Johnson,* because of the weakness of the means they use to gain it -- and there never were truer words spoken. If you hear a man bewail his lack of time for reading and parade his fondness for it, you

may be pretty sure it is affected, for some of the greatest scholars in the world have fairly stolen the minutes for their study, and people are sure to find time for the things they really like best. With all of us the will is oftener found wanting than the way. If a young person tells me that he has a great ambition to follow some path in life which will lead him high in the world, the first thing I should ask him would be whether he was really willing to work and try to make him understand what I meant by that. We are tired of hearing it said that genius is only great patience; we all try to find the royal road to learning, and when we make sure that no guide-post points that way most of us turn back, not being willing to go with painful steps over the rough mountain path which is the only king's highway to wisdom. We forget what outlooks there will be, or what treasures lie hidden in the rocks. If it had been a smooth, straight turnpike, and a short one at that, we would have followed it. More of us would be rich and great if it were easier work to become so.

We look at the results of our neighbor's toil and envy him his good luck, often without a thought of the long, hard years which had to be lived through before he came to the place where he could do a good thing easily, and get great pay for it. We notice these effects; we do not think of the causes; we talk about them as if all the work that belongs to them had been done in the day they were finished.

Some people have quicker wits than others, and seize and hold the opportunities of life with sure and steady hands, while others, more from indolence than lack of capacity, let the chances for bettering themselves go by untouched. I believe that God gives us more power than we ever use, and puts tools enough in our way; to every man He gives the chance of growth and improvement; but we willfully stand idle, and fret because our lives do not suit us. There is a great difference in the constitutions of our characters -- some men's are weak, and others' are strong. But it is no use to call one event of life good luck and another bad luck. God sends us the events of every day, and it is we ourselves who make them bad or good, according to the way we take them.

A sum of money may be shared by two people, and one may be ruined by it and the other lifted and helped in every way by its honorable use -- one might happily multiply illustrations of this kind forever! A sorrow is sent to a household, and one woman is made hard and bitter and unkind, while another's face shines like an angel's already with the light of Heaven that has broken through the same

sorrow's cloud. To each of us in his lot and place in life God gives all of Himself that we will take; and to each of us He gives this world's good fortune for which all work and toil -- if we work and toil intelligently and reasonably. There are fewer gifts and graces of existence impossible to us than we think. And if we are called away from this world to the next, while our plans and purposes are yet unfulfilled, I am ready to believe that for ourselves in the future there will be satisfaction; and, if our chosen work was worth doing, the people we leave behind are also the better for it.

To be rich is possible, to be wise is possible, to be good -- of that we are certain; it is the only thing in life for which we may try without any fear of failure. The work must be done and the steps taken patiently in that quest; it is more short-sighted to envy a person his goodness, and his good luck in being a charming and helpful companion, than to form such a judgment of any other success of his life. Some human beings are willing to take pains to be and do their best; the unsatisfied and disappointed souls are those who are unwilling and who excuse themselves for their laziness and lack of purpose, even for their undeveloped spiritual gifts, by saying that they have had bad luck. A wise preacher has said that prayer is not a conquering of God's unwillingness, and if we stop to think we shall be sure that worldly success, also, oftenest comes by right, not favor. It is by learning the laws of both the higher and lower lives, and patiently keeping and following them, working with them and not against them, that we shall avoid failure and misfortune, and cease to depend upon the stray and unexpected blessings which men imagine to be like the wild birds in the air which may fly to us of their own accord.

One man may find a diamond in the dust at his feet when he was not looking for it, but many men must have seen it too and passed it by before he had the wit to notice it and interest enough to pick it up. All the old superstitions about finding four-leaved clovers, and "lucky" things of that sort, simply mean that a man who is persistent and patient in his search for one uncommon and elusive thing is apt to have a quickness of sight and a power of application which will serve him in good stead in better pursuits.

In some persons' lives misery and disappointment succeed each other; but I believe that God never repeats his lessons after they are once learned by us, and nothing can be what we call bad luck for us unless we make it so ourselves. It takes both storm and sunshine to make us grow in grace,

and who can say that either is a mistake. The events of our lives which are not of our planning or provision are still somewhat under our control, since in any school we are set those lessons for which we have fitted ourselves. God's ordering of circumstances is related to our need and capacity. It is these so-called accidents of life which we find hardest to manage and to understand; but they none the less belong to us and grow out of our conscious choice and management. It is God working with us and not against us.

We envy the "lucky" man whose plans prosper, and whom the events of life seem to favor and not to baffle; but it is well to notice whether he has not worked hard to bring his luck to his hands, and whether in the midst of his riches and power he is really rich and strong. I believe that the lives we envy most for their prosperity, often hide from the world's sight a weight of care and a burden of hard work that would make an increasing cause of complaint to a man who had not learned to be self-reliant and cheerful. God helps those who help themselves: it would be well if we remembered that saying a great deal oftener than we do. It is the keeping of the laws of God, both in spiritual and material things, that makes us successful, respectable, and honorable citizens of God's kingdom in this world and the next.

Notes

"Lucky People" appeared in *The Congregationalist* 34:18, Wednesday, May 3, 1882, p. 149, the opening page of this issue. This text is made available courtesy of the Newberry Library.

People fail of success in life, says Dr. Johnson ...: Samuel Johnson 1709-1784. This quotation has not been located.

Deplorable Improvements

I wish that there could be a league among summer boarders this season for the preservation of antiquities in small country places. It is most painful to those persons who are fond of relics of the past -- of old houses and old furniture, of old stone walls and older trees -- to see the furbishing and bedizening that is going on in the most ancient and interesting of our country villages. The summer boarders are as a class to blame for this deplorable rejuvenation. Before they made their appearance and went away again, leaving their money behind them, the country people were contented with their houses, which had one great chimney in the middle, that was like the warm heart of the home-like building. They were satisfied with its square walls, to which the wind and sun and rain had been many years in giving a beautiful shade of gray that no painter's brush could copy; they found no fault with the small-paned window-frames, which matched the house itself so much better than the blank-looking four-paned ones with which they have been replaced. The old gray clapboarding has been painted white with heap paint that looks thin and hard, and the chimney has been pulled down to give place to two smaller ones, and bay windows have been put on in ungainly places. The house has a look of yesterday, and on farther acquaintance it seems like an old woman who has tried to renew her youth by wearing her granddaughter's clothes. When the children of the family who live at a distance come back to the old homestead, one cannot help wondering if they like it so well. There is nothing pleasanter than one of the larger New England farm-houses, with its doors and windows thrown open late in the summer afternoon. The wind comes blowing toward it across the fields; the lilacs stand beside it, putting their arms of crooked branches round each other; against the gray of the house, beside the door, some bright red hollyhocks stand up straight and tall. The roof has a protecting slope to it; and one looks at the house, it is like a fluffy, feathery old hen which has settled down in the short grass in the sunshine to cover her chickens. It is the very best house that can possibly be set as a trap for the summer guests; if it is well kept and well served its fortune is as good as made.

The "smarting up" in which the residents of sea-shore and inland villages take such pride is going to drive away the money-spending people whom they wish to attract. To remodel the quaint last-century churches, and straighten the

winding country roads and lanes, and root up the bushes and briers from the wayside; to wage war against poplars as a race, and cut down remorselessly the tall oaks and elms; to clear all the tracts of woodland that are within easy walking distance of the houses, -- these are all sad mistakes. It is not necessary to have things like other people's; the charm of the ancient towns along our coast will be found too late to have been their difference from and not their likeness to, the newer settlements. It is not alone the picturesqueness of the landscape, the nearness of the sea, or the freshness of the air in our old New England coast villages; there are needed the signs of the presence of men and women who were alive and died and were forgotten many years ago. We suffer from poverty in the matter of ruins, and only one in fifty of our towns has any historical interest; but a place where people have lived for a long time keeps many signs of their habitation, and nature grows into some likeness to humanity and a close association with the human lives that bloomed and faded and were covered with earth. Where there are grass-grown, crowded burying-grounds, with headstones from which the weather has had time to rub out the inscriptions, one likes to find as many relics as possible that the old inhabitants have left behind.

Old houses and pleasant winding ways should be treasured, for it is these very things which has brought prosperity to the neighborhood. It is like killing the goose that laid the golden egg to sweep these things away, and when they are gone the fashion for seeking their companionship will disappear also. Every wreck that is going to pieces by the shore, and the tumble-down warehouses, and thickets of barberry and birch by the roadside, ought from a business point of view, if from no other, to be untouched. The old furniture and china is carried away piece by piece to decorate city houses; it would be much better if most of it could stay where it belongs. The older square houses are better models for the new country dwelling of to-day than the cheap and tawdry, thin-walled, and badly-ornamented little buildings that seem to sprout like mushrooms in the new streets of every town. The plain houses are every way the best. But if the new houses must be built after these patterns, I beg that the old ones may be let alone in the behalf of city people who wish old-fashioned sights and quaint, half-forgotten customs to make a great part of the pleasure and change of their summer holiday. A poor imitation of newer fashions has little dignity and no attractiveness. The summer boarder's money does this

mischief; cannot his wise precept and admonition direct the spending of it (which is really supposed to be for his continued allurement) into wiser ways? When he looks aghast at the ravages which are complacently shown him as improvements, cannot he gently teach the true meaning of that misunderstood word?

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (49:856-7), June 1882. Richard Cary attributed it to Jewett.

Woodland Mysteries

The only haunted house I was ever in was one not made with hands. It had been built I know not how many generations before the birth of the oldest inhabitant, the architecture a mixture of Greek and Gothic. It had numerous porticoes, long colonnades, winding corridors, many inner courts, halls, and secret passages. Its partitions were of tapestry, sometimes closely woven and wholly impervious to the eye, but oftener of a sleazy embroidered fabric, which scarcely intercepted the arched and columnar vista. The carpets were of plush or velvet, the woof of which was so thrown up as to suppress all sound of footsteps. I have been often in this haunted house, have seen and heard much of its spiritings and sorceries, but am no more able now than at first to account for them; on the contrary, with every successive visit the mystery deepens, and my perplexity increases. I have to complain of the capricious treatment which I receive. On certain occasions I am made most welcome; bidden to ask all the questions that occur to me; entertained by all manner of pretty illusions and pageants; instructed in cabala and hieroglyph; and entrusted with the profoundest state secrets. The queen of all the hamadryads is faithful to the place and hour of tryst. Like the favored peasant youth in the ballad, I cry out, --

"Ye million leaves of the wildwood wist
How Beauty Rohtraut's mouth I kissed!"

The next time I go to the woods all is changed. I am treated with cold unfamiliarity; none admits my acquaintance; the humblest retainers and servants will not deign to answer my civil questions; all gossip is hushed, or it carried on in confused whispers, unintelligible to me; the queen of the hamadryads laughs my pretensions to scorn. I beat a humiliating retreat, feeling baffled and misused.

With a comrade it is still the same.

We rove up and down the woods, snapping the flower from its stem, thrusting aside the branch and the brier. The squirrel barks at us like a sort of sylvan *canis minor;** the brooding bird starts away with an aggrieved and accusing cry; everything protests at our ruthless and unmannerly haste, our eagerness and curiosity. But let us sit down somewhere in the depths of the woods, quietly observant and grateful-minded; keeping our note-books in our pocket, since the powers that be here are marvelously close and conservative, and always distrustful of the interviewer. It is

not long before we are the centre of an increasingly curious circle of spectators. The snappish squirrel comes back to look at us, silent and alert, but not inimical; the chipmunk darts down before us, and dives through his trap-door, giving us the impression that the devouring earth has made a clean morsel of him. The birds perch lower, eyeing [eying] us with not unfriendly glances; we even catch glimpses of that shy party-colored woodlander, the redstart,* flitting among the branches overhead. It is so quiet that the slightest noise becomes significant and noteworthy.

"My music is the buzzing of a fly,"

as that droning insect sails in from the hot sunshine for a moment's cool refreshment. Or the wood-pewee,* who is a strange little mystic, may be heard in some leafy recess urging its childish, unanswerable query, -- always with a rising inflection of voice, as though expecting to be answered by yes or no. So lorn and pathetic is the quality of this wood-note that we sometimes fancy the pewee, like the poet's nightingale, sings with its breast against a thorn.

The woods are full of mysterious stirs, even when there is no wind. A quick, rustling undulation among the low plants and vines hints that the timorous snake is making all haste to get out of our way. (Does the groveling creature think that we still hold the Adamic grudge?)* There is no wind, so what can it be but black sorcery which keeps yonder leaf dancing like a dervise* among its motionless and listless comrades? And what spirit of mischief lives in that clump of fern, to keep one lusty plume in continual oscillation? The fern, we would say, is the magician's own plant. Although we have never tested its occult powers on St. John's Eve,* we should not be surprised if told that there are those who walk these woods, rendered invisible through its aid. A dense growth of ferns always puts us in mind of the South American tropics. A mystery lurks under the mandrake,* also, whether in May it bears its subtly-fragrant white flower, or in August ripens its apple of mellow gold. A cluster of mandrakes crowning a knoll suggests a grove of dwarf palms, sheltering who knows what race of grotesque hop-o'-my thumbs.*

If the time be midsummer, we shall probably find in some warm hollow ground the pale waxen pipes of the monotropa.* How uncanny is this plant, that has not one drop of green blood in its veins, no fragrance, not a leaf susceptible to the flattering zephyr! A flower brought up in the garden of night, under the rays of a gibbous moon, would look like this; and yet there is sometimes a faint blush on its

livid cheek, as though it had spied the dawn a long way off. There is no legend told of the monotropa, so we may assign one: say that some evil eye of the woods long ago cast its spell upon a fresh-blooming flower, changing it into the stark effigy of a flower.

In speaking of mythology we ordinarily qualify it as *ancient*, as though disclaiming participation in the error; but if the Pantheon had not descended to us, would we not have constructed it ourselves, at first hand? There is an implied myth, a paganish personification, in nearly all our allusions to nature. Within these common haunts of ours, how easy to recreate the whole race of woodland deities and genii! That is a pretty account of the popular origin of field and forest myths given in the Fourth Book of The Excursion.* Swift alternations of sunshine and cloud shadows on the distant hills appeared as "fleet oreads, sporting visibly." Gnarled dead branches, projecting from a crag or starting out of deep woody shade, figured as Fauni and Panes. The herdsman, stretched out on the summer turf, if he happened to hear a sweet and distant music, instantly accredited it to Apollo's lute. Have we not seen and heard all these marvels? Or shall we admit that the imagination of Greek peasants in the old time was of a quicker and more generous order than our own?

We have said that the woods are haunted. Looking up through an opening in the dense leafy roof, what is that fine point of white light we see in the blue zenith? Surely, a star! After this revelation we feel that the woods are in Night's province, and jealously watched by her Argus eyes.* That keen sentinel posted on the meridian is to us as thrilling a surprise as a chance glimpse of Dian and her nimble attendants,* seen or fancied by the superstitious forester of old.

It is in vain that we plunder the woods; all that we bring hence slips from our possession like coin picked up in fairy-land. This handful of wood-flowers, how frayed and pale, even common, when seen by the light of outside day! How drooping these ferns, how tawdry this moss! The truth is, the spirits of these are not with us, having parted from us when we left the woods; we carry away nothing by their poor remains. Thus the forest holds its own.

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (50:136-8), July 1882. Richard Cary attributed it to Jewett. However, to me the style of this piece seems uncharacteristic for Jewett.

canis minor: "Procyon: also called *Alpha Canis Minoris*, brightest star in the northern constellation *Canis Minor* (Lesser Dog) and one of the brightest in the entire sky . . . . The name apparently derives from Greek words for "before the dog," in reference to the constellation." (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*.)

redstart: "New World redstarts are woodwarblers (family Parulidae). The common, or American, redstart (Setophaga ruticilla) breeds from Canada to the southern United States and winters in tropical America; the male is mostly black, with red wing and tail markings." (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*.)

wood-pewee:"... [A]lso spelled PEEWEE, any of eight species of birds of the genus Contopus (family Tyrannidae); it is named for its call, which is monotonously repeated from an open perch. In North America a sad, clear "pee-oo-wee" announces the presence of the eastern wood pewee (C. virens), while a blurry "peeurrr" is the call of the western wood pewee (C. sordidulus)." (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*.)

Adamic grudge: against the serpent. See the Bible, Genesis 2.

dervise: dervish

St. John's Eve: For many Christians, December 27 is the feast of St. John, honoring the first century AD, Saint John the Evangelist, or Saint John the Divine, who in Christian tradition is the author of three letters, the Fourth Gospel, and the Revelation to John in the New Testament. He played a leading role in the early church at Jerusalem. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*.)

mandrake: "In North America, the name mandrake is often used for the mayapple of the order Ranunculales." (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*.)

hop-o'-my thumbs: Charles Perrault's *Popular Tales* (1888) contains "Hop o' my Thumb," a fairy tale that resembles "Hansel and Gretel" in its plot.

monotropa: also called Indian pipe or "Corpse Plant, Convulsion Root, or Fits Root (**Monotropa** uniflora), nongreen herb, of the family Monotropaceae, that is

saprophytic in habit; i.e., it lives upon the remains of dead plants. It occurs in Asia and throughout North America and is commonly found in moist, shady areas." (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*.)

Fourth Book of the Excursion: William Wordsworth (1770-1850) published *The Excursion* in 1814. The passages referred to here appear in lines 847 ff. The point made here is similar to that made by Thomas Bulfinch (1796-1867) in *Mythology* (1855), section 4 of Chapter 35. There Bulfinch quotes from Book Four the passage in which the quoted phrases in this essay appear.

Argus ... Dian: "Argus, in Greek mythology, a 100-eyed giant, also called Panoptes (Greek for "the all-seeing"). Argus was assigned to guard Io, the mistress of Zeus, by Zeus's jealous wife Hera, after Zeus had changed Io into a heifer to conceal her from Hera. The god Hermes, dispatched by Zeus to rescue Io, slew Argus by lulling him to sleep with music and then severing his head. In one version of the story, Argus subsequently became a peacock; in another, Hera transplanted his eyes onto the peacock's tail." "Diana, in Roman mythology, goddess of the moon and of the hunt. The Latin counterpart of the Greek virgin goddess Artemis, Diana was the guardian of springs and streams and the protector of wild animals. She was, in addition, especially revered by women, and was believed to grant an easy childbirth to her favorites. In art she is typically shown as a young hunter, often carrying bow and arrows. The most celebrated shrine to Diana was on Lake Nemi, near Aricia." (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*.)

An Afternoon in Holland

To exchange the uneven surface of the English Channel for the level fields of Belgium was a great pleasure. The transition would have made the Great Desert* itself seem a paradise; but even the attractions of Antwerp, and the delights of its pictures, and of a Sunday in its cathedral and the cheerful streets that lead to it, failed to content us, -- we were in such a hurry to get to Holland.

A constitutional dislike to climbing hills may have been attracted by the reported flatness of Holland, and a love for the sea even extended to a desire to make a voyage on a canal. And a fierce partisanship for Lombardy poplars* naturally urged me out of my own country toward the peaceful asylum of those persecuted monarchs of the plain, -- poplars, canals, and windmills.

It was a great surprise to find the representative Dutchman, of the long pipe and mug of comforting drink, with moon-like face and ponderous bulk, apparently wanting in Amsterdam. Either the Knickerbocker's adopted home on the Hudson* had favored his increase of size, or else the Hollanders of the present day are thinner and smaller than their ancestors. The universal right to the once monopolized trade with Japan* may have led to the gradual impoverishment of society. Other glories which belonged to the older merchants of Holland have also been wrested from them. Both the land and the water highways of Amsterdam were busy, and crowded with rattling wheels or leisurely gliding boats, when I saw them; but one could not help thinking of the riches of the old days, and the industry of the present seemed to be less well rewarded than that of the past.

It has been said that the Dutch language is like and unlike every other. It has a curious individuality of its own, and is full of surprises. A word which looks so familiar that you use it without hesitation proves to have a sound which is foreign to any idea ever known to you; and another visible sign of speech, which has so may double *o's* and *j's* in its spelling that you pass by it in horror and dismay, sounds, when spoken, like the easy little words which are familiar to a child of five.

We had lingered in Amsterdam after the time set for leaving, in our never-to-be-relied-upon plan of travel, and, the day being fair, we had made up our minds to go to Broeck. We were told that the steamboat for Zaardam (which

noted village proved to be not far out of our way) would leave at two o'clock; so we took breakfast at our Bible Hotel,* and were in no hurry about it, being assured that the place of departure was round the corner, and understanding, from the backward gesture of the porter's thumb, that the steamboat's city home was in the canal, which lay just under our own windows.

It had been a great amusement to us that the proprietors of our inn, seeming to recognize the discrepancy between the spiritual suggestions of its long-inherited name and the actual use of another kind of spirits that went on continually under its roof, had put a stained-glass window in the stairway, with an open copy of the Scriptures for its escutcheon. In distinct lettering on the page was the admonition of St. Paul to Timothy* that he should drink no longer water, but a little wine. It was no unkind or unwise advice to the Timothys of Amsterdam in former years, for in that, like many another Dutch town, the water was not fit to drink.

We loitered a good while longer than was necessary over our late breakfast, and were a little startled, at last, when we found that there were only a few minutes left before the boat was to go, and taking our wraps and the umbrellas which are the modern pilgrims' staves, we hurried out through the corridor and up the street. We turned the first corner toward the canal, but there was no craft in sight -- this being one of the marine by-ways of Amsterdam -- except some decrepit small boats and clumsy scows, or, as I heard a delayed and enraged stewardess on the Bergen steamer call them, mudhoppers.

We stopped before a kind-hearted-looking market woman, who told us in a few stumbling English words that our wharf was beyond the railway station, three quarters of a mile away. There was no carriage visible, and it was within five minutes of two o'clock; we hurried along the street, keeping on after the bells had struck and chimed the hour with triumphant persistency, until we were not quite sure about our way. However, we came in sight of the Zaardam steamer at last, and waited fifteen or twenty minutes before she left the quay.

It really was delightful weather; the canal was so full of boats and small shipping that it seemed like a parade, and the sharp-bowed steamer moved quickly out toward the country, leaving a broad white track of foam, and sending off waves to right and left that made the little boats within their

reach bob up and down distractedly. The deck was a good place to rest. There were not many people on board. We took pleasure in watching a dutiful little old woman in a plain brown dress, who sat knitting beside the engine house. She seemed to be a well-known person, for she looked up with a smile, and had an eager little talk with most of the other passengers, and even with the solemn stewardess, who carried two tumblers of beer on a plate to some voyagers who were smoking astern. She was a very grumpy stewardess, we thought. She looked as if she had used every argument to keep the men from wasting their money in beer, and now would have nothing further to say. She held the plate in her hands, and stood in the low companionway, with long wisps of her hair blowing in the wind.

Amsterdam had been a most delightful old city to stroll about in, but the suburbs of it pleased us even more. At last it was really Holland! And across the flat green fields and the dikes rose the sails of a vast company of windmills at Zaardam and Purmerend, and all the country side beyond and between. The air was thick with them, like a forest of great stumps and leafless branches. The mills near at hand were huge and round, with sails that Don Quixote* would have fled from at first sight; but the farthest ones were like children's playthings, and seemed to beckon to us and to belong to our holiday. When we came nearer them we were gratified to find that the lower stories were often used for dwellings. It was a pretty picture to see children playing about the door, with the sails twirling slowly overhead, as if to frighten away some predatory fowl of the air, a grewsome hawk that was in quest of young Dutchmen. The thatch with which the tall round mills were covered was very smooth and fine, almost like fur, and of an exquisite color.

We turned presently into a narrower canal, and soon reached Zaardam. We did not have a good first impression of it. We had felt we were adventurers, and almost as if no American travelers before us had bethought themselves to make such good use of a summer afternoon. We had felt ourselves remote from the beaten track of tourists, although we had found in the guide-book directions for going to Broek by way of Zaardam. And yet it was such a quaint and pleasant corner of the world that we had all the satisfaction of being the first discoverers, until we were fairly landed on the little pier.

Then five men ran towards us in a great hurry. One claimed us for his own, and began to talk in fragments of

English about Peter the Great's house,* while his neighbors, in voluble Dutch, implored us to make arrangements to hire a vehicle of them, in which to drive to see all the rest of the world; and he translated their threats and entreaties, when he could desist for a moment from telling us something we could not understand about Peter the Great. Dutch numbers are impossible for an American to recognize by ear, and it was a great relief when one of the men pulled a crumpled paper from his pocket, and pointed to a printed tariff, from which we learned that for certain gulden* we could be driven to Broek, and afterward to the tollhouse, whence we could cross the ferry to Amsterdam. We were really tired when the clamor ceased, and four men turned their attention to putting in the horse, while the fifth walked quietly before us to the shrine of Zaardam.

It was our first look at a Dutch village, except as we had hurried through a part of the country on the railway, a day or two before. We thought that Broek itself, the cleanest town in the world, could hardly be cleaner than this. The salt air blew across the sweet green fields, the casements were full of flowers, and the sunshine streamed in at the open doors. All the people looked comfortable, and nobody had seemed to take any notice of the excitement on the wharf. We followed our guide along the crooked thoroughfare; having suspicions that there might be treasures waiting to be discovered in the orderly small shops, and catching glimpses of the interior of the houses as we went by.

We were fully convinced that we had not been the first strangers to come to the town, when we reached the home of the Russian Peter, if we had failed to be before, for it was so carved upon and written upon with names of pilgrims that it was like a page of the world's census. It was certainly well taken care of. The old house was warped and bent with age, but an outside shell and cover had been built over it, so that visitors could walk between the walls of the two houses. There had been not a few royal pilgrims, whose portraits and compliments, with their autographs appended, were hanging about the walls in frames, -- a grander way of leaving one's name, but much the same thing as carving it with a jack-knife, that all the world may see. It was easy to fancy the young Russian coming home at night tired from his ship-building, and sitting in the three-cornered chair which is still part of the house's furniture. His thoughts must often have been far enough away from Zaardam; but I wonder that he ever lived to return to his people, if he slept in the low-storied

cupboard of a bed, guarded with close doors and built in the wall of the kitchen.

The house stood just at the edge of a field, quite apart from even the small activities of Zaardam. It seemed a pity to go to see it. It is the most tired-out little house I have ever seen. It can hardly hold itself up, yet there is no appearance of dustiness or decay. The people take good care of it, and prize it highly, as well they may, since it brings them so much money; but it appeared to me like some human being who had reached a very great age, and become an object of interest to curiosity hunters. There was a garden around the keeper's lodge. Children were strolling about, and sailing little boats in a very small canal, apparently made on purpose for them. As we looked up and down the wide canal, a sluggish and idle waterway, it was pleasant to see the doors opening directly upon it, and the little boat-landings; and as for the scarlet geraniums on the wide window-sills, they all leaned over to look at themselves in the water. The grass and weeds grew in a most luxuriant fashion, and all the vegetation was as vivid a green as it ever can be in Ireland. Wherever there was a bit of ground large enough a garden had been made, and with the children's voices chirping and calling, and the sound of laughter in one of the houses near by, it was all as charming a glimpse of village life as one would care to have.

One of the four stable-men had driven to meet us, and we climbed into the heavy carriage, and began to laugh at the horse, which was as round as a dumpling, and nothing but a pony, at any rate. It seemed a brisk little creature, and we did not know how to suggest to our Dutch acquaintances that a larger one would have pleased us better. In some way or other we had learned that Broek was only a mile or two away, and so we rattled along the narrow paved street, with houses on one side and a canal on the other, until we were out in the open country. The road was at the top of a great dike; so we had a capital outlook. The wind came up a little, and the tall grass was waving about. The canals themselves could not be seen, but in every direction we could see brown or white sails gliding between the fields, and at some little distance, in the great sea canal, a large steamer was going slowly in to Amsterdam, its huge hull floating high above the rest of that level and sunken world, and looking strange and clumsy as it moved along.

The fearfulness of a break in the sea dikes cannot be understood until Holland has been seen with one's own

eyes; neither can the patience and toil of the Dutch. It is no wonder that the people are willing to take such care of their country, when such infinite pains have been given to its building and defense. They work at it as ants work, or as coral insects year by year add something to a reef. Their thrift and industry are marvelous, and it would be ungrateful grass that did not grow heavy as an arctic creature's fur over the fields, or heartless flowers that would not bloom by the way. All the streets of Amsterdam are on a lower level than the sea, though it is difficult to remember it in that solid and well-build city; but out in the country the sight of the sea canal, of the great ship high above the land, of the tremendously strong walls that were built to keep the ocean within bounds, was fairly amazing. The stories of the overflowing of the country became at once realities. I pictured to myself this green and fertile neighborhood at the mercy of an inundation; the havoc and desolation and sorrow that the sea any day might make.

But the Holland men and women seemed to be sure of their safety and fearless of any trouble that day; there could not be a more peaceful country to look at. The next village was reached in course of time, and we rattled through it without stopping except to pay a turnpike toll at its entrance. The Dutch money and the coins of Belgium gave us great trouble. We were continually mistaking the shiny bits for silver, and the handfuls of nickel or base metal and copper that came to us, when we had to change even the smallest silver coin, were most surprising. We caught sight of another village, and pointed to it, and said "Broek?" inquiringly; but our driver shook his head and smiled, and pointed with his whip across the country, where the little hamlets were scattered about, half hidden, like birds' nests, under the clustered green trees. We could not tell which he meant, whether it was the nearest or the farthest, but were not impatient even to see Broek; it was so delightful a little journey we were taking toward it.

Now and then we passed a solitary man mending the embankment, where a new piece of timber was to be fitted in, or where the filling of small stones was loosened and washing away. But the great dikes looked as if they would stand forever, so welded and clamped they had been, with such a solid weight of masonry and timber. The clean, well-scrubbed Dutch houses themselves are not better tended and kept than is all out-doors in Holland. One would think the rain that fell from heaven was soap and water, and that once a week, at least, the farms were swept and dusted and put to

rights, and that even the little bushes had grown afraid to stir when a breeze came to play with them, lest they should rumple their leaves, and be called untidy.

All the farms are surrounded by broad ditches, and the land is divided into squares of perhaps a quarter of an acre each. Sometimes there is a bridge, with a gate at the end, across from one field to the next. These gates looked very odd, standing stiff and straight by themselves, as if they had all the care and authority of miles of fence. Instead of fixed gates there was often a drawbridge hoisted up from the ditch, appearing as if it were meant for some kind of a trap, until you came near it. We were delighted with the beautiful cattle that were scattered about, half a dozen together, on the small green fields, and, as it grew later in the afternoon, men and boys pushed out from the kitchen doors of the farm-houses in flat-bottomed boats, with their milking-stools and white wooden pails, and followed the ditch-paths to the pastures.

The shadows grew long, and we passed one village after another, and did not come to Broek; it was nearly six o'clock, and we had ordered our dinner in Amsterdam, at that time being certain in our ignorance that Broek could not be more than a long stone's-throw away. Our driver smiled, and kept on pointing with his whip.

We had seen masts and sails always at a little distance, though we had met so many small boats hitherto in our drive, but at last the road led by a larger canal, and here we came close to the old-fashioned slug-like canal boats, where happy families lived in comfort and content, if not in splendor. Puffs of thin blue smoke were coming out of the chimneys of the little cabins, and yellow-haired children sat on the deck and watched us as we went by. Sometimes a little dog would stand with one foot on the rail and bark at us in a great frenzy, and presently we would overtake the larger dog, or the horse, and most surely the man who was tugging at the tow rope. It did not look very hard to pull even a large boat through the still water; the sloops were moved also by their sails, though there was not much wind, and no chance for beating or tackling. The little boats with their loads were drawn lightly along by a cord fastened to the top of their masts. All the people seemed to be on their way home, and we did not dare to think that the next village, also, might fail to be Broek.

Suddenly, to our great distress, we were driven into the yard of a large farm-house which stood by itself among the

fields. Could our driver mean that we should spend the night there and take the rest of the journey in the morning, or had he some important errand to his own to these acquaintances? In a few moments, however (the driver had meantime alighted and stood beside us with great patience, waving his hand toward the door of the house), the latch clicked, and an elderly woman came out to greet us, and we at once accepted her invitation to come in. This, to our surprise, was Broek, or, at any rate, its suburbs, for here was the famous stable where the cows' stalls were decked with colored tissue-paper cut in shapes, with muslin curtains at their little windows, and all manner of luxurious decoration and furniture. Having become world-renowned, there was an artificial splendor and bedizening. Specimens of delftware* and china were hanging on the sides of the stalls; the floors were covered with clean pebbles and with painted cockle-shells arranged in patterns. It looked like a magnificent baby-house, and as if the elders of the family had never given up playing with dolls. The cows were living in their pastures: this was only their winter residence, and for my part, I would much rather see the stable when they were in it, and I have no doubt their housekeeping is carried on in unparalleled fashion, for the beautiful sleek-coated creatures looked dainty enough to be at large anywhere, even in Holland.

The same great roof covered the stable and the house, and a door opened directly into a long kitchen, where some supper, which we should have been glad to eat, was set out on one of the tables by a latticed window, over which some vines were growing. In the next room was a great business of cheese-making, and in the next, which was walled with stone and cellar-like, were stored away a great number of cheeses, cannon-ball as to shape, and of a fragrance and yellowness impossible to describe. The point-lace lappets of our hostess's cap flapped as she walked before us and showed us room after room of her house, betraying pride only when she opened the door of one and said, "The salon!" It was the least interesting to us, being uncommonly stuffy, and carpeted and furnished in the most conventional and uncharacteristic way. We had noticed some superb pieces of furniture, heavy wardrobes and the like, of vast size and antiquity, but these were all in the living-rooms, fortunately, and not locked away from sight and use.

It was only a little way farther to the cleanest town in the world, but Broek must have won its reputation by only a length in its race with the rest of Holland. The other villages may have followed its example until they became its rivals,

however, so I will not try to steal its laurels, and it certainly is a most clean-faced and well-dressed little town. The houses are very pretty, and the flower-gardens were in gayest bloom. Flocks of children were playing about the streets; we came upon a dozen of them busy with some merry game or other in a little square near the church, which was shaded with trees whose foliage was so thick that it was damp and gloomy underneath. There were some stalls and booth, as if it were a fairground or market-place, or as if some wandering showman had arranged his much-battered properties for a performance.

We could look between the houses out across the fields. The glimpses of the wide reaches of greenest grass, of the grayish willows and slender poplars, formed charming pictures. From the main street of Broek we could look far down the canal that led to Amsterdam: a delightful perspective of a tall white sail and a clump of willows, an idle windmill farther away, a blue sky that had not begun to fade, though the twilight had begun to fall, and white clouds that made the nearest stretch of water look like silver. It was dead calm on the canal; the breeze which had ruffled it a little all day had gone down with the sun. It was the Holland that Ruysdael* painted, with its soft colors and its endless distances, where the earth and sky meet in a mist, like the blending of the sky and sea.

We left the main street, presently, quite sure that it was true that the paving-stones of it were scoured every Saturday, and followed the only side street to where its houses ended. They were less pretentious than those we had just left. It was supper-time, and at each door a company of wooden shoes of various sizes were waiting for their owners. This was the pleasantest part of Broek to us, but one must see it for one's self on a summer evening, and I hope everybody will be fortunate enough to see, as we did, two young men who came hurrying up the narrow tow-path and got into a boat and rowed away as if they were belated. They certainly had been left behind by the fashions, for they both wore the amazing petticoat-trousers* of a past age.

It was not a long drive to the toll-house; we crossed the ferry and found a hackman who had, happily for us, finished his supper, and we were soon back at the hotel. The prim stateliness of the high-gabled roofs of Amsterdam delighted us more than ever by their contrast with that charming bit of the low countries we had just seen. The lights were shining out in the houses one by one and twinkling again in the

canal underneath. I shall be glad to remember all my life how fresh the wind was, and how green the clover; how the people smiled at us, and said good-day as we passed them. I can always shut my eyes and see the sails moving this way and that among the green fields, and the round-topped windmills beckoning lazily with their long arms.

Notes

"An Afternoon in Holland" appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* (50:798-804) in December 1882, after Jewett's first trip to Europe with Annie Fields.

Great Desert: Jewett almost certainly means the Sahara Desert of northern Africa.

Lombardy poplars: *Populus nigra*, variety *italica*. The Lombardy poplar is the more common variety of the black poplar. It has a tall, narrow columnar form, and sports oval, fine-toothed leaves. It is widely planted in the eastern United States and Canada, and is widely used in ornamental landscape plantings among the villas of Italy and elsewhere in Southern Europe. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Research: Chris Butler).

Knickerbocker's adopted home on the Hudson: The term "knickerbocker" comes from Washington Irving's creation, Diedrich Knickerbocker, fictitious author of *History of New York* (1809). Knickerbocker afterward became the generic term for descendants of the original Dutch colonists in the Hudson River valley.

monopolized trade with Japan: During the closed-door policy of the Tokugawa shogunate, only the Chinese and the Dutch were allowed to trade with Japan after 1639. This policy was ended by Commodore Matthew Perry in 1854 in what is called a classic example of "gunboat diplomacy." Perry, acting for President Millard Fillmore, secured a treaty opening Japan to commerce with the United States. (Sources: *Encyclopedia Britannica* and *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*; Research assistance: Chris Butler).

Bible Hotel: In the 19th century, the Bible Hotel was a major hotel in Amsterdam.

Paul to Timothy: See 1 Timothy 5:22. [*pilgrim's staves*: In this case, stave is the plural of staff.

Don Quixote: Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616) recounts Don Quixote's "terrible adventure of the windmills" in Part 1, Chapter 8 of *Don Quixote* (1605).

Peter the Great's house: Peter the Great (1672-1725), was the first Czar of Russia to visit western Europe. During this visit in 1697-8, he lived for a time in Saardam, where he worked incognito at a shipyard to learn fabled Dutch ship-building skills. (Research assistance: Chris Butler).

gulden: The basic unit of Dutch currency is known as the gulden or florin.

delftware: tin-glazed Dutch earthenware, decorated characteristically in blue and white, but also in multiple colors.

Ruysdael: Salomon van Ruysdael (1600-1670) was a Dutch landscape painter of the Baroque style. He spent his entire life at Haarlem (in the Netherlands). He demonstrated a great command of landscape elements, such as great trees anchoring one side of the composition, distant views that draw the eye, and a vast expanse of sky and clouds. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Research: Chris Butler).

petticoat-trousers of a past age: Very likely, Jewett is referring to "rhinegraves," also known as "petticoat breeches." These were wide breeches worn by men in the mid-17th century in Europe. These breeches appeared somewhat like a divided skirt, and were usually fastened above the knee and decorated with ribbons. Rhinegraves were fashionable in England from 1660 until 1666, when Charles II dropped the style. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Research: Chris Butler).

After Christmas

Jack and Annie Thomas had been busy for a long time before Christmas Day. Jack would not let any one come inside the door of his workshop, at the top of the house, and when he went out he carried the key in his pocket. It was sometimes inconvenient, for the way to the outside of the roof lay through that room, and once, when some workmen came to mend the slates and Jack was nowhere to be found, they had to go down stairs again, with all their slates and tools, and beg an entrance through the next house. Jack was very sorry when his father represented the trouble he had caused and the loss of time; but he kept the door locked afterward all the same, though he tried not to forget to give the key to his grandmother, as a solemn trust, when he was going to school in the morning, or away with some of his cronies for the whole of the afternoon.

As for Annie, she spent a great deal of time out of the house, for her work could not be attended to in public, any more than Jack's, and she had a little afghan at the house of one friend, and a white shawl at another place, which she was crocheting for her father and grandmother respectively. She spent an afternoon or evening over these, whenever she could; but she did not like to shut herself in her own room at home. Her father said one day, uneasily, that Annie seemed to be out a good deal; but her mother only laughed, and said they would be sure to see more of her a little later in the season.

There were various treasures hidden away in the least visited closets and the bureau-drawers; and, altogether, there were more secret undertakings known to the different members of the Thomas family than there had ever been before. Jack declared that he was afraid to speak, for fear he should either tell some of his own secrets or somebody's else.

The two young people were looking with great eagerness for the coming of their favorite aunt, whom they always welcomed with perfect delight. Jack said she was just as good as another fellow, and Annie would rather have a walk or a talk with Aunt Grace than with any girl she knew. Somehow Miss Elliston had a way of winning the confidence and love of a great many people and you always felt better and happier for being with her.

It was late in the afternoon of Christmas Day, and the presents had all been given and taken, and the surprises

were all over with, and our friends had been to church in the morning and had somehow or other contrived to see almost everybody they knew to say "Merry Christmas" and to compare notes about the gifts and the plans of the day. The Christmas dinner had been an early one, and even that was over, and the servants had gone away to keep the rest of the holiday with their own people -- all except old Ellen, who had been the nurse and whose friends lived far up in the country.

It was a very cold afternoon and the city streets were almost empty. Jack and Annie were going to a Christmas party that evening, at the house of one of their cousins; but, in the last hours of the afternoon, there did not seem to be much to do.

Our friends were sitting in their aunt's room, one at each front window, and Miss Elliston was lying on the couch that had been pulled before the open wood-fire. It was a very comfortable corner, and she had three or four books beside her, that had been among her presents; but it was too dark in the room for reading, though the daylight had only just begun to fade a little out of doors.

"It seems so funny to have had dinner at one o'clock," said Jack. "It makes me lose my reckoning. If I weren't so lazy, I would go out for a little while," and he gave a desperate yawn, so that Tatters, the dog, who had been lying in front of the fire, got up and came to look at him with an air of deep anxiety, at which his master laughed and patted him and smoothed the hair under his new collar.

"Tatters seems to be as sleepy as the rest of us," said Aunt Grace, laughing. "I think he must have had a famous dinner. He looks rounder and lazier than ever. Poor little doggy! he's growing quite old and sober. I meant to tell you, in better season, such a pretty thing that I read the other day, in a book about Norway. They always give all the animals belonging to a household double their usual allowance, and so there is a great Christmas feasting; but, more than that, both the peasants and the people in the towns always feed the wild birds. They buy little sheaves of oats and barley in the markets or tie them up for themselves on the farms, and these are fastened on trees or outside the houses. Nobody forgets, not even the very poorest people, to give the birds a Christmas dinner."

"I'm going down-stairs this very minute for some crumbs," said Annie. "Here is a whole flock of sparrows just outside, on the parlor window roof," and away she went in a hurry.

It was a good bit of fun to watch the sparrows squabbling over the bits of bread, and Jack and Annie were much entertained for awhile; and, at last, Miss Elliston yielded to their entreaties, and came to see two valiant members of that family of birds, which had seized a piece of crust together and would not let go. They fluttered about and rustled their wings in the leafless vine that grew on the house, and they lost hold for a minute, and then caught fast again. It was truly an exciting moment. Jack clapped his hands with delight and behaved as if he were four, instead of fourteen; but presently the sparrows all flew away down the street and the entertainment was over.

"I do think Christmas is a lovely day," said Annie, after a little silence. "I don't think I ever had such a good time as I have had to-day. Everybody is so nice and everybody does the kindest and pleasantest things for you. It is a good deal of trouble to get ready for it; but nobody minds. Even the people in the streets look at you and laugh."

"I do think it is wonderful how every one feels something of the peace on earth and good will to men,"* said Aunt Grace. "I think the great pity is that with so many it is the only day in the year when that feeling does come. And a great many give presents just because they think they must, and they make a hard piece of work over it and don't know what they shall get and wonder what they will do. It is too bad ever to have that cold-heartedness about Christmas, and it is worse to forget afterward the kindness our friends have shown us and to go on just the same as ever. When we give something to one of our friends, I think it ought to be to show our love [for] and to give pleasure. I have been thinking this afternoon what a business we make of doing kind things on this one day, and I wonder why we don't wish to do them every day in the year and try to put the same spirit into the whole of our lives. I wish we could have a whole year of Christmas days. I mean a whole year of trying to do everything we can for everybody."

"I know one thing," said Jack; "my money wouldn't hold out long." And Miss Elliston and Annie both laughed.

"But do you know, Jack, that I think the things we give away are, after all, the least of it. It is feeling that people are fond of us and have tried to make us pleased and happy. You grandmother has said half a dozen times to me about that shawl that Annie gave her: `I can't get over the dear child's having taken all those stitches and done all that work for me!' And your father is wondering how she found time,

with her going to school and practicing and all, to make him the little afghan for the library sofa; and Mamma has been so much delighted with the work-table you have made for her and inlaid so prettily. It really is a charming thing [think], Jack; but she likes it best because you spent so much time and such loving care in doing it for her, and in order to buy presents, you went without things yourself and saved your allowance. Don't you see you have shown a dear, generous, good will to all of us?" And, now Christmas is over, I don't think we ought to stop and behave as if we were done with all that; and, since we have shown our affection one day in the year, our friends must be contented and wait until they get their next Christmas present. I wish we could try to make the days after Christmas happy ones for the people we are with. There are so many little pleasures and small services to be given, I think it is a pity we shouldn't wish our neighbors a merry day very often and do a great deal more to make things pleasant for them. I have lived long enough to find out one thing: That it is doing little things for our friends that makes them happiest. A great service or an expensive gift oftentimes carries with it a weight of obligation; but we all like to feel that the small comforts and concerns of our lives are of interest and importance to the people we love. And I believe, if we try to do all the kind *little* things we can every day for the people we live with, the great gifts and services will take care of themselves.

Jack had been silent, and so had Annie, and it had grown dark out of doors. They never minded their Aunt Grace's little sermons, as they did some other people's, there was something that always made them glad to listen. Annie came across the room, and sat on the rug by the sofa in the firelight; and Jack said, valiantly: "I was wondering, a little while ago, what I should do with myself, now it is after Christmas; but I never thought of keeping it all the year round."

Notes

"After Christmas" appeared in *The Independent* (34:27-8) on December 28, 1882. Rebecca Wall, of Winston-Salem State University, suggests that this story compares interestingly with "Christmas Every Day" (1892) a well-known Christmas story by William Dean Howells

peace on earth: See Luke 2.

An Autumn Drive

I took a drive one October afternoon, which I remember not only for the beauty of the landscape, but for the changes it underwent in the space of a couple of hours. The road was an ordinary turnpike, running along past homely, pleasant farms, with white dwelling-houses -- comfortable, if not specially picturesque -- and old-fashioned, spacious, red-painted barns and out-houses. The air was mild, but deliciously fresh, the sky one clear sapphire, and a brisk breeze went rustling through the yellow maples, and dropping the leaves lightly on the piles of red fruit under the apple-trees. Golden-rod and purple aster were almost gone, but the flame of the Virginia creeper ran over the stone walls and climbed to the tops of the dark spruces and cedars, and even the little common weeds by the way seemed turned by the rich light into things of beauty. There was a wonderful sense of cheer in the look of the world that afternoon; her year's work was done, and the earth was enjoying her ease, at rest, yet full of hopeful life. By and by I turned off from this highroad at a right angle, left the upland country behind, and dipped down through a cross-track facing toward the river, where the light only dimly filtered through the close shade. For nearly a mile the road continues to plunge down through a piece of genuine woodland, full of the scent of moist mosses and ferns and other thick-growing greenery. Then it emerges from this cool, dusk region, and passes the old place known as the Danskammer, the name in full being Teufel's Tanz-kammer.* I don't know whether beautiful spots like this were given over to the devil as a sort of propitiatory offering, in old times, when people were more afraid of him than they are now, or whether he was supposed to have selected them for himself; if so, he had very good taste. The house, invisible through the trees, stands right above the river, on a broad, level plateau, where no doubt the witches danced when the nights were fine, -- or did they prefer them dark? If the devil was present, did he play partner, turn and turn about, with the witches, or did he only look on in a superior fashion at their festive performances? When once fairly out of the woods, you find yourself down on the river-level, with nothing to intercept the view. Some five or six miles below, the stream expands into a broad bay, so closed in by a bend in the river's course and by the hills at the south as to have the appearance of a lake. This afternoon that I am telling of, river and hills retreated to indefinite distances in the pearly haze; the familiar hills lay sleeping, miles away, while below it was not the river-bay I saw, but some vague,

far-off, unknown sea. It was one of Nature's pleasant little wiles; she has a wonderful way of managing her materials to produce her infinitely varied effects. Even when one has learned not to be surprised by them, one enjoys them all the same. I was not at the end of them that afternoon, for after a time, while driving on, quietly admiring this soft and tranquil scene, a big dark cloud rose suddenly, as it seemed, out of the west, and where I had not been looking; almost in a moment the whole picture changed: the dim sea disappeared, and the shadow on the water turned it dark and cold; the haze vanished from the dreamy distant hills, and they came forward to the river-bank, erect and bold, and closed the view up with a frowning wall. I think I never saw a more curious transformation scene. The storm-cloud after all was only an empty threat, for early in the evening the moon came up over the hills into a perfectly clear heaven, and flooded the whole night world with light.

Notes

The Atlantic Monthly (51:135-6), January 1883. Richard Cary did not identify this sketch as possibly by Jewett.

Teufel's Tanz-kammer: German; the devil's dancing room. The use of German in this piece might suggest that Jewett did not write it, German not being familiar to her and not a common language encountered in Maine. Still, the river landscape she describes fits her South Berwick area.

A French Country Girl.

In one of Eugénie Guerin's Letters* which are published together in a charming book which has been translated from the French, she describes walking to church in the early morning through the woods, and says that she saw some little wild flowers in bloom, and that she stopped to pick them to carry with her. But her second thought told her that she had better leave them until she was on her way home, for they would be wilted if she held them so long in her hand.

She went on to the service in the little church, and when it was over she talked with some friends whom she met, and at least went home by another path, and missed her flowers altogether, and quite forgot about them until it was too late.

So she says in the letter that it is often thus in life: the only way to make sure of our pleasures and of most good things is to take them when we first have the chance, because the first chance is too apt to be the only one.

It is true that opportunities seldom repeat themselves, and no wonder we are told to make the most of them. Mademoiselle Guerin gives one a charming example of this. She lived in a very quiet part of France, in an old chateau, [no accent] and her brother, who was her constant companion, went away to Paris to study. She made the most of her simple pleasures, and while nobody can fail to see that she lived a very lonely life indeed, she made it most interesting to herself and to thousands of people beside. She kept a journal for her brother* that is one of the most lovable books in the world. One grows almost as fond as she was herself of the neighbors with whom she exchanged rare visits, and of the peasants, and the forest about Cayla,* the old chateau itself, and even her little dog Trilby.

You go with her to Paris with great delight, but you like best to be with her in her own home. She says that she thinks the worst thing about hell is that one must be in bad company forever, and she quotes a saying that between friends there are no secrets but the secrets of others. Everybody loved her who knew her, but best of all her talented young brother Maurice, who died after a long, sad illness.

I wish that some friends of mine who live in lonely country places could know these two little books -- they are such a lesson to us of cheerfulness and good humor and of ready friendship and true-heartedness, and of a love of pleasure

that satisfied itself with the little things within reach -- even while it eagerly waited and hoped for the things too far away to be grasped. She was sadder sometimes than most people ever dream of being, but she also was most happy in great possession of good cheer and fun. She did not often miss gathering the little flowers of life that grew beside even her loneliest paths.

Notes

"A French Country Girl" appeared in *The Congregationalist* (35:53) on Tuesday, February 15, 1883, first page of this issue.

Eugénie Guerin's Letters: An English translation of *The Letters of Eugénie de Guérin* appeared in 1866. Another edition was issued by the Catholic Publication Society in 1875, and other editions followed. Eugénie de Guérin (1804-1858) lived a solitary, retiring life in a château near Albi in south central France, near the Spanish border. (Research assistance: Carla Zecher)

journal for her brother: *The Journal of Eugénie de Guérin* first appeared in French posthumously, in 1855. There was an English translation available by 1865 and other editions followed. The 1855 French publication also included writings grouped under the title *Reliquiae* that are notable for their spiritual, melancholy quality. During the years 1832-34, she kept her *Journal intime* (personal journal) for her absent brother, Maurice, the famous poet who later died tragically young of tuberculosis while under her care. (Research assistance: Carla Zecher)

Cayla: Eugénie de Guerin was born and died at "Le Cayla," a château or manor house, probably with some land, near the village of Caylus. (Research assistance: Carla Zecher)

Ungathered Flowers

I am fond of quoting, and still fonder of remembering, an experience of Eugénie de Guérin's. She says in her journal that, one morning, on her way to church, she passed some little wild flowers, and at first stooped to pick them, but on second thought decided to leave them until she returned, for they would only wilt if she held them in her hand until mass was over. But she went home by another path through the woods, and quite forgot them, and writes in her dear journal that it is often so in life, -- our opportunities do not return.

It is a great gift to recognize quickly the things that belong to us, and to seize them with a swift and willing hand, as one goes along the highways and by-ways of life. To some people's well-being a great many small things are necessary, and nothing makes such persons more miserable than to have lost a chance of securing some such treasure, which we never are offered twice. Sometimes it is through a fit of dullness, that hinders one from appropriating one's own at first sight, and sometimes the fancied wisdom of a friend's advice stands in the way; we are ashamed to carry out our own wishes in the face of disapproval. These words are not said with a view to such readers as are independent of their outward surroundings, -- who are not shocked at the thought of beginning life in the next world empty-handed; who could be as contented in a nun's cell, without one personal belonging, as in a long-lived-in-house, filled with beloved traps and trifles. But there are some people who have not outgrown the instinct for making to themselves idols, and who fill their homes with shrines, old and new. They build themselves a wall of happiness with their treasures, and if one brick has not been secured it always leaves a gap; its place cannot be filled in with anything else. From the person who clings desperately to a few things that are dear from long association, to the person who has a mania for making collections and filling cabinets, is a very wide range, but it is the same instinct, -- a love of things. The often-quoted depravity of inanimate objects seems a slur to them; they understand only the friendly and companionable side of nature and art; they unconsciously personify things, and attribute much sensitiveness to them.

I do not doubt that Mdlle. de Guérin* thought about the flowers more than once afterward, and wished that she could beg their forgiveness for her neglect. It seems sometimes as if the unused life in the world, that waits its proper development, must be stored away in sticks and stones.

What should draw some of us so closely to certain flowers, that seem to look eagerly and with perfect self-consciousness into our faces? What is it that makes it impossible for us to leave a table or a chair for somebody else to buy and to live with?

I remember that one spring, when I was driving in the country, I saw under a barberry bush* a blue violet, which appeared to follow me appealingly with its eyes as I went by. I felt an impulse to stop and to gather it, but I did not, -- there was some reason. I thought my companion would laugh at me, or for some other cause it was not worth while. But the farther I went away from it the sorrier I was, and that violet has haunted me even to this day. The tall white daisies, or white-weeds, have a way of fixing their eyes upon you, as if they wished for something. And I remember that a friend once told me, in sacred confidence, about a little maple-tree that had stood at the roadside as she drove by and begged her to take it away. She did not stop. She never knew, and never would have known, any way, from what loneliness and sorrow it wished to be removed; but these many years she has regretted that she did not respond to its perfectly evident longing for her sympathy and assistance. It was a very young and small maple-tree. She described it to me touchingly: its leaves were brilliant with the colors of its first autumn, and when they had fallen it must have been only a thin, unnoticeable twig.

Desires for certain objects of art lead some persons into careers of wretched extravagance; but to a person who is sensible, and has a proper amount of self-control, there need be no such danger. Indeed, it is the things we saw and loved, and knew to belong to us, and yet did not take or buy, that cause us most sorrow. The things for which we have the greatest and most unbearable yearnings are almost always within our reach, and only hesitation makes us lose them. Perhaps the influence of our surroundings plays a greater part in the development of our characters than we have ever recognized, and we are given our instincts for a picture, or a china cup, or a Chippendale chair, with a wise and secret purpose. Reason should not attempt to decide these questions, for they do not belong to reason's province. Out-of-doors, flowers are getting ready to bloom for us, and in-doors, books and pictures and china cups and little boxes are being made for us here and there all over the world, and we are wise to take them when we find them. If they have gone astray, and landed in some friend's parlor instead of our own, and can neither be bought nor stolen, we must

make the best of it, but remember that they are ours and we are theirs, all the same, and revel in the secret understanding. But it is very puzzling to know why some things should have had anything to do with us. I have been troubled for some time with the small ghost of a cigarette-case that was displayed for sale in the chief room of a quaint old hotel in Northern Italy. It was curiously made of some East Indian grass-cloth fabric, and its colors were soft and pretty. It was filled with cigarettes, and I did not like to be thought a smoker. I did not succeed in giving myself any reasons for buying it, but I went near the case which contained it, and looked at it lovingly and longingly whenever I could, and then at last came away without it, knowing myself to have done wrong, and to be the concealer forever of an incurable regret. But the memory of this is nothing beside the sadder one of a green glass vase, hung with little gold rings, that I left behind me long ago, one day in Amsterdam.

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (51:853-6), June 1883. Richard Cary attributed it to Jewett.

Eugénie de Guérin: Eugénie de Guérin (1804-1858) lived a solitary, retiring life in a château near Albi in south central France, near the Spanish border. *The Journal of Eugénie de Guérin* first appeared in French posthumously, in 1855. There was an English translation available by 1865 and other editions followed. The 1855 French publication also included writings grouped under the title *Reliquiae* that are notable for their spiritual, melancholy quality. During the years 1832-34, she kept her *Journal intime* for her absent brother, Maurice, the famous poet who later died tragically young of tuberculosis while under her care. (Research assistance: Carla Zecher) Jewett published a signed essay about Eugénie de Guérin, "A French Country Girl," in *The Congregationalist* (35:53) on Tuesday, February 15, 1883.

barberry bush: "A shrub (*Berberis vulgaris*) found native in Europe and N. America, with spiny shoots, and pendulous racemes of small yellow flowers, succeeded by oblong, red, sharply acid berries; the bark yields a bright yellow dye." (Source: *Oxford English Dictionary).*

Katy's Birthday

KATY was a little girl who lived in the country, and this was her ninth birthday, and she felt very old indeed. She did not wake up until later than usual that morning, and her father and Henry (the man who helped him do the farm work) had gone away early to a distant pasture to salt the cattle,* so there was only her mother to make much of so great an occasion and to say anything about the birthday. But her father had left a bright ten cent piece for her, which was very kind of him, and Henry had left a little package on the shelf by the clock, and when she opened it, she found it held some candy. As for her mother's present, it was a great deal better than the others, though I am not sure that Katy thought so. It was a new speckled calico dress; Mrs. Dunley said she had never seen a prettier figure, and it was hanging over a chair all ready to be put on when they had finished what there was to do in the kitchen. That did not take long, for, as I have said, it was already late.

The day before had been the last day of school, and in the evening the scholars had given the teacher a surprise party at the house where she boarded, and it did not break up until after ten o'clock; but nobody had thought it was so late. Jimmy Manson, one of the big boys, had put the clock back an hour, and as for Katy -- she had never been out so late in her life -- it is no wonder she could not wake up next morning. She fell asleep in the wagon just before she got home, and would have gone overboard in two minutes more if Henry had not caught her. Of course she had to go right to bed, and could not tell her mother much about the party that night, but this morning she had a great deal to say, while her mother asked a question now and then as she went about her work, and she told Katy two or three times that she wished she had been there herself.

After awhile Katy put on the new dress. She did not often have a new one, and she liked this very much. Her mother said it fitted her beautifully; it was full large enough, but she would grow to it. She sat on the doorstep awhile, feeling very much dressed up, and as if this were a most uncommon day, being the first day of vacation and her birthday beside.

After awhile she asked her mother what she should do.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Dunley, "but you may do anything you like to-day. To-morrow you must help me in the house, for I shall be very busy. I spoke to Cynthia Downs to come and help me, but she sent word she couldn't till the

first of the week. Your father's got some men coming in the morning and he's going to begin haying."

"Oh, that'll be fun," said Katy, but I am afraid she was thinking more of taking the jug of molasses and water out into the field, and playing among the hay-cocks, and getting a ride on the hay cart, than she did of the hard work in the house. She always liked haying time.

She thought about this for a time, and then began to consider what she should do with her holiday. "I've thought of two things," she said presently; "I don't know whether to take off this dress and put on the old brown one I tore last Saturday and you said I couldn't wear it any more, and go up the brook and make dams, or go over where father and Henry are, and ride home with them."

"They'll be home pretty soon," said her mother, "and you can have a ride then. Henry's going to the store to get some new rakes and tools they're going to use haying. I promised your father's aunt Phebe that you should spend a day with her before long and you might as well go there to-day; you can let Henry leave you there. You will have a nice time. How should you like that?"

Katy looked sorry for a minute. She was counting on playing in the brook, if the truth must be told, but she could do that any day, and she said at once that she would go to see her aunt who was a very kind old lady, and Katy was not half so much afraid of her as she was of most people whom she saw but seldom. And then it would have been a trial to take off the new dress when she had just put it on.

"You can wear your best hat too," said Mrs. Dunley, "and I want you to take aunt Phebe the rest of those tarts that were made for the surprise party; she likes sweet things. Marthy that lives with her is away for a week too."

Katy smiled approval; she liked sweet things herself, and she thought very likely her aunt would ask her to eat one of the tarts.

She did not have to wait long, for Henry came earlier than he was expected. Mrs. Dunley said she would drive over in the cool of the afternoon and bring Katy home, for it would be her last chance to have the horse for some time. "I suppose you will want the horse every minute for the next three weeks?" she said to Henry, and they both laughed, and he said they might be even longer haying if it rained as much as it did the last summer.

"I s'pose it's your birthday?" asked Henry, after they had started, looking down at the top of Katy's head, where the white ribbons of the best hat were bravely fluttering. "Wish you happy New Year," said he.

"Why New Year comes in the winter," answered Katy, looking up at him with great surprise.

"You're nine years old to-day, and yesterday you said you weren't but eight. This is a new year, isn't it?" and Katy did not know exactly what to say, but she was sure it was not New Year day or Christmas* either for that matter.

"My birthday was a week ago yesterday, and I was out of my time;* tell you, I was glad," said Henry.

"Why," asked Katy, "what are you going to do?"

"Vote," answered Henry after having stopped some time to think, "and -- well, a good many things; anybody likes to be out of their time. You're your own master, you know," and presently Katy plucked up courage to ask him whom his master used to be. Which only made him laugh and reach out to strike some clover heads with his whip. "You wait till you get bigger and you'll know all about it," he told her.

Katy remembered just then to thank him for the candy, and there was a piece of it left, so she offered him a bite, and then finished it herself, and wished there had been more, when Henry gave her two peppermint lozenges which he found in his pocket, and she was rich and happy again.

After driving about two miles, they came in sight of aunt Phebe's house. It stood at some distance from the main road at the end of a lane, and as Henry was in a hurry, Katy got out of the wagon to walk the rest of the way, which was shady and pleasant. She went slowly along carrying the tarts carefully, and catching sometimes at the whiteweeds* and snapping them off between her fingers, which she always thought great fun. She saw that the front door of the house was wide open, so she went in that way, and all of a sudden she felt very much afraid and wished she had not come. She was only a shy little girl and it was hard work for her to speak and behave herself when she met a stranger. She knocked softly with the great brass knocker as she stood on the doorstep, but nobody took any notice of it. Aunt Phebe herself was very deaf, and after waiting a minute or two Katy went into the parlor, for the door stood open, and she heard her aunt walking about up-stairs, stepping quickly as if she were in a great hurry. She is coming right down, thought the

little girl, and she will see me, and seated herself on the high slippery sofa and sat there, feeling very uncomfortable with her feet a good way from the floor. She had put the plate of tarts on the table, and she meekly folded her hands and waited; it was very still, only she heard the footsteps overhead and wondered what aunt Phebe could be doing. She had a mind to go up to find out, but she did not know whether she ought to do such a thing.

There came a little gust of wind just then and blew down-stairs and through the house, and suddenly the door of the parlor began to move, and it slowly shut itself. Katy watched it, and wondered if it would bang, but it did not; and while she was thinking about it she heard some one come across the entry and turn the key and lock her in, and before she had time to speak, she heard the front door shut also, and then she called as loud as she could and flattened her face against the window, and she saw aunt Phebe put the great door key carefully in her pocket, and walk away down the lane. Poor Katy! she knocked on the window until she was afraid she should break it, and she shouted and ran to pound on the door, but it was all no use, for aunt Phebe was deaf as the deafest haddock that ever lived in the sea. She was dressed in her best clothes and her cap-basket was on her arm; it was plain enough that, as often happened, she was going out to spend the day.

Poor Katy! it makes me sad to think about her, for it seemed as if her heart would break. There were so many things she would have liked to do much better than to stay in that prim best room of aunt Phebe's where all the chairs were too high for her to sit on with any comfort, and there was nobody to speak to; and perhaps aunt Phebe might stay until after supper and then she would be kept there in her prison until after dark, which would be awful. She tried to

push up one of the windows, but they must have been fastened down by some secret known to aunt Phebe alone, for they could not be moved, and poor Katy even went into the big fireplace to see if there were any way up the chimney; but what comfort could a glimpse of the pale sky have been, for it looked further away than ever, and the chimney looked impossible to climb, even for a poor little chimney-sweep whose melancholy history our friend had read in her Sunday-school book a week or two before. She sat down to brush the ashes off the new best dress, and she felt very dismal, for it was such a pleasant day out of doors, and her birthday too! She could hear the bobolinks* singing in the field next the house and the little garden looked so pleasant with the great red peonies just going out of bloom and scattering their flowers on the ground underneath until it was covered with shining crimson petals. It would have been such fun to shake the pinies, as Katy called them, and make them come to pieces faster. It would have been fun to do anything but stay there where she was. She looked at the pictures on the walls, and admired some that were worked in silk, to her heart's content. There was a fine large house in one picture with some trees round it, and a little boy dressed in blue and pink, riding a white pony at the side of a rose bush that was covered with very big red roses. Katy always had liked this picture ever since she could remember, and

after all it was a great comfort that she was shut up in this room instead of the sitting-room, which would have been very stupid.

On a table at one side the room under the looking glass there was a great glass lamp with a globe almost as big as the moon, so our friend thought, and around it there were cut glass pendants that jingled together beautifully, while something clacked in the lamp itself whenever she went near it, so at last she bethought herself to walk back and forth until she was tired out to hear the jingling, and this really used up a great deal of time. If she had only brought her doll it would have been a great satisfaction, but there was not a single thing to play with, and she did not dare to handle aunt Phebe's treasures in the best room.

I think that Katy will always laugh when she remembers how long that summer day seemed and how hard she tried to amuse herself. She picked a little bit of charred wood from the fireplace where aunt Phebe had lately had a fire to smoke out some swallows, and played hopscotch with it, using the large figures of the carpet for bounds. I am afraid her stout little shoes and her quick jumps and scuffles did not do the thin old carpet much good either, but she played by herself for a long time, and afterward she looked at every picture in the great Bible which aunt Phebe had shown her often before when she had stopped there with her father and mother on Sunday afternoons.

And presently she began to grow very hungry. It seemed to her that it must be the middle of the afternoon; there had never been so long a day in her life, but it was really only a little later than her own dinner time, and she lifted the white napkin from the plate of tarts and wondered whether it would be right to eat one. She had picked the strawberries for them herself; they had been very thick that year, and her mother had made the tarts for the surprise party, but there had been these three left, and they did look very good indeed. They were large tarts and the crust was all flaky, for Mrs. Dunley prided herself on her cooking, and some of the pink syrup of the strawberries was leaking out on the plate, and Katy took some of it on the end of her finger, and it tasted a great deal better than it had the night before; but she covered the tarts again with the napkin, and went over to the sofa to sit down to wait, and she gave a heavy sigh. She could hear the large clock ticking out in the entry -- it was half-way up the stairs on a landing, but she could hear it tick easily -- and she thought how dreadful it must be to be deaf like aunt Phebe.

She wondered if she could hear it thunder; and then there came an awful thought that there might be a thunder shower that afternoon, for poor Katy was always frightened then; but to her relief there did not seem to be a cloud in the sky.

At last she grew so hungry that she could not resist the tarts any longer, and she was sure that aunt Phebe would forgive her, so she ate one, and it was the best tart she had ever eaten in her life; and before she could stop to think, she had eaten another, and she would like to have had the other one too, but she did not think that would be right, and she went away to the other side of the room and sat down in the corner and cried, she was so hungry still, and lonely and tired, and to think that this was her birthday!

Luckily she soon went to sleep, and I do not know how long she was lying there on the floor with her head on a little bit of a cricket* which aunt Phebe had worked many years before; but at last she heard somebody knocking at the front door -- banging away with the old knocker as if they were in a great hurry; and at first she was very frightened, and thought it might be robbers, and she would go under the sofa and hide. But she heard some voices that did not sound like robbers at all, and at last she dared to look out, and then she knocked on the window and called, "Mother! mother! come back and let me out!" for she was just in time to see her mother go away as aunt Phebe had done in the morning.

Mrs. Dunley was all dressed up, and looked very smiling, and some one was with her, and they both turned when they heard the raps on the window, and to Katy's great joy they hurried back at the sight of her tear-stained, anxious little face.

"Aunt Phebe did not know I was here, and she went out to spend the day and locked me in;" and poor Katy began to cry harder than ever.

Mother could not help laughing at first; but she and the stranger nodded, and said they would let her out, and went away around the corner of the house.

The stranger, who proved to be Katy's uncle, found some way of scrambling into the house, and soon the key of the parlor door was turned in the lock, [*original reads*: in soon the key of the parlor door was turned, and the lock] and the prisoner was let free. And her mother gave her the other tart at once, and thought she must have been very hungry.

Aunt Phebe came home in a little while, just as they were going away, and you may be sure that she felt dreadfully about Katy's misfortunes. She had been going to spend the day with a friend, and had been promised a ride with some neighbors who were going in the same direction, if she would reach their house in good season; so she had hurried away early.

They all stayed to tea, and Katy's father came over too -- as Mrs. Dunley had arranged before she left home -- for Katy's uncle Dan had just come home from a long voyage at sea, and it was an occasion of great rejoicing.

Katy remembered him very well, though she was only six years old when he went away, and now she was nine that very day. Her birthday was not altogether forgotten, nor her solitary day, for everybody was very good to her. Kind aunt Phebe made her eat a great deal more than she really wanted at supper time, and kissed her and patted her on her shoulder a number of times, and asked her to come some other day to make up for that one; and Katy said she should like to come dearly, and said to herself that she would not be afraid next time to hunt for aunt Phebe all over the house.

Uncle Dan was the merriest and kindest-hearted of sailors, and he kept them laughing half the time. He had brought aunt Phebe a work-box from the East Indies, and a funny little bright shawl to wear over her shoulders, which she was afraid looked too gay for her; but uncle Dan shouted to her that she was growing younger every year instead of older, like other people.

And when Katy reached home that night she found a Chinese doll and a fan with funny pictures on it, and some shells and beads that had come from an island a great way off, and a book about London, and last but not least a paper of candy which uncle Dan had brought to her. And she said that after all this had been the best birthday she had ever spent.

Notes

"Katy's Birthday" was published in *Wide Awake* (17:36-40), June 1883. This text is available courtesy of Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME. The story was reprinted in *Katy's Birthday with Other Stories* (Boston, 1883).

In *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters*, Richard Cary says, "Jessie McDermott (b. 1857) began to appear as an illustrator of

juvenile stories and poems in magazines around 1878 as *JMcD*. In 1891 she married Charles Hosmer Walcott, Concord Lawyer and historian of the town. After his death in 1901 she appended her marriage name to her professional signature. She most often embellished the children's tales and jingles of Margaret Johnson in *St. Nicholas*, and not infrequently provided drawings for her own verses" (50).

Jewett wrote to McDermott on 23 May, 1883:

> "I have looked at the picture which you drew for my little story in the June *Wide Awake* with so much pleasure that I wish to thank you. I think it is charmingly done, and the doleful little girl in the chair is so like Katy whom I 'made up,' that it seems quite wonderful. "Yours is really a most careful and satisfactory piece of work, but I wish I could say the same of my sketch which somehow missed being read in the proof, and which ought to have been revised by its guilty writer ...." (50).

Cary notes that Jewett probably refers most specifically to the garbled line near the end of the story -- see bracketed line above. In the reprinting, this passage has been revised to read:

> The stranger, who proved to be Katy's uncle, found some way of scrambling into the house, and soon the key of the parlor door was turned, in the lock and the prisoner was let free. And her mother gave her the other tart at once, and thought she must have been very hungry.

salt the cattle: *O.E.D.* says that feeding salt to animals is described as "salting" them.

Christmas: Celebration of the birth of Christ, usually in late December and early January.

out of my time: Henry makes clear that this has to do with a young man becoming of age; more specifically it means completing an apprenticeship to a trade.

whiteweeds: "Name in N. America for the Ox-eye Daisy (*Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*)." (Source: *Oxford English Dictionary*.)

bobolinks: a North American song bird nesting in grass or marsh land; its characteristic call is rendered as "bob o lincoln."

a cricket: a wooden footstool.

Every-Day Work

There are a great many women nowadays who are sadly dissatisfied with their work and their position in life. Things seem unequal to them, and they envy not only the greater freedom of their fathers, their brothers, and their husbands, but the better pay these receive sometimes for doing exactly the same work as themselves. Their own lot in life seems to them an inferior one; they begin the race of life lame-footed and hindered; they believe themselves to have no chance to win from the very nature of things.

Some women are subjected to a sad oppression, and I am willing to confess that they are apt to be the losers in many contests, but I am willing also to confess, with shame, that it is more apt to be their own fault than anybody else's. Again and again one is reminded of Daniel Webster's* wise counsel to the young lawyer, that he would always find room enough at the top; for, in other things beside a lawyer's business, work is too often half done instead of well done, and good workmen and work-women in any art or industry are so rare that it is hard to find them, and the aim of every overseer is to keep them and to reap the advantage of their satisfactory way of doing things.

A great trouble is one that will, I fear, be a trouble always. Most people wish to do the least possible work for the highest possible pay. It is not the question "Have I done this right?" but "Have I done this well enough to pass?" that they ask themselves. There is a constant shirking, and cheating and snarling at employers, as if the workman were a slave, whose hard toil a cruel master claimed without giving thanks or reward. To be handsomely paid for doing nothing, comes close to many a workman's idea of his rights. It is all luck, many people say; but the older and wiser we grow the surer we are that good luck is apt to be well earned, and that fortunate people are in some way or other the hardest workers, and have sometime or other set the traps which secure for them the wary game which their neighbors expect to come to them at their whistle.

Every year there are more women who are fired with an ambition to be teachers, and clerks and preachers, physicians, and lawyers and artists. In every occupation and profession they have won renown, and have become useful and successful and honored. Yet it seems a pity that there should not have been more improvement in the way of doing the every-day work which is the province of nineteen out of

twenty women. It is certainly worthy of the best thought and care. We are always making the mistake of thinking that dissatisfaction and ambition are the same thing. True ambition is a motive power; dissatisfaction is nothing in itself, unless it is either making us do our work better or leading us to some other work better in itself, and claiming our successful exertion. Because a woman is tired and cross over her every-day affairs, and is careless how she attends to them, it is no credit to her. If she cannot be certain that she ought to do something else -- if she knows that she is face to face with duty just where she is, she is to be most bitterly reproached if she is not in every way putting her whole thought and heart into her daily life. Having some work and liking it is the truest satisfaction this world can give; all the real pleasure and happiness of life follow in its train, and are linked with it. The minute you shirk your rightful work and try to escape from the place where you belong, you have blocked your machinery and you are worse than useless. If you wish to take a higher and better position in the world's sight, you must earn your right to it; for whosoever climbs up another way is a thief and a robber.*

Many young women think that to be called a teacher or an artist is much more honorable than to be called a seamstress or a cook -- if they are earning their own living; but a perfect seamstress and an admirable cook are far more to be respected and get far better pay than the teacher who has no gift at communicating the few ideas she has, or the artist who makes at the best poor daubs of copies, and half freezes and starves herself -- depending upon stray classes of pupils in country villages. It is no glory to do anything unless you do it well; it is better to do something well, than to do it ignorantly; a handsome rug on the floor is a thousand times better than a wretched picture on the wall. It is on the same principle that a writer prides himself on using grand and high-sounding words, and has really no ideas worth anybody's notice; or, you might have a most dainty and elegant bill of fare, and a horrid dinner to go with it. It is melancholy to hear a person say she will be a teacher or an artist because it sounds better than to have people told she means to be a seamstress or a cook; the disgrace is not in the occupation, but in the failure to make it respected.

The whole level of things must rise like the great tide of the sea before the world will look with favor upon certain new rights and privileges being given to women. It is of no use to urge the plea that there are no more ignorant and unprofitable women than there are men. Women have been

called inferior, and they are ranked so; the only way to gain equality is to deserve it, and to show such advance in good sense, in far-sightedness and liberality of mind, in usefulness and steady putting aside of all shirking, in literally making the best of themselves, that the right of deciding certain public business matters will be a right unwise and impossible to be refused. It is of no use to fight the question with platform speeches and petitions to the legislatures of the different States, since suffrage will not come until it comes by right and not by favor. But the world in general has never been ready for reforms, and in a certain sense the great changes come about independently of ourselves, by the working of the great laws of existence which we can help or hinder only to a limited extent at any one point.

But it is not questions of this kind -- which are so far from being every-day concerns with most of us who live quiet lives -- that we ought to think of most; and it is not necessary to prove that women may be great physicians and great poets and great astronomers and artists. The crests of the waves may dash very high, and the spray of this sea lift itself as if it would put out the stars, but it is the rising of the tide, the coming up of the whole sea that carried the waves and the spray. We do not value half enough the great importance to the world of women's every-day work, or care half enough for an improvement in their way of doing it. That is in their hands to be managed; that is their duty, whether voting and legislating or not. There is no doubt that we do not do half well enough the work that is ours already -- first from lack of proper education for it, and secondly from lack of pride and ambition. There is more and more attention continually being given to the subject of industrial schools, but very little good has been done by them until within a short space of time, and their influence has not had time to become generally felt. Our public schools are all constructed with the idea that everybody is, or should be, a scholar, when the truth is that nature designed very few of us for scholars, and we might have spent our early years to much better advantage as to study. Most children learn in a parrot-like way, drilling their memories to the slighting of other powers of the mind. The dull ones are either dragged forward beyond their minds' natural gait by their bright companions, or these are hindered and kept back by having to keep pace with the dunces. Many of the studies are utterly useless in themselves, like grammar, which not one child in fifty ever understands, and might be replaced by others which would give them all the discipline of mind in connection with more

interesting subjects. Most of the boys in a city grammar school will not go to school at all after they are fit for work and can earn tolerable wages, and it is the same way with the girls. Surely since most of these will always be poor, will keep house for themselves, will sew and wash and cook and take care of children and sick and old people, it would be better to teach them while they are little things how to do all this in the quickest way and the best way. They should not be studying, since they have so little time for study, anything which will not be of practical service to them.

There is nothing that will have such good results flow from it as an alteration for the better in the various branches of housekeeping. It is because every-day work, the commonplace interests of every-day life are not made the subject of more care and thoughtfulness, that many a family has gone to wreck and ruin. The housekeeping is done simply because it has to be, and not because women like it and see that they are put to no mean work. It is a shame that American women do not know how to keep house better. It is something to be mourned over that the people of this country spend more money on their living and fare worse than any other, when one looks at the cooking and at the houses in comparison with the expense. Tent-life or cave-life, according to their cost, are really more comfortable. People will say that foreigners notice our neat villages and widespread farms, and New England carries off the prize for its thrift and well-being. But the average housekeeping is, after all, far below what it ought to be; and who has not been in houses where unwholesome dishes have been served day after day, the same uninviting bread is made this year as last, and nothing is ever done any better, the housekeeper does not care to know that the same materials might make the breakfasts and dinners and suppers far more pleasant both to look at and to taste? There is no ambition about it; she gets as tired of making the same old things over and over, and of eating them, as anybody does, but it never occurs to her to try to improve. She might read the recipes in the almanacs for bread of various kinds, or find the appetizing account of a cheap French soup in the weekly newspaper, but it would not occur to her to banish the greasy stew, and she goes on in the same beaten track year after year, sick of housekeeping and growing more and more of a sallow monument to the saleratus* she has eaten. Everybody knows that the way to all our hearts is through our stomachs, and there is a great moral profit in being well fed. New England people are hard workers, and need good

food, well cooked; and there is hardly a family which cannot afford to buy what food is really necessary. But how few women can be called superior cooks, and how few take it in that a table well served and nicely arranged, is not only refining and inviting but a real pleasure. [no question or exclamation mark] To see the dishes shoved on at the end of the table nearest the stove or the kitchen, with no order or care, is a great pity. There is nothing that shows the standard of civilization in a family like the every-day dinner table. There are a thousand ways of making a house and its home-life attractive without spending an extra cent of money. It is only with the personal care and the eager seeking for suggestions that will find in one's own home a proper place to be carried out, that every-day living can be made better. I was much struck at noticing the other day a sentence in a foreign book on insanity. The chapter was given to the causes of insanity, and under the head of drunkenness the truth was laid down that intoxication was the effect of unhappiness and misery of an already unbalanced mind, rather than the cause. My thoughts flew at once to some poor creatures whose homes had been made uncomfortable, and who, taking refuge in the dulling and comforting powers of liquor, had at last died from the effects of it. It was not drunkenness that made a wretched home, but the wretched home that had made drunkenness. No wonder that some minds crave an anæsthetic -- a deliverance for the time being from the fretting and discontent, moral and physical, of their daily life. If a woman is the head of the family, or if she is living at home, spending her time in ordinary household work, she ought to see the great danger that will come from her not doing it just as well as she can. It is as much her work, and it is as honorable work, as anything can be. If she is not distinguished and celebrated because she does it that is her fault, not the work's, for nothing has greater capacity for usefulness and pleasure. It is no glory to be called a poet if one's rhymes are only silly doggerel.

But there are many women who are earning their living in other ways, and it is these from whom and of whom one oftenest hears complaint. A woman who lives at home often envies these because they are earning money, while she works as hard and only has her living and what money her father or her husband may choose to give her. She ought to be treated fairly and not denied her rights and her freedom in money matters; but she ought to remember that God often gives us work to do for which we are paid a different sort of

wages, and it is something to grow rich in love and gratitude and confidence of the household to which we belong.

I wish that it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of a woman's natural work. There is a great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter than she is where she waits upon the table or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house; and to my mind there would be not a minute's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the home is better, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant and really over-paid servants to-day, sensible New England girls who are anxious to be taking care of themselves and earning good wages would fit themselves at cooking schools, or any way they found available, they would not long wait for employment and would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has been almost always so carelessly and badly done, that it has fallen into disrepute, and the doers of it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly, but women trust to being taught and finding out their duties after they assume such positions, not before.

There is an increasing demand for skilled labor of every kind, and there is no fear of the money's being thrown away that is spent in fitting one's self for the right performance of duties that are always to be done in every household. A woman must take into consideration the possibility of her being married, when she plans her career and sets up a certain goal for her ambition. If she studies law or fits herself to be a teacher of some speciality in the higher grades of schools, then, if marriage does fall to her lot, all her years of study and training are from many points of view seen to have been a waste of her time. But in following any business that is connected with housekeeping, and the personal interests and concerns of a family, she has spent her season of study and training to the very best purpose. And, as for looking at cooking and housework as monotonous drudgery, it is not half so much that as many other things are. It is capable of a

thousand more variations and pleasures and experiments than running a sewing-machine in a noisy shop, or even selling buttons over a counter. And as for drudgery, the longer one lives in the world the better one realizes that if by drudgery is meant the patient toil which goes day by day to the building and finishing of our tasks, like the stones that are laid carefully one by one to build the castle, there is every day many hours' work of it to be done. We each think that our neighbor earns his money easier than we do our own. We are apt to judge by the results of work, and not see the labor, or dream of the thought, that were taken to bring them about. Whether it is a story to be written or a picture to be painted, a certain number of yards of cloth to be woven or a dinner to be cooked, success depends upon the careful provision for a hundred small details, and it is only much unrecognized effort and painstaking that brings the work to an end. Emerson says in Considerations* by the Way, "Wherever there is failure there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some step omitted, which nature never pardons."

Notes

"Every-Day Work" appeared in *The Congregationalist*, Thursday September 13, 1883 p. 309; the first page of this issue. After the notes below is a slightly edited excerpt from this essay that appeared in *Ladies' Home Journal*, June 1889, p. 10. This reprinting was discovered by Melanie Wood, during her research in the Fall 1998 ACM Newberry Library Seminar.

Daniel Webster's: "Daniel Webster, b. Salisbury, N.H., Jan. 18, 1782, d. Oct. 24, 1852, statesman, lawyer, and orator, was his era's foremost advocate of American nationalism." (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*). The Oxford *Dictionary of Quotations* (p. 807) confirms Jewett's attribution, but gives no print source for the quotation. Rand Hall has located a possible print source, but it differs from Jewett's wording and description: "When Daniel Webster was a young man, commencing the study of law, he was advised not to enter the legal profession, for it was already crowded. His reply was, '*There is room enough at the top*!'" *Bench and Bar: A Complete Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities, and Amenities of the Law*, L. J. Bigelow, Harper & Brothers, 1871, p. 170.

a thief and a robber: See John 10:1.

saleratus: potassium or sodium bicarbonate used as leavening, e.g. baking soda.

Emerson says in Considerations: Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882). "Considerations by the Way" appears in Emerson's *The Conduct of Life* (1860). Typical of Emerson's ethical pieces, this essay emphasizes the importance of individual and independent effort to create a satisfactory self: "I wish not to concede anything to them [the masses], but to tame, drill, divide and break them up, and draw individuals out of them" (Centenary Edition, v. 6, p. 249). For Jewett's quotation, see pp. 276-7.

Passage excerpted in *Ladies' Home Journal*, June 1889, p. 10.

Material in brackets was added unless noted otherwise.

I wish that it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of a woman's natural work. There is a great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter[,] than she is where she waits upon the table[,] or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house; and to my mind there would be not a minute's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, [the home is better, (this part is cut)] the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant[,] and really over-paid servants to-day, sensible New England girls who are anxious to be taking care of themselves and earning good wages[,] would fit themselves at [the] cooking schools, or any way they found available, they would not long wait for employment[,] and [they] would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has been almost always so carelessly and badly done, that it has fallen into disrepute, and the doers of it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly, but women trust to being taught and finding out their duties after they assume such positions[, cut comma] [-] not before. [-]

Tree Planting

After a series of drives in one the smaller New England cities, I feel inclined to deplore in public the choice of shade trees with which the unvarying citizens have adorned their pleasant streets. Surely, because maples and horse-chestnuts are fast growers, and soon make their sheltering presence felt, it is not worth while to disregard the claims of many other American trees which are easily persuaded to flourish and take kindly to town life. Indeed, many of the more delicate ones are thankful for the care and shelter. But by the time the maples are old and wise enough to put their heads together, they become harmful enemies of their would-be protectors, and keep the sunlight from the lower rooms of the houses, besides making the ground sodden and damp. I am not learned in forestry, but I have been imagining with great delight the beauty of long double lines of birches, with their white bark and glistening leaves; of silver-leaved poplars and mountain ashes gay with their brilliant fruit. There are many varieties of maples with most delightful characteristics, and it would possibly not offend the taste of many persons if, where a street is bordered with a row of Queen Anne houses, a prim procession of poplars was planted to match. Other trees than maples and horse-chestnuts may require more care as to protection and suitable soil, but we ought to be willing to take the trouble for the sake of the pleasure, and the great addition to the beauty of our fast-lengthening streets. Surely where a new highway is laid out the trees ought not to be thought of last, and provision should be made for their successful growth and well-being. We associate certain trees with town life, but that may be more from habit and custom than from any necessity. In foreign countries there are wayfarers' orchards along the great avenues and narrower by-paths of travel; but it is to be feared that if a fruit-tree proved itself commendable it would find itself at the mercy of the predatory small boy, who impatiently risks life and happiness to eat his apple while it is yet green. Or we can think of some New England farmers, who, with an excess of thrift, would loop in the prize with their nearest unstable line of fence. It may be urged that town trees are depended upon more for shade than for decoration, but there are few that will overarch the streets, at any rate, and there is no reason why we should not try some experiments. Then the Willow Streets and Pine Streets and Chestnut Streets would deserve their names.

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (52:574-5), October 1883. Richard Cary attributed it to Jewett.

A Good Inheritance

In speaking recently of inherited tastes and preferences, I remembered something which had been forgotten for years. When I was a child I bestowed great affection upon a small copy of Sterne's Sentimental Journey,* which I chanced to find in an upper room of the house, among an uninteresting collection of old pamphlets and magazines and cast-off books which had been brought up from the shelves of my father's library. The lower part of the house was, as is not unusual, constantly being relieved of these armfuls of miscellaneous literature, and I used to please myself by hunting and searching, I did not know exactly for what, though I sometimes read eagerly a story or two in a magazine, and always was enticed by the pictures. One day, however, I lighted upon a slender little volume, bound in boards, with pale yellow paper sides and much-frayed back, and I immediately took a great fancy to it. It was a case of love at first sight. I had no need to wait for a taste of its contents, and it seemed perfectly consistent with its instantly recognized character that I should discover, on further acquaintance, the story of the prisoner and the starling, of the happy peasants, and of poor Maria. It seemed more like a long-lost treasure brought to light than a new and unfamiliar book. It gave a certain completeness and satisfaction to my life, and from that time I always knew where this little book was. I carried it about with me, for it was not too large for even my small pocket, and no doll that ever lived and was loved could have been so great a delight to me.

One rainy afternoon I was sitting by a window with the book in my hands, and my father stood beside me, and was speaking to me laughingly and carelessly; but suddenly, as he looked down at my lap, he reached for the book with great surprise. "Where in the world did you find this?" said he, and turned its pages with affection. "I have not seen it for years, and was afraid it was lost. I have had it ever since I can remember, and when I was a child I used to insist upon taking it to bed with me and keeping it under my pillow. I suppose it was because it was small and like a plaything, at first; but when I grew old enough to read it I used to wake early in the morning and spell out the stories."

I felt only a sense of pride and of being like my father, at that moment; but since then I have thought many times of the curious incident, and my almost superstitious feeling toward the playfellow volume has interested me very much,

it was so plainly an inheritance in which my will took little part. Though I have always enjoyed a Sentimental Journey most sincerely, yet I must confess to often finding myself a little astray in modern editions, and I turn the small leaves of this beloved copy with pleasantest memories and best content.

Notes

This essay appeared anonymously in the "Contributor's Club" section *Atlantic Monthly* (52:855-856), December 1883. Richard Cary attributed it to Jewett.

Sterne's Sentimental Journey: *A Sentimental Journey* by Laurence Sterne (1713-1768) was published in 1768.

The Christmas Eyes

Margery's mother was busy reading a letter, and Margery herself sat disconsolately by the window wishing that she could go out doors to play. It was not because other children had gone, for, to tell the truth, this child almost always played by herself. It was snowing fast, and she was the more dismal because she feared that she must wait until spring before she went again to a lovely place which she had found only the day before. This had been a mild day for the season, for indeed, she had not been cold at all while she walked about the large garden. Down at the farthest end of it she had found an English sparrow's* nest built into a place in the wall where a stone had slipped out. This was behind a place of hedge that was so thick in summer that nobody thought of seeing anything the other side; but now the leaves had fallen, and when Margery's ball had bounced sideways and rolled in under these bushes, and she had crept through to get it, she had been at first startled, and then very much pleased.

For there had been a great rustling and fluttering over her head and then everything was silent but her own little heart, which was beating away famously. She was afraid it was the place where the bats lived, which flew about in the summer evenings, always making her very uncomfortable; but in a minute, when she dared to look around, she saw the bird's nest in the wall. Then she crept all the way through the bit of hedge and found that she could stand upright and could look into the nest, and could even walk to and fro a little way, as if it were a small room, and there were chinks in the wall from which the mortar (which had smoothed it all over when it was built) had fallen out.

Margery thought it would be an excellent place to play in. It was very warm that day, and she began to make plans about bringing some of her playthings there, and then she said to herself that she would wait a little while to see if the sparrows would come back. She would bring some pieces of bread from the house and see if she could not tame the birds; and, to tell all the truth, with a very few words, she was as happy as she possibly could be. She hurried to the house and ran back again with some bread, as if her corner of the wall might disappear while she left it, and she put some large crumbs (which the birds might have seen all the way across the garden) on the edge of the nest and scattered others upon the ground.

And then she kept very still and made herself as small as she could, and watched.

Presently there was a chirping and chattering over head, and then a bird came down almost to the nest, and saw Margery and flew away again, and yet she hoped that its quick eyes had had time to see the bread, so she did not doubt that the sparrow would know she was its friend. She still kept very quiet, and I suppose that the birds looked at her and talked about her, and found out what a good friend she was, while she could not see them. And presently one came down to the bush and sat on a twig and bobbed its head about and looked at her with its bright eyes to make perfectly sure she could be trusted, and then went over to its nest. Margery crouched, and waited, and saw at last that some of the crumbs had disappeared, and hated the thought of moving lest she should frighten her shy friend away.

After a while somebody came out to look for her and she had to speak and to move. The sparrow scurried away again, but Margery was as pleased as she could be, because she thought she could go to the sparrow-house, as she at once called the new play-place, every day, and she did not doubt that the sparrows would eat from her fingers and perch on her shoulders and be very good friends with her in a day or two.

But alas, the very next morning poor Margery waked to find that she had taken a bad cold, and more than that, there was a great white snow storm. Her poor little bones ached, and she thought of the bird's nest and the long winter which she did not like, and she cried a little while she ate her breakfast, and afterward when she was sitting in the library with her mother, she cried a little more, and she would not stay by the fire, though everybody said it would be better, but wrapped herself in a little shawl of her grandmother's and went to the window seat and curled herself up against the corner of it, as forlorn as she could be, and as if she were a little wet bird herself who was quite discouraged with the weather.

"Margery," said her mother, looking up with a smile from the letter which she had read three or four times, "do you know what day it will be a week from Tuesday?"

"Christmas?" asked Margery, for she knew that it was almost as near as that to the day she longed to see.

"Yes," said her mother, "and from whom do you think I have a letter?"

Margery did not know.

"It is from your Grand-aunt Peggy, and she asks if you will come to her for a little visit."

Margery shook her head, but did not say anything.

"I think it would be very nice if you would like to go," said mamma. "I shall miss you very much, but Aunt Peggy is a very old lady now and you are her little namesake, and I wish you to be fond of her because she is so fond of you. Bridget shall go with you, and that will keep you from being lonely, and I think you will have such a good time that you will always like to remember it."

"Yes," said Margery, "I will go, if Bridget can stay with me until I go to sleep every night. It is so frightening in that big bed with the curtains. But I like to go to see Aunt Peggy. Can I have my presents all in a box to open Christmas morning?"

"Yes," said mamma, and she came to kiss Margery, and she brought a little silk blanket striped with gay colors, and tucked her all up in it, and kissed her again, and then went to the library table to write Aunt Peggy a letter, for she was an impatient old lady, as every one well knew. But Margery thought more of the snow and the bird's nest than she did of the visit, for that was a week's distance away. She watched the snowflakes, she looked out across the garden and the black rows of box, and the gray rosebushes and the thin trees. She wondered why everything out of doors took off its leaves in winter. She thought they would look so much warmer if they wore them, and it would keep the winds away. In fact she did not see any reason why there should be any winter at all. And then she thought about the visit a little, and was sure there would be plenty of little round frosted cakes, and she was quite grand in her own small way, because she was going to pay a visit by herself; for though Bridget would be there, it was not like having mamma to say that one must go to bed or must not eat this thing or that, which were not so good for her as something else. Though Margery meant to be a good girl, and though sometimes she made mistakes like all the rest of us, she was usually to be trusted.

As she sat by the window she saw a sparrow come flying through the snowflakes, and, to her delight, he perched upon the outer window sill, and stayed there for a minute, looking at her as if he had something very particular to say. Margery had only time to wish there were some crumbs ready, when he turned and darted away, and she gave a little sigh and wished that he had stayed. Mamma's pen was scratching

away as fast as it could, to finish the letter, and Margery listened to it and found she was growing sleepy. Then suddenly the sparrow came flying back, and this time it came right through the glass, and perched on the window-sill, inside, and walked sideways until it was as close to Margery as it could get, and asked in a queer, little, chirping voice, if she were perfectly sure [t]here was no cat in the room.

"Oh, yes," said Margery; "mamma does not like cats, you know" -- and the bird quietly began to smooth its feathers, which were wet and rumpled, but presently when they were all in order, it sat up very straight and asked, "What do you suppose I have come for?"

But Margery did not know.

"We were very sorry to find the weather so bad to-day; we hoped that you would come to see us again," said the bird politely.

"Oh," said Margery, "you are *that* bird, aren't you? All sparrows look just alike, you know; but I suppose you can tell each other apart just as people can."

"Of course," said the sparrow, and he pecked at Margery as if he were angry with her, and she could not help laughing.

"If you only knew us as well as we know you!" said the bird; "but most of you torment us when you are young and forget us when you grow up. You keep cats, and you frighten us every time you go out of doors. We have rights as well as you." And he hopped back and forth two or three times. "I don't mean that you do such things. All the birds in the garden know you and like you; and I came to bring you a present, because you were very nice to us yesterday and gave us such a good supper."

"I was so glad you were not frightened," answered Margery, "but you needn't have brought me anything." Though, if the truth must be told, she was longing to know what the present might be.

The bird stood on one claw and felt under one wing with the other, as if there were a pocket there, and took out two little pieces of something that looked like glass. Margery saw them, and felt greatly disappointed; she thought there would be something much nicer than those. She would have liked even a pretty feather better, and she could not help thinking that the birds must find so many pretty things that have been lost. She had been wondering if somebody wouldn't give her a ring for a Christmas present.

"When people are very good to us, and very gentle, and when they like to please other people," chirped the small guest, in his funny voice, which made Margery keep wishing to smile, "we give them some new eyes. You put them over the old ones, and you can see better forever afterward, for you will see what people are wishing for[.] They will make you more and more useful, and so you will grow happier and happier. Now open your eyes wide!" and the sparrow flew quickly to Margery's notes and held it with one claw while he reached with the other first to the right eye and then to the left, and dropped the new eyes upon the old ones. And then he flew away, while Margery rubbed her eyes because she thought they felt queerly. And she wondered if she really should see anything that she had not seen before.

And suddenly her mother stood beside her, laughing, and she said she had been waiting some time for Margery to wake up, and at last had touched her small nose with one finger, because the dressmaker had come to try her new dress on and was in a great hurry. Margery was bewildered with the sudden change that affairs had taken. She looked out of the window earnestly, but the bird was nowhere in sight, and she wished that her mother had not waked her and was sorry that she must try the dress on. Miss Noyes, the dressmaker, looked cold and tired as our friend went slowly into the room up-stairs where she was sitting, and suddenly, instead of thinking of turning herself reluctantly about to be pinned and unpinned, Margery really began to understand what Miss Noyes was thinking of.

"Here is this child who has more clothes already than she can wear out," Miss Noyes seemed to be saying to herself, "and there's my little niece Janie, who is longing for a new pretty dress to wear to the Christmas party, but I don't see how I can possibly get it. There are all those heavy bills to pay for her mother's long illness."

"Where's Janie now?" asked Margery -- for sometimes she had seen the little niece and liked her, though, as I have said, Margery liked best to play alone. Miss Noyes looked surprised and answered that Janie was at home.

"May I give her my red dress that I have outgrown, mamma?" asked Margery, and mamma said, Yes indeed, if it would fit Janie; she had thought of it herself. And Miss Noyes looked at first one and then the other, and flushed a little, half with surprise and half with delight. "It is more welcome than I can tell anybody," she said -- but Margery told nobody her surprising secret.

The days went one by one, and time after time Margery astonished herself and other people. She watched her father and mother and Bridget and the other people in the house, and tried to see how many wishes of theirs she could read with her new eyes. I cannot say that her conscience did not give her a good deal of help, but every one said how thoughtful she was growing, and papa had only to sit down and look tired in his big chair before the library fire, for the little girl to bring him his slippers and a cigar and a match, and mamma would be lying down and hear the letters drop into the mail-box on the door, and Margery would go as quick as a flash to bring them in, and she would put away the things she had been playing with because mamma thought the room looked untidy when she same in. And if she were making a noise, she would know that people wished she would stop, and altogether she grew very wise, and more than once she ran up stairs and brought down things mamma had forgotten, and nobody could understand it.

The time at last came when she was to go to Aunt Peggy's, and everybody was very sorry to have her leave home. The last thing she did was to ask the gardener to carry some pieces of bread to her friends behind the hedge, and as the snow was not deep he was quite willing, though he laughed a little when Margery asked him, and promised not to tell when she confided the secret of the bird's nest.

It was the day before Christmas, and a very good day for the journey to Aunt Peggy's, which was not a very long one, though Bridget and Margery felt a great responsibility in making it. They had never taken a great many journeys, and they were very glad when they were safely inside Aunt Peggy's door. She was a very grand-looking old lady, with little bunches of gray curls each side her face. She was quite severe upon people who had not good manners, and who did not do the things she though they ought, but after all she was very kind-hearted, and she was very fond of her little namesake Margery: and all day, before it was time for Margery to come, she had been hurrying the maids, and had been going up and down stairs, and looking everywhere, and trying to think of everything lest something should be forgotten and the visit be made a failure. It was a large, old-fashioned house, and very lonely for one person, and so, after the little traveller had had her wraps taken off, and had warmed her hands and her feet, and had gone to speak to Susan and Martha, and to say how do you do all over again to old Thomas, though he had opened the door for her; --

after all this it was very pleasant for Aunt Peggy to take hold of the child's little hand and lead her to the dining room, and look up again and again to see her at the other side of the table. And Margery wondered once or twice if the new eyes would be of any use to her now. Aunt Peggy seemed to have everything she wanted, and she did so many things for other people, but how could anybody do anything for her?

Yet, after tea was over, and they had gone back to the parlor, the bird's eyes did see a wish, for poor Aunt Peggy looked over at the little girl and thought it would be a great wonder if she were not homesick. How could she care about a humdrum old lady like herself, and was it possible that a dear little girl like Margery, really cared anything about her. It was most likely she came because her father and mother sent her, and thought it would be best. She wished that her little grand-niece would really grow fond of her, it would make life so much pleasanter, for she was lonely now that most of her old friends were dead.

And Margery left her cricket* on the other side of the fireplace, though she would not have thought of it before she had the new eyes, and she went softly to Aunt Peggy's side, and gave her a dear kiss, and said, "I was so glad when I could come, Aunty;" and then whispered, "I love you very much." And Aunt Peggy lifted her into her lap, though some people might have said Margery was too heavy, and kissed her again and again, and said she was a great comfort.

The next day was Christmas, and a great many queer things happened; for when the old lady forgot to tell Thomas something, and remembered it too late, Margery scampered after him down the street, because she happened to have her hat and cloak on, and said what Aunt Peggy had wished; and she even knew when the old parrot wanted his cage door opened so that he could come out and walk about, and she knew when Bridget wished she need not stay by her after she went to bed, because she would like to spend the Christmas evening with her friends, and so Margery bravely said she would not be afraid to go to sleep alone, and everybody said that there never was so good a child, or one who did so many sweet things, and that she was like sunshine in the house. But if Margery overheard any such praise, she told herself that the bird had been very good to give her the new eyes and to make this Christmas such a pleasant one. For besides giving pleasure to other people, she herself was made happy a great many times a day. And she could not help laughing afterward at the surprise of

some old ladies who came to see Aunt Peggy, and who wished she were not there, so she would not hear some things they wished to say, for she at once got up and walked away, and when Aunt Peggy asked the reason she said shyly, without thinking, that the ladies had wished she would go for a little while. It was very funny that after they went away they sent her a present of a little bronze bird that looked just like her wise sparrow that lived in the wall. Margery was almost sure that the bird had something to do with it himself.

When the visit was over poor Aunt Peggy said she did not know how she should get on without her dear little guest; and if Margery had not longed to see something more of the bird who could talk, I think she would have felt worse about going away. But he never came through the window again, and though she saw sparrows by the dozen, they always flew away from her, and not one ever came to speak to her, and the snow is still so deep in the garden that she cannot go to the nest. Though she has the new eyes all the time -- at least she thinks she has -- but even if the fancy about the bird has helped her to use them, and if she might have seen all her chances sooner for being thoughtful and kind to people if she had cared to see them, still the dream has brought her pleasure and happiness, and it is a dear lesson that she never will forget, that came to her just in time for Christmas.

So, if we think we have only one kind of eyes that see the outsides of things, and if we are dull, and find it hard to do what people want us to, and if we do the wrong thing, and make our friends uncomfortable, let us remember that anybody who really wishes for the other eyes can have them. If we have been thinking that we should like to make everybody happy this Christmas day, and trying to think of just the right present to give to the friends we are fond of and wish to please, we must have eyes that see clearly. And the whole secret is this, if we only let a loving and thoughtful heart look through we can soon make new eyes of our own old ones. If we do everything that we see we can do for the people we work and play with, we shall have a true Christmas day of peace and good will.

Notes

"The Christmas Eyes" appeared in *The Christmas Traveller*, No.III, Back page, Boston, December, 1883. *The Christmas*

Traveller was an annual holiday extra of the Boston Evening / Daily *Traveller*.) This text is available courtesy of the Boston Public Library.

English sparrow's: Now generally known as the house sparrow, *Passer domesticus*, this European sparrow was imported to the Americas where it has become one of the most numerous of birds.

cricket: a wooden footstool.